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BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. XXXII.



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BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XXXII.

CONTAINING
INCONSTANT, BY FARQUHAR.
EDWARD AND ELEONORA, . — THOMSON.
THE TWIN RIVALS, — FARQUHAR.
GUSTAVUS VASA, — BROOKE.

LONDON:

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1797.



a. 145-85-





De Wille pinx!

Long

MR. CAULFIELD as MIRABEL.

Mir. No my fair Angel, but let me repent:—

London. Printed for G. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand, Sept. 26. 1738.





BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. XXXII.



THE
INCONSTANT.

A
COMEDY,
BY MR. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
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LONDON:

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TO


RICHARD TIGHE, ESQ.

SIR,

DEDICATIONS are the only fashions in the world that are more disliked for being universal ; and the reason is, that they very seldom fit the person they were made for : but I hope to avoid the common obloquy in this address, by laying aside the poet in every thing but the dramatic decorum of suiting my character to the person.

From the part of Mirabel in this play, and another character in one of my former, people are willing to compliment my performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman. My genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of description ; and my veneration for you, sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy accomplishments you come so near to my darling character, abating his inconstancy.

What an unspeakable blessing is youth and fortune, when a happy understanding comes in, to moderate the desires of the first, and to refine upon the advantages of the latter ; when a gentleman is master of all pleasures, but a slave to none ; who has travelled, not for the curiosity of the sight, but for



the improvement of the mind's eye, and who returns full of every thing but himself? An author might say a great deal more, but a friend, sir, nay, an enemy must allow you this.

I shall here, sir, meet with two obstacles, your modesty and your sense; the first, as a censor upon the subject, the second, as a critic upon the stile: but I am obstinate in my purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my pen; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the world on my side; nay, I have your very self against you; for by declining to hear your own merit, your friends are authorized the more to proclaim it.

Your generosity and easiness of temper is not only obvious in your common affairs and conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling amusement, that opener and dilater of the mind, music:—from your affection for this delightful study, we may deduce the pleasing harmony that is apparent in all your actions; and be assured, sir, that a person must be possessed of a very divine soul, who is so much in love with the entertainment of angels.

From your encouragement of music, if there be any poetry here, it has a claim, by the right of kindred, to your favour and affection. You were pleased to honour the representation of this play with

your appearance at several times, which flattered my hope that there might be something in it which your good-nature might excuse. With the honour I here intend for myself, I likewise here consult the interest of my nation, by shewing a person that is so much a reputation and credit to my country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome compliment to the place of my pupilage; by informing the world that so fine a gentleman had the seeds of his education in the same university, and at the same time with,

SIR,

Your most faithful, and

Most humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.



and good-nature of a people, that thronged her house so full, that she had not room to stick a pin; and left a poor fellow, that had the misfortune of being one of themselves, without one farthing for half a year's pains that he had taken for their entertainment.

There were some gentlemen in the pit the first night, that took the hint from the prologue to damn the play; but they made such a noise in the execution, that the people took the outcry for a reprieve; so that the darling mischief was over-laid by their over-fondness of the changeling: 'tis somewhat hard that gentlemen should debase themselves into a faction of a dozen, to stab a single person, who never had the resolution to face two men at a time; if he has had the misfortune of any misunderstanding with a particular person, he has had a particular person to answer it: but these sparks would be remarkable in their resentment; and if any body fall under their displeasure, they scorn to call him to a particular account, but will very honourably burn his house, or pick his pocket.

The new-house has perfectly made me a convert by their civility on my sixth night: for to be friends, and revenged at the same time, I must give them a play, that is---when I write another. For faction runs so high, that I could wish the senate would suppress the houses, or put in force the act against bribing elections; that house which has the most favours to bestow, will certainly carry it, spite of all poetical justice that would support t'other.

I have heard some people so extravagantly angry at this play, that one would think they had no reason to be displeased at all; whilst some (otherwise men of good sense) had commended it so much, that I was afraid they ridiculed me; so that between both, I am absolutely at a loss what to think on 't: for though the cause has come on six days successively, yet the trial, I fancy, is not determined. When

our devotion to Lent, and our Lady, is over, the busin
be brought on again, and then we shall have fair play
money.

There is a gentleman of the first understanding
very good critic, who said of Mr. Wilks, that in this
out-acted himself, and all men that he ever saw. I
not rob Mr. Wilks, by a worse expression of min
compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the turn of plo
last act, is an adventure of Chevalier de Chastillon a
and matter of fact; but the thing is so universally l
that I think this advice might have been spared, as
the rest of the preface, for any good it will do either
or the play

PROLOGUE.

E hungry guests, a sitting audience looks ;
s are like supper's : poets are the cooks.
founders you : the table is this place :
carvers we : the prologue is the grace.
ch aft, a course ; each scene, a different dish :
bough we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
ature's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp and rough ;
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
Wit is the wine ; but 't is so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sir-loin :
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Barb'dy's fat venison, which, though stale can please :
Your rakes love haut-goûts, like your damn'd French
cheese.
Your rarity for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon ;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age ;
Farce is the basty-pudding of the stage.
For when your treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Old MIRABEL, an aged gentlemen, of an
odd compound, between the peevishness
incident to his years, and his fatherly
fondness towards his son, - - - Mr. Quick
Young MIRABEL, - - - Mr. Pope.
Capt. DURETETE, an honest good na-
tured fellow, that thinks himself a greater
fool than he is, - - - Mr. Ryder.
DUGARD, - - - Mr. Macre
PETIT, servant to Dugard, afterwards to
his sister, - - - Mr. Brown

Women.

ORIANA, a lady contracted to Mirabel,
who would bring him to reason, - Mrs. Berna
BISARRE, a whimsical lady, friend to Ori-
ana, admired by Duretete, - Mrs. Abing
LAMORCE, a woman of contrivance, - Mrs. Platt.

Four Bravoës, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.



THE
INCONSTANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter DUGARD and his Man PETIT, in Riding Habits.

Dugard.

SIRRAH, what's a clock?

Pet. Turn'd of eleven, sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging pace from Nemours since two this morning! Petit, run to Rouseau's and bespeak a dinner at a Lewis d'or a head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, sir?

Dug. Let me see—Mirabel one, Duretete two, myself three—

Pet. And I four.

Dug. How now, sir, at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had some freedom for want of better company; but among my friends at Paris may I remember your distance—Begone, sir. [*Exit*

Petit.] This fellow's wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a domestic; I must dispose of him some way else. Who's here? Old Mirabel and my sister!—My dearest sister!

Enter Old MIRABEL and ORIANA.

Ori. My brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monsieur Mirabel! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old *Mir.* Honest Mr. Dugard! By the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your most humble servant.

Dug. Why, sir, you've cast your skin sure; you're brisk and gay, lusty health about you, no signs of age but your silver hairs.

Old *Mir.* Silver hairs! Then they are quick-silver hairs, sir. Whilst I have golden pockets, let my hairs be silver as they will. Adsbud, sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and——no, I can't wench.—But, Mr. Dugard, no news of my son Bob in all your travels?

Dug. Your son's come home, sir.

Old *Mir.* Come home! Bob come home! By the blood of the Mirabels, Mr. Dugard, what say ye?

Ori. Mr. Mirabel return'd, sir!

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

Old *Mir.* Swear it, Mr. Dugard, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to town with me this morning; I left him at the Bagnieurs, being a little disordered after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Mr. What! And he was asham'd to ask a
with his boots on? A nice dog! Well, and
is the young rogue, ha?
A fine gentleman, sir. He'll be his own
ger.

Mir. A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like
?

Why, yes, sir; he's very like his mother,
like you as most modern sons are to their fathers.

Mir. Why, sir, do n't you think that I begat
?
Why yes, sir; you married his mother, and
inherits your estate. He's very like you, upon my
rd.

Ori. And pray, brother, what's become of his ho-
st companion, Duretete?

Dug. Who, the captain? The very same he went
abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew that
could not change. Your son, Mr. Mirabel, is more
obliged to Nature for that fellow's composition, than
for his own; for he's more happy in Duretete's folly
than his own wit. In short, they are as inseparable
as finger and thumb; but the first instance in the
world, I believe, of opposition in friendship.
Old Mir. Very well; will he be home to dinner,
think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has ordered me to bespeak a dinner for
us at Rousseau's, at a Louis d'or a head.

Old Mir. A Louis d'or a head! Well said, Bob;
by the blood of the Mirabels, Bob's improv'd. But

Mr. Dugard, was it so civil of Bob to visit Monsieur Rousseau before his own natural father, eh? Hearn'e, Oriana, what think you, now, of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Louis d'or at a sitting? He must be as strong as Hercules; life and spirit in abundance. Before Gad, I do n't wonder at these men of quality, that their own wives can't serve them. A Louis d'or a head! 't is enough to stock the whole nation with bastards, 't is, faith. Mr. Dugard, I leave you with your sister. [Exit.

Dug. Well, sister, I need not ask you how you do, your looks resolve me; fair, tall, well-shaped; you're almost grown out of my remembrance.

Ori. Why, truly, brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my toilette; I have 'scaped the jaundice, green-sickness, and the small-pox; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, sister, you remember that upon my going abroad, you would choose this old gentleman for your guardian; he's no more related to our family than Prester John, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your fortune: therefore, pray be so kind as to tell me, without reservation, the true cause of making such a choice.

Ori. Look 'e, brother, you were going a rambling, and 't was proper, lest I should go a rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur Mirabel is an honest gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his house, whose

company I like, and who has chosen him for her guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiselle Bizarre?

Ori. The same; we live merrily together, without scandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; "we eat what we like, go to bed when we please, rise when we will," all the week we dance and sing, and upon Sundays go first to church, and then to the play. Now, brother, besides these motives for choosing this gentleman for my guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, sister; your love to young Mirabel's no secret, I can assure you, but so public, that all your friends are asham'd on't.

Ori. O' my word then, my friends are very bashful; though I am afraid, sir, that those people are not ashamed enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but sister, the people say——

Ori. Pshaw! hang the people, they'll talk treason, and profane their Maker; must we therefore infer, that our king is a tyrant, and religion a cheat? Look'e, brother, their court of enquiry is a tavern, and their informer, claret; they think as they drink, and swallow reputations like loches; a lady's health goes briskly round with the glass, but her honour is lost in the toast.

Dug. Ay, but sister, there is still something——

Ori. If there be something, brother, 't is none of

in repair, you may expect me in the evening—Wait on your lady home, Petit. [Exit Dugard.

Pet. A chair, a chair, a chair!

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 't is but next door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Tavern, discovering Young MIRABEL and DURETETE rising from the table.

Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I liked every thing but our women, they looked so lean and tawdry, poor creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the army is not paid.—Give me the plump Venetian, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets my lips like sparkling wine, her person shining as the glass, and spirit like the foaming liquor.

Dur. Ah, Mirabel! Italy I grant you; but for our women here in France, they are such thin brawn fallen jades, a man may as well make a bedfellow of a cane chair.

Mir. France! a light, unseasoned country, nothing but feathers, foppery, and fashions: “we are fine indeed, so are our coach-horses; men say we are courtiers, men abuse us; that we are wise in politics, *non credo seigneur*: that our women have wit;

"parrots, mere parrots, assurance, and a good memory, sets them up"—There's nothing on this side the Alps worth my humble service t'ye—Ha, *kama la santa!* Italy for my money: their customs, gardens, buildings, paintings, music, politics, wine, and women! the Paradise of the world—not pestered with a parcel of precise old gouty fellows, that would debar their children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of: commend me to the Italian familiarity: here, son, there's fifty crowns, go pay your whore her week's allowance.

Dur. Ay, these are your fathers for you, that understand the necessities of young men; not like our musty dads, who, because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the water, and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

Mir. A Dutch woman's too compact; nay, every thing among them is so; a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman is squab, a Dutch horse is round, a Dutch dog is short, a Dutch ship is broad-bottom'd, and, in short, one would swear the whole produce of the country were cast in the same mould with their cheeses.

Dur. Ay, but Mirabel, you have forgot the English ladies.

Mir. The women of England were excellent, did they not take such unsufferable pains to ruin what nature has made so incomparably well; they would be delicate creatures indeed, could they but thoroughly

arrive at the French mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only spoil a very good air of their own, by an aukward imitation of our's; their parliaments and our taylors give laws to three kingdoms. But come, Duretete, let us mind the business in hand; mistresses we must have, and must take up with the manufacture of the place, and, upon a competent diligence, we shall find those in Paris shall match the Italians from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough, but what will become of your friend; you know I am so plaguy bashful, so naturally an ass upon these occasions, that—

Mir. Pshaw! you must be bolder, man: travel three years, and bring home such a baby as bashfulness!—A great lusty fellow! and a soldier! fye upon it.

Dur. Look 'e, sir, I can visit and I can ogle a little, as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly, and make a shift to—but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, as some women, you know, have a devilish cast with their eyes—or if they cry—What d'ye mean? What d'ye take me for?—Fye, sir, remember who I am, sir—A person of quality to be used at this rate! 'Egad, I'm struck as flat as a frying-pan.

Mir. Words of course! never mind them: turn you about upon your heel with a *jantée* air; hum out the end of an old song; cut a cross caper, and at her again.

think that I should gain any thing
ation whose genius lies all in their
if ever I come to have children of my
I have the education of the country,
to dance before they can walk, and
g before they can speak.

come, throw off that childish humour,
nce, there's no avoiding it; stand all
rt a stout lusty fellow, and hast a good
uff, Hector, you have a good side-box
mpudent face; so that 's pretty well, —
ent abroad like an ox, and is returned

[*Aside.*

see now how I look. [*Pulls out a pocket
on't.*] A side-box face, say you! 'Egad
Mirabel. Fye, sir, don't abuse your
d not wear such a face for the best
ristendom.

an't you, blockhead, as well as I?

thou hast impudence to set a good face
t, I would change half my gold for half
all my heart. Who comes here?—
your father.

why did not you come to see your father first, sirrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear child, faith—Captain Duretete, by the blood of the Mirabels, I 'm yours. Well, my lads, ye look bravely, faith. Bob, hast got any money left?

Mir. Not a farthing, sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't give thee a souse.

Mir. I did but jest, here 's ten pistoles.

Old Mir. Why, then here 's ten more; I love to be charitable to those that do n't want it. Well, and how d' ye like Italy, my boys?

Mir. Oh, the garden of the world, sir; Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thousand others—all fine.

Old Mir. Ay, say you so! And they say, that Chiari is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy air, the most unwholesome to a French constitution in the world.

Mir. Pshaw, nothing on 't; these rascally Gazetteers have misinformed you.

Old Mir. Misinformed me! Oons, sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, sir! the French beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray, sweet sir?

Mir. Sir, the captain will tell you.

Dur. No, sir, your son will tell you.

Mir. The captain was in the action, sir.

Dur. Your son saw more than I, sir, for he was a looker on.

Old Mir. Confound you both for a brace of cow-

ards: here are no Germans to over-hear you; why don't you tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you must know, that we marched up a body of the finest, bravest, well-dressed fellows in the universe; our commanders at the head of us, all lace and feather, like so many beaux at a ball—I don't believe there was a man of them but could dance a *charmer*, *Morbleau*.

Old *Mir.* Dance! very well, pretty fellows, faith!

Mir. We capered up to their very trenches, and there saw, peeping over, a parcel of scare-crow, olive-coloured, gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

Dur. 'Egad, I shall never forget the looks of them while I have breath to fetch.

Mir. They were so civil indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon; but for the rest, we found them such unmannerly, rude, unsociable dogs, that we grew tired of their company, and so we e'en danced back again.

Old *Mir.* And did ye all come back?

Mir. No—two or three thousand of us stayed behind.

Old *Mir.* Why, Bob, why?

Mir. Pshaw—because they could not come that night.—But come, sir, we were talking of something else. Pray, how does your lovely charge, the fair *Oriana*?

Old *Mir.* Ripe, sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than the Germans, let me tell you. And what would you say, my young Mars, if I had

a Venus for thee too? Come, Bob, your apartment is ready, and pray let your friend be my guest too, you shall command the house between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you

“ *Mir.* Bravely said, father.

“ *Let misers bend their age with niggard cares,
And starve themselves to pamper hungry heirs;
Who, living, stint their sons what youth may crave,
And make them revel o'er a father's grave.
The stock on which I grow does still dispense
Its genial sap into the blooming branch;
The fruit, he knows, from his own root is grown,
And therefore soothes those passions once his own.*”

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Old Mirabel's House. ORIANA and BISARRE.

Bisarre.

AND you love this young rake, d'ye?

Ori. Yes.

Bis. In spight of all his ill usage.

Ori. I can't help it.

Bis. What's the matter with ye?

Ori. Pshaw!

Bis. Um!—before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering, rakehell fellow should play such tricks

with me, I would wear my teeth to the stumps with lime and chalk. Oh, the devil take all your Cassandras and Cleopatras for me. Pr'ythee mind your airs, modes, and fashions; your stays, gowns, and furbelows. Hark 'e, my dear, have you got home your furbelowed smocks yet?

Ori. Pr'ythee be quiet, Bizarre; you know I can be as mad as you, when this Mirabel is out of my head.

Eli. Pshaw! would he were out or in, or some way to make you easy.—I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and say you love him, eh!

Ori. Most certainly; I can't dissemble, Bizarre:—besides, 't is past that; we're contracted.

Biz. Contracted! alack a-day, poor thing. What you have changed rings, or broken an old broad piece between you! "Heark 'e, child, ha'n't you broke something else between ye?"

"Ori. No, no, I can assure you."

Biz. "Then what d'ye whine for? Whilst I kept that in my power," I would make a fool of any fellow in France. Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting with all my heart? my business would be to break gold with my lover one hour, and break my promise the next; he should find me a day with a prayer-book in my hand, and with a y-book another. He should have my consent to the wedding-ring, and the next moment I would sigh in his face.

Ori. Oh, my dear, were there no greater tie upon

assure you, madam, as far as a hundred pistoles would reach, I ha'n't forgot the least circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Mir. Odso, the relics, madam, from Rome! I do remember now, you made a vow of chastity before my departure; a vow of chastity, or something like it, was it not, madam?

Ori. Oh, sir, I am answered at present. [*Exit.*]

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her contract. Would I might dispatch t' other!

Dur. Mirabel—that lady there, observe her; she's wondrous pretty, faith; and seems to have but few words: I like her mainly. Speak to her, man; pr'y-thee, speak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a gentleman, who declares—

Dur. Madam, don't believe him; I declare nothing.—What the devil do you mean, man?

Mir. He says, madam, that you are as beautiful as an angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd lie, madam; I say no such thing. Are you mad, Mirabel? Why I shall drop down with shame.

Mir. And so, madam, not doubting but your ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together. [*Going, Duret. holds him.*]

Dur. Hold, hold—Why, Mirabel, friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Pr'ythee, speak to her for yourself, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a Frenchman should want impudence!

Mir. You look mighty demure, madam. She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The gravity of your air, madam, promises no extraordinary fruits from your study, which gives us with curiosity to enquire the subject of your ship's contemplation. Not a word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord she 's speechless, if she be, 's mine this moment. Mirabel, d' ye think a woman's silence can be natural?

Mir. But the forms that logicians introduce, and which proceed from simple enumeration, are dubious—and proceed only upon admittance——

Dur. Hoity toity! what a plague have we here?—in Petticoats?

Mir. Ay, ay, let her go on, man; she talks in my mother-tongue.

Dur. 'Tis exposed to invalidity from a contradiction; looks only upon common operations, is infinite in its termination.

Mir. Rare pedantry!

Dur. Axioms, axioms! self-evident principles.

Mir. Then the ideas wherewith the mind is pre-occupied—Oh, gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my ratiocinations! I was involved in a profound point of metaphysics; but I shall discuss it somewhere else, satisfied that the subject is not agreeable to your tastes that profess the vanity of the times. [Exit.

Dur. Go thy way, good wife Bias. Do you hear, tete? Dost hear this starch'd piece of austerity?

Mir. She 's mine, man, she 's mine! My own treasure to a T. I'll match her in dialects, faith. I was

seven years at the university, man, nursed up with *Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Beralipton*. Did you ever know, man, that 't was metaphysics made me an ass? It was, faith. Had she talked a word of singing, dancing, plays, fashions, or the like, I had foundered at the first step; but as she is, Mirabel wish me joy.

Mir. You do n't mean marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a man of more honour.

Mir. Bravely resolv'd, captain. Now, for thy credit, warm this frozen snow-ball; 't will be a conquest above the Alps.

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why, then, you shall see me in two moments make an induction from my love to her hand, from her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her heart, and so conclude in bed, *categorematicè*.

Mir. Now the game begins, and my fool is entered. But here comes one to spoil my sport. Now shall I be teized to death with this old fashioned contract.—I should love her too, if I might do it my own way; but she 'll do nothing without witnesses, forsooth.—I wonder women can be so immodest.

Enter ORIANA.

Well, madam, why d' ye follow me?

Ori. Well, sir, why do you shun me?

Mir. 'Tis my humour, madam; and I'm naturally swayed by inclination.

ri. Have you forgot our contract, sir?

lir. All I remember of that contract is, that it made some three years ago; and that 's enough in science to forget the rest on 't.

ri. 'T is sufficient, sir, to recollect the passing of for in that circumstance, I presume, lies the force he obligation.

lir. Obligations, madam, that are forced upon the , are no tie upon the conscience. I was a slave to passion when I passed the instrument; but the very of my freedom makes the contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can 't make that a compulsion which as your own choice; besides, sir, a subjection to our own desires has not the virtue of a forcible constraint: and you will find, sir, that to plead our passion for the killing of a man, will hardly exempt you from the justice of the punishment.

Mir. And so, madam, you make the sin of murder and the crime of a contract the very same, because that hanging and matrimony are so much like."

ri. Come, Mr. Mirabel, these expressions I extracted from the raillery of your humour; but I hope very different sentiments from your honour and generosity.

lir. Look ye, madam; as for my generosity, 't is your service with all my heart: I'll keep you a coach and six horses, if you please, only permit me to do my honour to myself; "for I can assure you, madam, that the thing called honour, is a circum-

“ stance absolutely unnecessary in a natural correspondence between male and female ; and he’s a madman that lays it out, considering its scarcity, upon any such trivial occasions. There’s honour required of us by our friends, and honour due to our enemies, and they return it to us again ; but I never heard of a man that left but an inch of his honour in a woman’s keeping, that could ever get the least account on’t.” Consider, madam, you have no such thing among ye ; and ’t is a main point of policy to keep no faith with reprobates—Thou art a pretty little reprobate ; and so get thee about thy business.

Ori. Well, sir, even all this I will allow to the gaiety of your temper : your travels have improved your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

Mir. Morals ! Why, there it is again, now. “ I tell thee, child, there is not the least occasion for morals in any business between you and I.” Do n’t you know, that of all the commerce in the world, there is no such cozenage and deceit as in the traffic between man and woman ? We study, all our lives long, how to put tricks upon one another. “ What is your business now from the time you throw away your artificial babies, but how to get natural ones with the most advantage ? No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do to catch poor innocent men.” Why do you sit three or four hours at your toilet in a morn-

g? Only with a villanous design to make some poor fellow a fool before night. "What are your languishing looks, your studied airs and affectations, but so many baits and devices, to delude men out of their dear liberty and freedom?" What d'ye sigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? Why, for a husband: that is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious design of making the wisest of his creatures a fool, and the head of the nation a slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolved to use it.

Mir. Hold, hold, madam; not so fast. As you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us, so we have vows, oaths, and protestations of all sorts and sizes to make fools of you. "As you are very strange and whimsical creatures, so we are allowed as unaccountable ways of managing you." And this, in short, my dear creature, is our present condition: we have sworn and lied briskly, to gain my ends of you; your ladyship has patched and painted violently, to gain you ends of me: but since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both sides.

Ori. With all my heart, sir; give me up my contract, and I'll never see your face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, child.

Ori. What, sir, neither do one nor t' other?

Mir. No, you shall die a maid, unless you please to do otherwise upon my terms.

take cuckoldom for a meritorious action because the women are so handsomely rewarded for it. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Changes to a large Parlour in the same House. Enter DURETETE and PETIT.

Dur. And she is mighty peevish, you say?

Pet. Oh, sir, she has a tongue as long as my leg, and talks so crabbedly, you would think she always spoke Welch!

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks, for her philosophy.

Pet. But sometimes she will sit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eye-brows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in philosophical ogles, faith; that's my talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, sir?

Dur. Laugh! Won't she endure laughing?

Pet. Why, she's a critic, sir; she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in humour, but what gives her the spleen. And then for logic, and all that, you know——

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepared; I have been practising hard words and no sense, this hour, to entertain her.

Then place yourself behind this screen, that
 have a view of her behaviour before you begin.
 I long to engage her, lest I should forget my

Here she comes, sir ; I must fly.

Et. and Dur. stands peeping behind the curtain.

Enter BISARRE and Maid.

With a book.] Pshaw, hang books ! they sour
 per, spoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions.

[Throws away the book.

Eh ! the devil such a word there is in all
 2.

Come, wench, let's be free ; call in the fiddle ;
 nobody near us.

Enter Fiddler.

Would to the lord there was not !

Here, friend, a minuet—quicker time, ha !——
 we had a man or two.

[Stealing away.] You shall have the devil
 my dear dancing philosopher.

Is my life ! here's one.

[Runs to Duretete, and hauls him back.

Is all my learned preparation come to this ?

Come, sir, do n't be ashamed ; that's my good
 you're very welcome ; we wanted such a one
 strike up—I know you dance well, sir ;
 we shap'd for it——Come, come, sir ; quick,
 you miss the time else.

Dur. But, madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance: come.

Dur. But we were talking of dialectics.

Bis. Hang dialectics! mind the time—quicker, sirrah, [*To the Fidler.*—Come,—And how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing sweat, doctor.

Bis. All the better, patient, all the better. Come, sir, sing now, sing; I know you sing well; I see you have a singing face; a heavy, dull, sonata face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. Oh, you're modest, sir!—But come, sit down; closer, closer. Here, a bottle of wine—Come, sir, "fa, la, ley;" sing, sir.

Dur. But, madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. Oh, sir, you shall drink first! Come, fill me a bumper—Here, sir, bless the king.

Dur. Would I were out of his dominions—By this light she'll make me drunk too.

Bis. Oh, pardon me, sir, you shall do me right! fill it higher—Now, sir, can you drink a health under your leg?

Dur. Rare philosophy that, faith.

Bis. Come, off with it to the bottom—Now, how d'ye like me, sir?

Dur. Oh, mighty well, madam!

Bis. You see how a woman's fancy varies; sometimes splenetic and heavy, then gay and frolicsome.—And how do ye like the humour?

Mr. Good madam, let me sit down to answer you; am heartily tired.

Is. Fie upon't! a young man, and tired! Up, for me, and walk about: action becomes us—a little more, sir—What d'ye think now of my Lady Jane, and Lady Coquette, the duke's fair daughter, Are they not brisk lasses? Then there is black Belair, and brown Mrs. Bellface.

Mr. They are all strangers to me, madam.

Is. But let me tell you, sir, that brown is not altogether despicable. Oh, lard, sir, if young Mrs. Baggins had kept herself single till this time o' day, what beauty there had been! And then, you know the famous Mrs. Monkeylove, the fair gem of St. Germain's.

Mr. Upon my soul, I don't.

Is. And then you must have heard of the Englishman, Splenamore; how unlike a gentleman——

Mr. Hey—not a syllable on't, as I hope to be married, madam.

Is. No! Why, then, play me a jig. Come, sir.

Mr. By this light, I cannot; faith, madam, I have lamed my leg.

Is. Then sit you down, sir;—and now tell me what's your business with me? What's your errand? Quick, quick, dispatch—Odso, may be you are some gentleman's servant that has brought me a letter, or a piece of venison.

Mr. 'Sdeath, madam! do I look like a carrier?

Is. Oh, cry you mercy! I saw you just now; I

mistook you, upon my word: you are one of the travelling gentlemen. And, pray, sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait upon you with a more serious intention than your entertainments has answered.

Bis. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, however your expressions may turn it to a compliment. Your visit, sir, was intended as a prologue to a very scurvy play, of which Mr. Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot.—Marry! No, no, I'm a man of more honour. Where's your honour? Where's your courage now? Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you. Go, go to your fellow-rake now; rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon. But I must have you to know, sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel; my virtue is sufficiently approved to those whose opinion is my interest: and for the rest, let them talk what they will; for, when I please, I'll be what I please, in spite of you, and all mankind; and so, my dear man of honour, if you be tired, con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you. [Runs off.]

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings.*] Ha, ha, ha! 'Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you'—Oons and confusion! [*Starts up.*] Was ever man so abused?—Ay, Mirabel set me on.

Enter PETIT.

Pet. Well, sir, how d'ye find yourself?

Dur. You son of a nine-eyed whore, d'ye come to use me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you dog.

[*Petit runs off, and Dur. after him.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Old and Young MIRABEL.

Old Mirabel.

Bob, come hither, Bob.

Mir. Your pleasure, sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

Mir. That 's a little out of my comprehension, sir; I've heard say, that I resemble my father.

Old Mir. Your father is your very humble slave. I'll tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I'll tell thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, sir! then I must be a very impudent fellow; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear friend; dost see this picture? [Shows him a little picture.]

Mir. Oriana's! Pshaw!

Old Mir. What, sir, won't you look upon it?—Come, dear Bob, pray thee come hither now. Dost see any money, child?

Mir. No, sir.

Old *Mir.* Why, then, here's some for thee. C here now. How canst thou be so hard-hearted unnatural, unmannerly rascal, (don't mistake child; I an't angry) as to abuse this tender, low good-natur'd, dear rogue? Why, she sighs for th and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and sobs for th the poor little heart of it is like to burst. Come, dear boy, be good-natured, like your own father, now—and then see here, read this—the effigies of lovely Oriana, with ten thousand pounds to her p tion; ten thousand pounds, you dog; ten thousa pounds, you rogue: how dare you refuse a lady w ten thousand pounds, you impudent rascal?

Mir. Will you hear me speak, sir?

Old *Mir.* Hear you speak, sir! If you had thousand tongues, you could not out-talk ten thousand pounds, sir.

Mir. Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll bego sir; I'll take post for Italy this moment.

Old *Mir.* Ah, the fellow knows I won't part w him! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, what have you to say?

Mir. The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

Old *Mir.* Why, this is reason I must confess, yet it is nonsense too; for though you should resemble an angel, if you argue yourself out of a great estate, you talk like a fool.

Mir. But, sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Cræsus, you leave me but a beggar for want of my liberty.

Old *Mir.* Was ever such a perverse fool heard?—
 'Sdeath, sir, why did I give you education? Was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say 't is white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too. I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

Mir. No, sir, I have studied to despise it: my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

Old *Mir.* There he has me again now. But, sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, sir! in what respect, pray?

Old *Mir.* Why, to bring you into the world, sir; wa'n't that an obligation?

Mir. And because I would have it still an obligation, I avoid marriage.

Old *Mir.* How is that, sir?

Mir. Because I would not curse the hour I was born.

Old *Mir.* Look ye, friend, you may persuade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called positiveness, which you nor all the wits in Italy shall never be able to shake. So, sir, you're a wit, and, I'm a father; you may talk; but I'll be obeyed.

Mir. This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breeding that they

do n't understand, then they turn us out of doors because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old gentleman. [*Aside.*] Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pounds sterling a year upon me; in return of which I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So dear sir, I'm your very humble servant. [*Runs off.*]

Old *Mir.* Here, sirrah, rogue, Bob, villain!

Enter DUGARD.

Dug. Ah, sir! 't is but what he deserves.

Old *Mir.* 'T is false, sir, he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

Old *Mir.* What have you to do with my words? I have swallowed my words already, I have eaten them up; and how can you come at them, sir?

Dug. Very easily, sir; 't is but mentioning your injured ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old *Mir.* Sir, your sister was a foolish young flirt to trust any such young, deceitful, rake-helly rogue like him.

Dug. Cry you mercy, old gentleman! I thought we should have the words again.

Old *Mir.* And what then? 'T is the way with young fellows to slight old gentlemen's words; you neve

and them when you ought. I say that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter BISARRE.

Bis. That dare I, sir; I say, that your son is a wild, oppish, whimsical, impertinent coxcomb; and were abused as this gentleman's sister is, I would make it a Italian quarrel, and poison the whole family.

Dug. Come, sir, 't is no time for trifling; my sister is abused, you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

Old Mir. Look ye, Mr. Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but myself: for although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natured, kind old gentleman. [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the plot.

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young baggage! what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of sixty-three?

Bis. A plot that sixty-three is only good for, to bring other people together, sir; "a Spanish plot, less dangerous than that of eighty-eight; and" you must act the Spaniard, because your son will least suspect you; and if he should, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expose her brother.

Old Mir. And what part will you act in the business, madam?

Bis. Myself, sir; my friend is grown a perfect changling: these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the fellows no sooner turn knaves, but we turn fools. But I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe usage from me, because I neither love him nor hate him. [Exit.]

Old *Mir.* Well said, Mrs. Paradox; but, sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, sir, who is our engineer-general. And here he comes.

Enter PETIT.

Pet. Oh, sir, more discoveries! are all friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know, sir—Ods my life, I'm out of breath—You must know, sir—you must know—

Old *Mir.* What the devil must we know, sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows.*] bribed, sir—bribed—your son's secretary of state.

Old *Mir.* Secretary of state! who's that, for Heaven's sake?

Pet. His valet de chambre, sir. You must know, sir, that the intriguer lay folded up with his master's clothes; and when he went to dust the embroidered suit, the secret flew out of the right pocket of his coat, in a whole swarm of your crambo songs, short-footed odes, and long-legged Pindarics.

Old *Mir.* Impossible!

Pet. Ah, sir, he has loved her all along! there was

diana in every line; but he hates marriage. Now, sir, his plot will stir up his jealousy; and we shall know, by the strength of that, how to proceed farther. Come, sir, let's about it with speed.

*'Tis expedition gives our king the sway;
For expedition to the French give way;
Swift to attack, or swift—to run away.* [Exeunt.

Enter MIRABEL and BISARRE, passing carelessly by one another.

Bis. [*Aside.*] I wonder what she can see in this fellow, to like him?

Mir. [*Aside.*] I wonder what my friend can see in this girl, to admirè her?

Bis. [*Aside.*] A wild, foppish, extravagant rake-hell.

Mir. [*Aside.*] A light, whimsical, impertinent mad-cap.

Bis. Whom do you mean, sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, madam?

Bis. A fellow that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human creature, but a prudent resolution to hang himself.

Mir. There is a way, madam, to force me to that resolution.

Bis. I'll do 't. with all my heart.

Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Look ye, sir, don't think your ill manners to me shall excuse your ill usage of my friend; nor, by giving a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the ab-

sent; for I'm resolved, nay, I come prepared to make you a panegyric, that shall mortify your pride like any modern dedication.

Mir. And I, madam, like a true modern patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Eis. Come, sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir. And what piece will you choose?

Bis. Your heart to be sure; 'cause I would get presently rid on't; your courage I would give to a Hector, your wit to a lewd play-maker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the physicians, and your soul to its master.

Mir. I had the oddest dream last night of the Duchess of Burgundy; methought the furbelows of her gown were pinned up so high behind, that I could not see her head for her tail.

Bis. The creature don't mind me! Do you think, sir, that your humourous impertinence can divert me? No, sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, sir, my friend, my injured friend, shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a husband as much as the rites of marriage, and the breach of them can make you.

[Here Mirabel pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself, while she speaks.]

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)*

Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide tantum—Very true. Posse nefas.

By your favour, friend Virgil, 'twas but a rascally rick of your hero to forsake poor pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I do n't know what to say to him. The devil—What's Virgil to do with us, sir?

Mir. Very much, madam, the most *à-propos* in the world—for, what should I chop upon, but the very place where the perjured rogue of a lover and the forsaken lady are battling it tooth and nail. Come, madam, spend your spirits no longer, we'll take an easier method: I'll be *Æneas* now, and you shall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by book. Now for you, madam *Dido*.

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet creduli funera Dido—*

Ah, poor *Dido*!

[*Looking at her.*]

Bis. Rudeness, affronts, impatience! I could almost start out even to manhood, and want but a weapon as long as his to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say?

Mir. Now she rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam, jam nec maxima Juno.

Bis. A man! No, the woman's birth was spirited away.

Mir. Right, right, madam, the very words.

Bis. And some pernicious elf left it in the cradle with human shape to palliate growing mischief.

[*Both speak together, and raise their voices by degrees.*]

Mir. *Perfide, sed duris genuit te cantibus borrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.*

Bis. Go, sir, fly to your midnight revels.—

Mir. Excellent!

*I sequare Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt.*

[*Together again.*

Bis. Converse with imps of darkness of your make,
your nature starts at justice, and shivers at the touch
of virtue. Now the devil take his impudence, he
vexes me so, I do n't know whether to cry or laugh at
him.

[*Aside.*

Mir. Bravely performed, my dear Libyan; I'll
write the tragedy of Dido, and you shall act the part:
but you do nothing at all, unless you fret yourself into
a fit; for here the poor lady is stifled with vapours,
drops into the arms of her maids; and the cruel, bar-
barous, deceitful wanderer, is, in the very next line,
called pious Æneas.—There's authority for ye.

Sorry indeed Æneas stood

To see her in a pout;

But Jove himself, who ne'er thought good

To stay a second bout,

Commands him off with all his crew,

And leaves poor Dy, as I leave you. [Runs off.

. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agree-
fellow. O' my conscience I must excuse Oriana.

*but lover soon his angry fair disarms,
whose slighting pleases, and whose faults are charms.*

[Exit.]

Enter PETIT, runs about to every door, and knocks.

Pet. Mr. Mirabel! Sir, where are you? no where
to be found?

Enter MIRABEL.

Mir. What's the matter, Petit?

Pet. Most critically met—Ah, sir, that one who has
followed the game so long, and brought the poor hare
just under his paws, should let a mongrel cur chop in,
and run away with the puss.

Mir. If your worship can get out of your allego-
ries, be pleased to tell me, in three words, what you
mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, sir. Your mistress and mine is
going to be married.

Mir. I believe you lie, sir.

Pet. Your humble servant, sir. [Going.]

Mir. Come hither, Petit. Married, say you?

Pet. No, sir, 't is no matter; I only thought to do
you a service, but I shall take care how I confer my
favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. [Bowing low.]

Pet. 'T is enough, sir—I come to tell you, sir, that

Oriana is this moment to be sacrificed ; married past redemption.

Mir. I understand her ; she 'll take a husband out of spight to me, and then out of love to me she will make him a cuckold : “ ’t is ordinary with women to
“ marry one person for the sake of another, and to
“ throw themselves into the arms of one they hate, to
“ secure their pleasure with the man they love.”—
But who is the happy man ?

Pet. A lord, sir.

Mir. I'm her ladyship's most humble servant. “ A
“ train and a title, hey ! Room for my lady's coach !
“ a front row in the box for her ladyship ! lights,
“ lights for her honour ! ” Now must I be a constant
attender at my lord's levee, to work my way to my
lady's couchee—a countess, I presume, sir.

Pet. A Spanish count, sir, that Mr. Dugard knew
abroad, is come to Paris, saw your mistress yesterday,
marries her to-day, and whips her into Spain to-morrow.

Mir. Ay ; is it so ? and must I follow my cuckold
over the Pyrenees ? Had she married within the precincts
of a billet-doux, I would be the man to lead her to church ;
but, as it happens, I'll forbid the banns. Where is this
mighty Don ?

Pet. Have a care, sir, he's a rough cross-grained
piece, and there's no tampering with him ; would you
apply to Mr. Dugard, or the lady herself, something
might be done, for it is in despite to you, that the
business is carried on so hastily. Odso, sir, here he
comes. I must be gone. [Exit.

er Old MIRABEL, *dressed in a Spanish habit, leading*

• ORIANA.

Mir. Good, my lord, a nobler choice had better
 ed your lordship's merit. My person, rank, and
 umstance, expose me as the public theme of rail-
 , and subject me so to injurious usage, my lord,
 t I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, ex-
 t your pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital air, that dare presume
 th rude behaviour to profane such excellence?

w me the man——

d you shall see how sudden my revenge

ll fall upon the head of such presumption.

his thing one?

[*Strutting up to Mirabel.*

Mir. Sir!

Mir. Good, my lord——

Old Mir. If he, or any he——

Mir. Pray, my lord, the gentleman 's a stranger.

Old Mir. O, your pardon, sir—but if you had—
 ember, sir—the lady now is mine, her injuries are
 e; therefore, sir, you understand me.—Come,
 lam.

ads Oriana to the door, she goes off, Mirabel runs to
 his father, and pulls him by the sleeve.

Mir. *Ecoute, Monsieur le Count.*

Old Mir. Your business, sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! What language is that, sir!

Mir. Spanish, my lord.

F ij

Old *Mir.* What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, sir. [*Trips up his heels.*]

Old *Mir.* A very concise quarrel, truly—I'll bully him—*Trinidad* *Signieur*, give me fair play.

[*Offering to rise.*]

Mir. By all means, sir. [*Takes away his sword.*]
Now, *Signieur*, where 's that bombast look, and fustian face your Countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*]

Old *Mir.* The rogue quarrels well, very well, my own son's right!—But hold, sirrah, no more jesting, I'm your father, sir, your father!

Mir. My father! Then by this light I could find in my heart to pay thee. [*Aside.*] Is the fellow mad?—Why sure, sir, I ha'n't frightened you out of your senses?

Old *Mir.* But you have, sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to strike him.*]

Old *Mir.* Why, rogue—Bob, dear Bob, don't you know me, child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright distracted. Thou miracle of impudence! would'st thou make me believe that such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of three score and three would run about in a fool's coat to disgrace himself and family? Why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, sir, mention my father but once again and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute!

[*Offering to stab him.*]

Old *Mir.* Well, well, I am not your father.

Mir. Why then, sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

Old *Mir.* The devil take the Spaniards, sir, we have all got nothing but blows since we began to take their part.

Enter DUGARD, ORIANA, Maid, and PETIT. Dugard runs to Young Mirabel, the rest to Old Mirabel.

Dug. Fye, fye, Mirabel, murder your father!

Mir. My father! What is the whole family mad?—Give me way, sir, I won't be held.

Old *Mir.* No! nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.
[Offering to go.]

Mir. My father!

Old *Mir.* Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a trick it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem—Oh! how my bones ach!

Old *Mir.* Your bones, sirrah, why yours?

Mir. Why, sir, ha' n't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while. O, madam, [To Oriana.] I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance indeed!

Pet. The contrivance was well enough, sir, for they imposed upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear Dulcinea, did your Don Quixote battle for you bravely? My father will answer for the force of my love.

Ori. Pray, sir, do n't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I stand tamely now.—[*Comes up between Mirabel and his Sister.*] Well, sir!

Mir. Well, sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, sir, that you put on your landlord's face at me?

Dug. On what presumption, sir, dare you assume thus? [Draws.]

Old *Mir.* What's that to you, sir? [Draws.]

Pet. Help! help! the lady faints.

[*Oriana falls into her Maid's arms.*]

Mir. Vapours! vapours! she'll come to herself.—
“ If it be an angry fit, a dram of Assa Foetida—If
“ jealousy, harts-horn in water—If the mother, burnt
“ feathers—If grief, Ratifia—If it be straight stays,
“ or corns, there's nothing like a dram of plain
“ brandy.”

Ori. Hold off, give me air—O, my brother, would you preserve my life, endanger not your own; would you defend my reputation, leave it to itself; 'tis a dear vindication that's purchas'd by the sword; for though our champion proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.

Old *Mir.* Ay, and your lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my child.

Ori. Ay, sir, my indisposition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taste of your sex excuses this artifice in ours.

*For often when our chief perfections fail,
Our chief defects with foolish men prevail.*" [Exit.

Pet. Come, Mr. Dugard, take courage, there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I'll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.

Dug. I scorn all artifice whatsoever, my sword shall do her justice.

Pet. Pretty justice, truly! Suppose you run him through the body; you run her through the heart at the same time.

Old Mir. And me through the head—rot your sword—Sir, we'll have plots. Come, Petit, let's hear.

Pet. What if she pretend to go into a nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?

Dug. That, I must confess, has a face.

Old Mir. A face! A face like an angel, sir. Ad's my life, sir, 't is the most beautiful plot in Christendom. We'll about it immediately. [Exit.

SCENE II.

" The Street. DURETETE and MIRABEL.

" Dur. [In a passion.] And though I can't dance,
" nor sing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you
" know I can, sir.

" Mir. I know thou can'st, man.

" Dur. 'Sdeath, sir, and I will: let me see the
" proudest man alive make a jest of me?

“ *Mir.* But I'll engage to make you amends.

“ *Dur.* Danced to death! Baited like a bear! Riddled! Threatened to be kicked! Confusion!—
“ Sir, you set me on, and I will have satisfaction;
“ all mankind will point at me.

“ *Mir.* [*Aside.*] I must give this thunderbolt some
“ passage, or 't will break upon my own head—
“ Look 'e, Duretete, what do these gentlemen laugh at?

“ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

“ *Dur.* At me to be sure—Sir, what made you
“ laugh at me?

“ *1st Gen.* You 're mistaken, sir, if we were merry, we had a private reason.

“ *2d Gen.* Sir, we do n't know you.

“ *Dur.* Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and
“ observe me, I won't be named; it sha'n't be mentioned, nor even whispered in your prayers at
“ church. 'Sdeath, sir, d' ye smile?

“ *1st Gen.* Not I, upon my word.

“ *Dur.* Why then, look grave as an owl in a barn,
“ or a friar with his crown a shaving.

“ *Mir.* [*Aside to the Gent.*] Do n't be bullied out of
“ your humour, gentlemen; the fellow 's mad, laugh
“ at him, and I'll stand by you.

“ *1st Gen.* 'Egad and so we will.

“ *Both.* Ha, ha, ha.

“ *Dur.* Very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threatened to
“ kick me. Ay, then you dogs, I'll murder ye.

“ [*Fights, and beats them off; Mirabel runs over his side.*

“ *Mir.* Ha, ha, ha! bravely done, Duretete, there
 “ you had him, noble Captain. Hey, they run, they
 “ run, *viſtoria!* *viſtoria!*—Ha, ha, ha—how happy
 “ am I in an excellent friend! Tell me of your vir-
 “ tuoso’s and men of ſenſe, a parcel of ſour-faced
 “ ſplenetic rogues—a man of my thin conſtitution
 “ ſhould never want a fool in his company: I don’t
 “ affect your fine things that improve the underſtand-
 “ ing, but hearty laughing to fatten my carcaſe: and
 “ in my conſcience, a man of ſenſe is as melancholy
 “ without a coxcomb, as a lion without a jackall; he
 “ hunts for our diversion, ſtarts game for our ſpleen,
 “ and perfectly feeds us with pleaſure.

“ *I bate the man who makes acquaintance nice,*
 “ *And ſtill diſcreetly plagues me with advice;*
 “ *Who moves by caution, and mature delays,*
 “ *And muſt give reaſons for whate’er he ſays.*
 “ *The man, indeed, whoſe converſe is ſo jill,*
 “ *Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:*
 “ *Give me the careleſs rogue, who never thinks,*
 “ *That plays the fool as freely as he drinks.*
 “ *Not a buffoon, who is buffoon by trade,*
 “ *But one that nature, not his wants have made.*
 “ *Who ſtill is merry, but does ne’er deſign it;*
 “ *And ſtill is ridicul’d, but ne’er can find it.*
 “ *Who when he’s moſt in earneſt, is the beſt;*
 “ *And his moſt grave expreſſions is a jeſt.”*

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Old Mirabel's House. Enter Old MIRABEL and
DUGARD.*

Dugard.

THE lady abbess is my relation, and privy to the plot: "your son has been there, but had no admittance beyond the privilege of the grate, and there my sister refus'd to see him. He went off more nettled at his repulse, than I thought his gaiety could admit."

Old *Mir.* Ay, ay, this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter DURETETE.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?—O, Mr. Mirabel! you have done fine things for your posterity—And you, Mr. Dugard, may come to answer this—I come to demand my friend at your hands; restore him, sir, or——
[*To Old Mirabel.*]

Old *Mir.* Restore him! what d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or my pocket?

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the cause on't.

Old *Mir.* That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, sir! what d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, sir, by shutting up your

ter yonder to talk like a parrot through a cage? Or lecoy duck, to draw others into the snare? Your
sister, sir, because she has deserted him, he has for-
saken the world; and in three words has——

Old *Mir.* Hanged himself!

Jur. The very same, turned friar.

Old *Mir.* You lie, sir, 't is ten times worse. Bob
turned friar!—Why should the fellow shave his foolish
head, when the same razor may cut his throat?

Jur. If you have any command, or you any interest
in him, lose not a minute: he has thrown himself
into the next monastery, and has ordered me to pay
for his servants, and discharge his equipage.

Old *Mir.* Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sa-
tisfy the abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether
spiritual or the natural father has the most right
in the child.—But, dear Captain, what has he done
with his estate?

Jur. Settled it upon the church, sir.

Old *Mir.* The church! Nay, then the devil won't
get him out of their clutches—Ten thousand livres
settled upon the church! 'T is downright sacrilege.—
Come, gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that
sum, one of these monasteries shall protect you a traitor
from the law, a rebellious wife from her husband,
a disobedient son from his own father. [Exit.

Jug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a
monastery?

Jur. Is your sister gone to the *filles repentis*? I tell
you, sir, she's not fit for the society of repenting
sinners.

Dug. Why so, sir?

Dur. Because she's neither one nor t' other; she's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.

[*Exit, Dugard after him.*]

SCENE II.

The Inside of a Monastery; ORIANA in a Nun's habit:
BISARRE.

Ori. I hope, Bisarre, there is no harm in jesting with this religious habit.

Bis. To me, the greatest jest in the habit, is taking it in earnest: I do n't understand this imprisoning people with the keys of Paradise, nor the merit of that virtue which comes by constraint.—“ Besides, we
“ may own to one another, that we are in the worst
“ company when among ourselves; for our private
“ thoughts run us into those desires, which our pride
“ resists from the attack of the world; and, you may
“ remember, the first woman met the devil when she
“ retired from her man.

“ *Ori.* But I'm reconciled, methinks, to the mortification of a nunnery; because, I fancy, the habit
“ becomes me.

“ *Bis.* A well-contrived mortification, truly, that
“ makes a woman look ten times handsomer than she
“ did before!—Ay, my dear, were there any religion in becoming dress, our sex's devotion were

placed; for our toilets would do the work of a altar; we should all be canonized.

But don't you think there is a great deal of waste in dedicating a beautiful face and person to the service of religion?

Not half so much as devoting them to a fellow: if your feminality had no business in the world, why was it sent hither? Let us dedicate beautiful minds to the service of heaven; and, as for handsome persons, they become a box at the altar, as well as a pew in the church.

But the vicissitude of fortune, the inconstancy of man, with other disappointments of life, require some place of religion, for a refuge from persecution.

Ha, ha, ha! and do you think there is any wisdom in a fellow's going to church, when he goes only for a sanctuary? Don't you know that religion consists in charity with all mankind; and that we should never think of being friends with any man till you have quarrelled with all the world." "Come, mind your business, Mirabel loves you, and will be plain, and hold him to't; give fresh orders to the household; don't see you: we get more by hiding our faults sometimes, than by exposing them; a very little secrecy whets desire; but a pair of keen eyes, behind an iron grate, fire double upon them, with the disguise. But I must be gone upon my affairs. I have brought my captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble yourself with the coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a coxcomb; had I not better have a lover like him, that I can make an ass of, than a lover like your's, to make a fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A message from Mirabel, I'll lay my life. [*Runs to the door.*] Come hither, run, thou charming nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the news? [*Runs to her*]

Bis. Do n't you see who's below?

Ori. I see nobody but a friar.

Bis. Ah! thou poor blind Cupid! "O' my science," these hearts of ours spoil our heads "stantly! the fellows no sooner turn knaves, than we turn fools." A friar! Do n't you see a villain genteel mien under that cloak of hypocrisy, the careless air of a tall rake-helly fellow?

Ori. As I live, Mirabel turned friar! I hope, heaven, he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest: ha, ha, ha, are you in earnest "Now's your time; this disguise has he certainly taken for a passport, to get in and try your resolution; stick to your habit to be sure; treat him with disdain, rather than anger; for pride becomes us more than passion." Remember what I say you would yield to advantage, and hold out the tack: to draw him on, keep him off to be sure.

The cunning gamesters never gain too fast,

But lose at first, to win the more at last. [*Exit*]

Ori. His coming puts me into some ambiguous

I don't know how ; I don't fear him, but I mistrust myself. Would he were not come ; yet I would not have him gone neither ; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to see him though.

*What a strange power has this fantastic fire,
That makes us dread even what we most desire !*"

Enter MIRABEL in a Friar's habit.

r. Save you, sister—Your brother, young lady, gives a regard for your soul's health, has sent me to re you for the sacred habit by confession.

i. That 's false, the cloven foot already. [*Aside.*] Brother's care I own ; and to you, sacred sir, I confess, that the great crying sin which I have longed for, and now prepare to expiate, was love.—Morning thoughts, my evening prayers, my daily sighs, nightly cares, was love ! " My present peace, my future bliss, the joy of earth, and hopes of heaven ! I all contemned for love ! "

r. She 's downright stark mad in earnest ; death confusion, I have lost her ! [*Aside.*] You confess a fault, madam, in such moving terms, that I almost be in love with the sin.

i. Take care, sir ; crimes, like virtues, are their rewards ; my chief delight became my only grief : I whose breast I thought my heart secure, I was robbed, and despoiled the treasure that he

r. Perhaps that treasure he esteems so much.

that like the miser, though afraid to use it, he keeps it safe.

Ori. No, holy father : who can be miser of other's wealth, that 's prodigal of his own? His was open, shar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! then become of mine? But the same eyes that this passion in, shall send it out in tears, till now hear my vow.

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] No, my fair angel, let me repent ; here on my knees behold the man that vows repentance his. Ha ! No concern upon

“ *Ori.* This turn is odd, and the time here
“ that such a sudden change would have surpris’d
“ into some confusion.

“ *Mir.* Restore that happy time, for I am
“ turned to myself, for I want but pardon to
“ your favour, and here I 'll fix till you relent
“ give it.

“ *Ori.* Groveling, sordid man ; why would
“ act a thing to make you kneel, monarch
“ pleasures to be slave to your faults? As
“ conquests of your wand'ring sway, your wealth
“ humour, fortune, all reduced to the base
“ of a bended knee? Servile and poor ! Pray
“ this change be real.

“ *Mir.* I come not here to justify my fault
“ submission, for though there be a meaner
“ humble posture, 't is nobler still to bend when
“ justice calls, than to resist conviction.

“ *Ori.* No more——thy oft repeated violat

weak belief, 't is the severest calumny
peak ; that humble posture which once
now mortifies my pride ; how can'st
pardon, from one that you affront by

s.] In my own cause I'll plead no
ive me leave to intercede for you against
unctions of that habit, which for my
ur.

ising insolence ! My greatest foe pre-
me counsel ; but I am too warm upon
ject. My resolutions, sir, are fixed !
arts were united with the ceremony of
I shall spare some tears to the separa-
:] That's all ; farewell.

must I lose her ? No. [*Runs and catches*
all my prayers are vain, I'll use the no-
nt of man, and force you to the justice
you're mine by pre-contract ; and
vow so sacred to disannul another ? I'll
; your oath, and plead my cause against
shifts upon the earth.

and me, ravisher ! Would you prophane
alls with violence ? Revenge for all my
: now offers, thy life shall answer this,
voke the law : urge me no farther, but

corable woman ! let me kneel again.

[*Kneels.*

Enter Old MIRABEL.

Old *Mir.* Where, where 's this counterfeit nun?

Ori. Madness! Confusion! I'm ruined!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his hood.*] What did you say, sir?

Old *Mir.* I say she 's a counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, sir; I have lost my child by these tricks, sir.

Mir. What tricks, sir?

Old *Mir.* By a pretended trick, sir. A contrivance to bring my son to reason, and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him and a thousand pounds a year.

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] My dear father, I'm your most humble servant.

Old *Mir.* My dear boy. [*Runs and kisses him.*] Welcome *ex inferis*, my dear boy, 'tis all a trick, she 's no more a nun than I am.

Mir. No!

Old *Mir.* The devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiss me again, my dear dad, for the most happy news—And now, most venerable holy sister. [*Kneels.*]

*Your mercy and your pardon I implore,
For the offence of asking it before.*

“Look 'e, my dear counterfeiting nun, take my advice, be a nun in good earnest; women make the best nuns always when they can't do otherwise.
“Ah, my dear father! there is a merit in your son's

1. The following information was received from the
2. New York State Department of Social Services, Albany,
3. New York, dated 10/10/68, and 10/11/68, and 10/12/68,
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[illegible][illegible]

have told you hitherto nothing but lies ; our jesting is come to a sad earnest, she's downright distracted.

Enter BISARRE.

Bis. Where is this mighty victor!—The great exploit is done ; “ go triumph in the glory of your conquest—inhuman, barbarous man!” Oh, sir [*To the old gentleman.*] your wretched ward has found a tender guardian of you, where her young innocence expected protection, here has she found her ruin.

Old *Mir.* Ay, the fault is mine, for I believe that rogue won't marry, for fearing of begetting such another disobedient son as his father did. I have done all I can, madam, and now can do no more than run mad for company. [*Cries.*

Enter DUGARD with his sword drawn.

Dug. Away! Revenge, revenge.

Old *Mir.* Patience, patience, sir. [*Old Mirabel holds him.*] Bob, draw. [*Aside.*

Dug. Patience! The coward's virtue, and the brave man's failing, when thus provoked—Villain!

Mir. Your sister's frenzy shall excuse your madness; and to shew my concern for what she suffers I'll bear the villain from her brother.—Put up your anger with your sword; I have a heart like yours, that swells at an affront received, but melts at an injury given; and if the lovely Oriana's grief be such a moving scene, 't will find a part within this breast, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

to prove that soft compassion for her grief, to remove it.—There, there, behold an t's infective; I cannot view her, but I am she.

ANA, held by two Maids, who put her in a chair.
 hat my dying parents left, with their last blessing, to my care.—Sister, dearest sister.

[Goes to her.]

Ay, poor child; poor child, d'ye know me? You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, sir;—Oh! Oh,

Were you never in love, fair lady? And ver dream of flowers and gardens?—I dream; fires, and tall gigantic sights. Take heed, now—What 's that? Pray stand away: I have face sure.—How light my head is!

That piercing charms has beauty, even in “these sudden starts of undigested words rough my soul, with more persuasive force the studied art of laboured eloquence.”——dam, try to repose a little.

cannot; for I must be up to go to church, it dress me, put on my new gown, and be so set my love. Heigho!—Will not you tell my heart lies buried?

My very soul is touched—Your hand, my fair. How soft and gentle you feel? I'll tell you ne, friend.

Now she stares upon me!

You have a flattering face; but 't is a fine one

—I warrant you have a five hundred mistresses—, to be sure, a mistress for every guinea in his pocket. Will you pay for me? I shall die to-morrow—! will you ring my passing-bell?

Mir. “ Oh, woman, woman, of artifice created whose nature, even distracted, has a cunning: “ vain let man his sense, his learning boast, when “ man’s madness over-rules his reason.” Do you know me, injured creature?

Ori. No; but you shall be my intimate acquaintance in the grave. [We

Mir. Oh, tears, I must believe you! Sure there is a kind of sympathy in madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my soul so tossed with storms of passion, that I could cry for help as well as she.

[Wipes his eyes]

Ori. What, have you lost your lover? No, you must not. I’ll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair innocent, and hear me own my love so loud, that I may call your senses to their place, restore them to their charming happy functions, and reinstate myself into your favour.

Bis. Let her alone, sir; ’t is all too late; she trembles; hold her, her fits grow stronger by her talking. Do not trouble her; she does not know you, sir.

Old Mir. Not know him! What then? she looks pale to see him, for all that.

Enter DURETETE.

Dur. Where are you all? What the devil! melt

oly, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous
ject, such a very good jest among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this impertinence! this is no place
: *bagatelle*: I have murdered my honour, destroyed
ady, and my desire of reparation is come at length
o late. See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas! she's mad!

Dur. Mad! dost wonder at that? By this light,
ey're all so; they're cozening mad, they're braw-
ng mad, they're proud mad; I just now came from
whole world of mad women, that had almost—
What, is she dead?

Mir. Dead! Heavens forbid!

Dur. Heavens further it! for till they be as cold as
they, there's no trusting them; you're never sure
that a woman's in earnest, till she is nailed in her cof-
in. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, sir?

Dur. Oons, madam, are you there? [*Runs off.*

Mir. Away, thou wild buffoon! how poor and
can this humour now appears! His follies and my
wn I here disclaim; this lady's frenzy has restor'd
my senses; and was she perfect now, as once she was,
efore you all I speak it) she should be mine; and as
e is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this declaration been some
ours ago!

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off.
me, come, let's leave them. [*Exeunt all but Mir. & Ori.*

Ori. Oh, sir!

Mir. Speak, my charming angel, if your dear senses have regained their order; speak, fair, and bless me with the news.

Ori. First, let me bless the cunning of my sex, that happy counterfeited frenzy, that has restored to my poor labouring breast the dearest, best beloved of men.

Mir. Tune, all ye spheres, your instruments of joy, and carry round your spacious orbs the happy sound of Oriana's health! her soul, whose harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again; the counterfeiting fair has played the fool.

She was so mad to counterfeit for me;

I was so mad to pawn my liberty:

But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, sir, free!

Mir. As air, my dear bedlamite. What, marry a lunatic! Look ye, my dear, you have counterfeited madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all your life long. Here, gentlemen—

Ori. Monster! you won't disgrace me?

Mir. O' my faith, but I will—here, come in, gentlemen—A miracle, a miracle! the woman's dispossessed! the devil's vanquished!

Enter Old MIRABEL and DUGARD.

Old Mir. Bless us! was she possessed?

Mir. With the worst of dæmons, sir, a marriage

oil, a horrid devil. Mr. Dugard, don't be surpris-
; I promised my endeavours to cure your sister;
mad-doctor in Christendom could have done it
re effectually. Take her into your charge; and
re a care she do n't relapse; if she should, employ
not again; for I am no more infallible than others
the faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Ori. Your remedy, most barbarous man, will prove
; greatest poison to my health; for though my for-
r frenzy was but counterfeit, I shall now run into a
d madness.

[*Exit Old Mir. after.*]

Dug. This was a turn beyond my knowledge.—
I'm so confus'd, I know not how to resent it.

[*Exit.*]

Mir. What a dangerous precipice have I escaped!
as not I just now upon the brink of destruction?

“*Enter DURETETE.*”

Oh, my friend, let me run into thy bosom! no lark,
escaped from the devouring pounces of a hawk,
quakes with more dismal apprehension.

Dur. The matter, man?

Mir. Marriage, hanging; I was just at the gal-
ow's-foot, the running noose about my neck, and
the cart wheeling from me. Oh, I shal' n't be myself
this month again!

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike,
saints or devils: their counterfeiting can't be re-
puted a deceit; for 'tis the nature of the sex, not
their contrivance.

“ *Mir.* Ay, ay ; there’s no living here with security ;
“ this house is so full of stratagem and design, that I
“ must abroad again.

“ *Dur.* With all my heart ; I’ll bear thee company
“ my lad. I’ll meet you at the play, and we’ll set
“ out for Italy to-morrow morning.

“ *Mir.* A match ; I’ll go pay my compliment of
“ leave to my father presently.

“ *Dur.* I’m afraid he’ll stop you.

“ *Mir.* What, pretend a command over me, after
“ his settlement of a thousand pounds a year upon
“ me ! No, no, he has passed away his authority with
“ the conveyance ; the will of a living father is chiefly
“ obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

“ *What makes the world attend and croud the great ?*

“ *Hopes, interest and dependance make their state.*

“ *Behold the anti-chamber fill’d with beaux ;*

“ *A horse’s levee crown’d with courtly crows.*

“ *Though grumbling subjects make the crown their sport,*

“ *Hopes of a place will bring the sparks to court.*

“ *Dependance ev’n a father’s sway secures ;*

“ *For though the son rebels, the heir is yours.* [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before the Play-house. Enter MIRABEL and DURETETE, as coming from the Play.

Duretete.

How do you like this play ?

Mir. I liked the company ; the lady, the rich beauty, in the front box had my attention. These impudent poets bring the ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

*For death's upon the stage the ladies cry ;
But ne'er mind us that in the audience die.
The poet's hero should not move their pain ;
But they should weep for those their eyes have slain.*

Dur. Hoity toity ! did Phillis inspire you with all this ?

Mir. Ten times more ; the play-house is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty ; the ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring triumphant air in the boxes than any where else ; they sit commanding on their thrones, with all their subject slaves about them ; in their best clothes, best looks, shining jewels, sparkling eyes, the treasure of the world in a ring. " Then there's such a hurry of pleasure to transport us ; the bustle, noise, gallantry, equipage, garters, feathers, wigs, bows, smiles, ogles, love, music, and

“applause.” I could wish that my whole life long were the first night of a new play.

Dur. The fellow has quite forgot this journey. Have you bespoke post horses?

Mir. Grant me but three days, dear captain, one to discover the lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy, and then I'm yours to the world's end.

Dur. Has thou the impudence to promise thyself a lady of her figure and quality in so short a time?

Mir. Yes, sir; I have a confident address, no disagreeable person, and five hundred louis d'ors in my pocket.

Dur. Five hundred louis d'ors! You an't mad?

Mir. I tell you, she's worth five thousand; one of her black brilliant eyes is worth a diamond as big as her head. I compared her necklace with her looks, and the living jewels out-sparkled the dead ones by a million.

Dur. But you have owed to me, that, abating Oriana's pretensions to marriage, you loved her passionately: then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir. I longed for partridge t' other day off the king's plate; but, d'ye think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing?

Dur. Pr'ythee, Mirabel, be quiet; you may remember what narrow escapes you have had abroad, by following strangers; you forget your leap out of the courtesan's window at Bologna, to save your fine ring there.

Mir. My ring's a trifle; there's nothing we possess

comparable to what we desire. Be shy of a lady, bare-faced, in the front-box, with a thousand pounds in jewels about her neck!—For shame! no more——

Enter ORIANA in boy's clothes, with a letter.

Ori. Is your name Mirabel, sir?

Mir. Yes, sir.

Ori. A letter from your uncle in Picardy.

[Gives the letter.]

Mir. [Reads.] ‘The bearer is the son of a Protestant gentleman who, flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth.’—A pretty boy.—‘He’s fond of me handsome service that may afford him an opportunity of improvement. Your care of him will oblige Your’s.’

‘ast a mind to travel, child?

Ori ‘Tis my desire, sir; I should be pleased to serve a traveller in any capacity.

Mir. A hopeful inclination. You shall along with me into Italy as my page.

Dur. I don’t think it safe; the rogue’s too handsome. *[Noise without.]* The play is done, and some of the ladies come this way.

Enter LAMORCE, with her train borne up by a Page.

Mir. Duretete, the very dear, identical she!

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why, ’t is she.

Dur. And what then, sir?

Mir. Then! Why—Look ye, sirrah, the first piece

of service I put you upon, is to follow that lady's coach, and bring me word where she lives. [To Ori.]

Ori. I don't know the town, sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

Mir. Pshaw!

Lam. Page, what's become of all my people?

Page. I can't tell, madam; I can see no sign of your ladyship's coach.

Lam. That fellow is got into his old pranks, and fallen drunk somewhere—None of my footmen there?

Page. Not one, madam.

Lam. These servants are the plague of our lives.—What shall I do?

Mir. By all my hopes, Fortune pimps for me! Now Duretete, for a piece of gallantry.

Dur. Why, you won't, sure?

Mir. Won't, brute!—Let not your servants' neglect, madam, put your ladyship to any inconvenience; for you can't be disappointed of an equipage whilst mine waits below; and would you honour the master so far he would be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure.

[*Aside.*]

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome; for my habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, madam; and he is a little engaged: besides, madam, a hackney-coach will do as well, madam.

Mir. Rude beast, be quiet. [To Duretete.]—The farther from home, madam, the more occasion you have for a guard—Pray, madam——

Lam. Lard, sir!—

[*He seems to press, she to decline it, in dumb show.*]

Dur. Ah, the devil's in his impudence! Now he wheedles, she smiles; he flatters, she simpers; he swears, she believes; he's a rogue, and she's a w—— in a moment.

Mir. Without there! my coach!—Duretete, wish me joy.

[*Hands the lady out.*]

Dur. Wish you a surgeon—Here, you little Picard, go follow your master, and he'll lead you—

Ori. Whither, sir?

Dur. To the academy, child; 't is the fashion with men of quality to teach their pages their exercises—Go.

Ori. Wou'n't you go with him too, sir? That woman may do him some harm; I do n't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, Mr. Page? Do you start up to give laws of a sudden? Do you pretend to rise at court, and disapprove the pleasure of your betters? Look ye, sirrah, if ever you would rise by a great man, be sure to be with him in his little actions: and, as a step to your advancement, follow your master immediately, and make it your hope that he goes to a bawdy-house.

Ori. Heavens forbid!

[*Exit.*]

Dur. Now would I sooner take a cart in company of the hangman, than a coach with that woman. What strange antipathy have I taken against these creatures! A woman to me is aversion upon aversion; a clasp, a cat, a breast of mutton, the squalling of children, the grinding of knives, and the snuff of a candle. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A handsome Apartment. Enter M^r LAMORCE.

Lam. To convince me, sir, that y
something more than good breeding, I
an hour of your company upon my des
already upon my necessity.

Mir. Your desire, madam, has only
request. My hours! make them y
eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and
to those happy minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, sir,
retinue; because an equipage at my d
of night, will not be consistent with m

Mir. By all means, madam, all bu
Here, page, order my coach and serv
do you stay; 'tis a foolish country b
nothing but innocence.

Lam. Innocence, sir! I should b
made any sinister constructions of my

Mir. Oh, madam, I must not pre
upon any body's freedom, having so e
my own.

Lam. Well, sir, 'twere convenie
easy correspondence, that we entered
fidence of each other, by a mutual dec
we are, and what we think of one ano
what are you?

Mir. In three words, madam—I am a gentleman, I have five hundred pounds in my pocket, and a clean shirt on.

Lam. And your name is——

Mir. Mustapha—Now, madam, the inventory of your fortunes.

Lam. My name is Lamorce; my birth noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, sullen, impetuous fellow; the husband spoiled the gentleman; crying ruined my face, till at last I took heart, leaped out of a window, got away to my friends, sued my tyrant, and recovered my fortune. I lived from fifteen to twenty to please a husband; from twenty to forty I'm resolved to please myself, and from thence upwards I'll humour the world.

Mir. The charming wild notes of a bird broke out of its cage.

Lam. I marked you at the play, and something I saw of a well-furnished, careless, agreeable *tour* about you. Methought your eyes made their mannerly demands with such an arch modesty, that I do n't know how—but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha! I'm elop'd.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! I rejoice in your good fortune with all my heart.

Lam. Oh, now I think on't, Mr. Mustapha, you have got the finest ring there; I could scarcely believe it right; pray, let me see it.

Mir. Hum!—Yes, madam, 'tis, 'tis right—but, but, but, but it was given me by my mother; an old family ring, madam, an old fashioned family ring.

Lam. Ay, sir—if you can entertain yourself “with
“ a song” for a moment, I’ll wait on you immediately. “ Come in there.

“ *Enter Singers.*

“ Call what you please, sir.” [*Exit.*

Mir. “ The new song—‘ Pr’ythee, Phillis.’—
[*Song.*]” Certainly the stars have been in a strange intriguing humour when I was born. Ay, this night should I have had a bride in my arms, and that I should like well enough; but what should I have to-morrow night? The same. And what next night?—The same. And what next night? The very same—Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again—But here’s variety.

*I love the fair who freely gives her heart,
That’s mine by ties of nature, not of art;
Who boldly owns whatever her thoughts indite,
And is too modest for a hypocrite.*

LAMORCE appears at the door; as he runs towards her,
four Bravoes step in before her. He starts back.

She comes, she comes!—Hum, hum—Bitch—Murdered, murdered to be sure! The cursed strumpet, to make me send away my servants! Nobody near me—These cut-throats always make sure work. What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these gentlemen your relations, madam?

Lam. Yes, sir.

Gentlemen, your most humble servant. Sir,
 most faithful ; yours, sir, with all my heart ;
 most obedient. Come, gentlemen, [*Salutes all*]
 please to sit—no ceremony—next the lady,
 sir.

1. Well, sir, and how d' ye like my friends ?

[*They all sit.*]

2. Oh, madam, the most finished gentlemen ! I
 never more happy in good company in my life. I
 hope, sir, you have travelled ?

3. Bra. Yes, sir.

4. Mir. Which way, sir, may I presume ?

5. 1st Bra. In a western barge, sir.

6. Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty ! facetious pretty gen-
 tleman.

7. Lam. Ha, ha, ha ! Sir, you have got the prettiest
 thing upon your finger there——

8. Mir. Ah, madam, 't is at your service with all my
 heart ! [*Offering the ring.*]

9. Lam. By no means, sir ; a family ring ! [*Takes it.*]

10. Mir. No matter, madam. Seven hundred pounds
 by this light ! [*Aside.*]

11. 2d Bra. Pray, sir, what 's o'clock ?

12. Mir. Hum !—Sir, I have left my watch at home.

13. 2d Bra. I thought I saw the string of it just now.

14. Mir. Ods my life, sir, I beg your pardon, here it
 is ! but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*]

15. Lam. Oh, dear sir, an English watch ! Tompion's,
 presume.

16. Mir. D' ye like it, madam ?—No ceremony—'t is

at your service with all my heart and soul——Tom—
 pion's! Hang ye! [*Aside*—

1st *Bra.* But, sir, above all thing, I admire the
 fashion and make of your sword-hilt.

Mir. I am mightily glad you like it, sir.

1st *Bra.* Will you part with it, sir?

Mir. Sir, I won't sell it.

1st *Bra.* Not sell it, sir!

Mir. No, gentlemen; but I'll bestow it with all
 my heart. [*Offering it.*

1st *Bra.* Oh, sir, we shall rob you!

Mir. That you do, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*] I have
 another at home; pray, sir—Gentlemen, you're too
 modest: have I any thing else that you can fancy?
 Sir, will you do me a favour? [*To the 1st Bravo.*] I
 am extremely in love with that wig which you wear;
 will you do me the favour to change with me?

1st *Bra.* Look ye, sir, this is a family wig, and I
 would not part with it; but if you like it——

Mir. Sir your most humble servant.

[*They change wigs.*

1st *Bra.* Madam, your most humble slave.

[*Goes up foppishly to the lady, and salutes her.*

2d *Bra.* The fellow's very liberal; shall we murder

him? [*Aside.*

3d *Bra.* What, let him escape to hang us all, and

lose my wig! No, no; I want but a handsome

man to quarrel with him; for you know we must

kill some gentlemen. [*Aside.*] Here, some wine. [*Wine*

is brought, and they drink.] I wish you good health. [*Pulls Mirabel by the nose,*

Mir. Oh, sir, your most humble servant ! A pleasant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the nose. Ha, ha, ha ! the pleasantest, pretty-humoured gentleman !

Lam. Help the gentleman to a glass. [*Mir. drinks.*]

1st Bra. How d' ye like the wine, sir ?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, sir. But I tell ye what ; I find we are all inclined to be frolicsome, and 'egad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry. Let's make a night on 't, ha !—This wine is pretty ; but I have such Burgundy at home—Look ye, gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen flasks of my Burgundy, I defy France to match it—'Twill make us all life, all air ; pray, gentlemen—

2d Bra. Eh—shall us have the Burgundy ?

1st Bra. Yes, faith, we 'll have all we can. Here, call up the gentleman's servant—What think you, Lamorce ?

Lam. Yes, yes. Your servant is a foolish country boy, sir, he understands nothing but innocence.

Mir. Ay, ay, madam. Here, page !

Enter ORIANA.

Take this key, and go to my butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red Burgundy, marked a thousand ; and be sure you make haste : I long to entertain my friends here, my very good friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear sir !

1st Bra. Here, child, take a glass of wine—Your

master and I have changed wigs, honey, in a frolic.—
Where had you this pretty boy, honest Mustapha?

Ori. Mustapha!

Mir. Out of Picardy. This is the first errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red Burgundy, sir?

Mir. The red, marked a thousand; and be sure you make haste.

Ori. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

1st *Bra.* Sir, you were pleased to like my wig, have you any fancy for my coat? Look ye, sir, it has served a great many honest gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not so faithfully, for I am afraid it has got a scurvy trick of leaving all its masters in necessity.—
The insolence of these dogs is beyond their cruelty.

[*Aside.*]

Lam. You're melancholy, sir.

Mir. Only concerned, madam, that I should have no servant here but this little boy; he'll make some confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't: I would not be disappointed of my wine for the universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, sir. But supper's ready; will you please to eat a bit, sir?

Mir. Oh, madam, I never had a better stomach in my life!

Lam. Come, then; we have nothing but a plate of soup.

Mir. [*Aside.*] Ah, the marriage-soup I could dispense with now!

[*Exit, banding the lady.*]

2d *Bra.* That wig won't fall to your share.

1st *Bra.* No, no, we'll settle that after supper; in the mean time the gentleman shall wear it.

2d *Bra.* Shall we dispatch him?

3d *Bra.* To be sure. I think he knows me.

1st *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I wonder at the impudence of the English rogues, that will hazard the meeting a man at the bar, whom they have encountered upon the road. I ha'n't the confidence to look a man in the face after I have done him an injury; therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to Old Mirabel's House. Enter DURETETE.

Dur. My friend has forsaken me, I have abandoned my mistress, my time lies heavy upon my hands, and my money burns in my pocket. But, now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon duty to-night; I'll fairly stroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honest Lieutenant, over a flask of wine, a rakehelly story, and a pipe of tobacco.

Going off, BISARRE meets him.

Bis. Who comes there? Stand!

Dur. Hey-day! now she's turn'd dragoon.

Bis. Look ye, sir, I'm told you intend to travel gain. I design to wait on you as far as Italy.

Dur. Then I'll travel into Wales.

Bis. Wales! What country's that?

Dur. The land of mountains, child, where you're never out of the way, because there's no such thing as a high-road.

Bis. Rather always in a high-road, because you travel all upon hills. But, be as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the East Indies.

Bis. East or West, 't is all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take through Germany, and drink hard.

Bis. Suppose I take through Germany, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppose I go to a bawdy-house.

Bis. Suppose I shew you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, woman, will you go to the guard with me and smook a pipe?

Bis. *Allons donc!*

Dur. The devil's in the woman! Suppose I hang myself.

Bis. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance; the gallows is welcome.

Bis. Hold, hold, sir; [*Catches him by the arm, going.*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, madam, or I shall think that you are a man, and perhaps examine you.

Bis. Stir if you dare; I have still spirits to attend me; and can raise such a muster of fairies as shall

ush you to death. Come, sir, stand there now and
ple me. [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languishing
gh. [*He groans.*] Now run and take my fan—faster.
[*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handsomely.

Dor. Ay, ay.

[*He tears it all in pieces.*]

Bis. Hold, hold, dear humourous coxcomb! Cap-
tain, spare my fan, and I'll—Why, you rude, in-
human monster, do n't you expect to pay for this?

Dor. Yes, madam, there's twelve-pence; for that
is the price on't.

Bis. Sir, it cost a guinea.

Dor. Well, madam, you shall have the sticks again.

[*Throws them to her, and exit.*]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous below my concern. I
must follow him, however, to know if he can give me
any news of Oriana. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to Lamorce's Lodgings. Enter MIRABEL.

Mir. Bloody hell-hounds! I over-heard you. Was
not I two hours ago, the happy, gay, rejoicing Mi-
rabel? How did I plume my hopes in a fair coming
prospect of a long scene of years? Life courted me
with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune;
and to be torn away from all my promised joys, is
more than death—the manner too, by villains. Oh,
my Oriana, this very moment might have bless'd me

in thy arms! and my poor boy, the innocent boy!—
Confusion!—But, hush, they come; I must dissemble
still—No news of my wine, gentlemen?

Enter the four Bravoës.

1st *Bra.* No, sir; I believe your country booby has
lost himself, and we can wait no longer for it—True,
sir, you are a pleasant gentleman; but I suppose you
understand our business.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your employ-
ments; you, sir, are a lawyer, I presume; you a phy-
sician, you a scrivener, and you a stock-jobber—
All cut-throats, 'egad. [*Aside.*

4th *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken officer; I was cashiered
at the head of the army for a coward; so I took up
the trade of murder to retrieve the reputation of my
courage.

3d *Bra.* I am a soldier too, and would serve my
king; but I don't like the quarrel: and I have more
honour than to fight in a bad cause.

2d *Bra.* I was bred a gentleman, and have no es-
tate; but I must have my whore and my bottle,
through the prejudice of education.

1st *Bra.* I am a ruffian too, by the prejudice of
education; I was bred a butcher. In short, sir, if
your wine had come, we might have trifled a little lon-
ger. Come, sir, which sword will you fall by? Mine,
sir? [*Draws.*

2d *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

3d *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

Mir. Oh, madam, by no means, 't is too much—rob you of all! [*Taking it from her.*] Good dear thing, thou 'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retrieved thee. [*Putting it up.*] What, my friends neglected this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaisance to the lady. How now—is it civil to be so out of humour at my entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain, you are surprized at all this—but we're in our frolics, you must know—Some wine here.

Enter Servants with wine.

Come, Captain, this worthy gentleman's health.—
[*Tweaks the first Bravo by the nose; he roars.*] But now, where's my dear deliverer, my boy, my charming boy!

1st Bra. I hope some of our crew below stairs have dispatched him.

Mir. Villain, what sayest thou? Dispatched! I'll have you all tortured, racked, torn to pieces alive, if you have touched my boy.—Here, Page! Page! Page!

[*Runs out.*]

Dur. Here, gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1st Bra. Yes, sir, we know you and your guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, madam—he, he, he. I'm so pleased to think that I shall be revenged of one woman before I die—Well, Mistress Snap-Dragon, which of these honourable gentlemen is so happy to call you wife?

" friends, gentlemen, behold the youth that
 " lieved me from the most ignominious death
 " the scandalous poniards of these bloody
 " where to have fallen would have defamed
 " my memory with vile reproach—My life, estate,
 " is due to such a favour." Command me,
 before you all, before my late so kind indulger
 I swear to grant whate'er you ask.

Ori. To the same stars, indulgent now to me
 appeal as to the justice of my claim ; I shall
 but what was mine before—the just perform
 your contract to Oriana. [*Discovering*

Omnes. Oriana!

Ori. In this disguise I resolved to follow you
 counterfeited that letter that got me into your
 and so, by this strange turn of fate, I became
 instrument of your preservation ; few common
 would have had such cunning ; my love inspi-
 red with the meaning of your message, because
 concern for your safety made me suspect your con-

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of im-
 " the tricks and artful cunning of the sex I be-
 " trusted, and broke through all contrivance."
 No, 't is my voluntary act ; this was no hum-
 tagem, but by my providential stars design'd,
 the dangers wandering youth incurs by the pur-
 an unlawful love, to plunge me headlong in the
 of vice, and then to free me by the hands of v-
 Here, on my knees, I humbly beg my fair pro-

pardon; my thanks are needless, for myself I owe.—
And now for ever do protest me yours.

Old *Mir.* Tall, all, di, dall. [*Sings.*] Kiss me,
daughter—No, you shall kiss me first, [*To Lamorce.*]
for you're the cause on 't. Well, Bizarre, what say
you to the Captain?

Bis. I like the beast well enough, but do n't un-
derstand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange
road.

Old *Mir.* But marriage is so beaten a path that you
can't go wrong.

Bis. Ay, 'tis so beaten, that the way is spoiled.

Dur. There is but one thing should make me thy
husband—I could marry thee to-day for the privilege
of beating thee to-morrow.

Old *Mir.* Come, come, you may agree for all this.
Mr. Dugard, are not you pleased with this?

Dug. So pleased, that if I thought it might secure
your son's affection to my sister, I would double her
fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has she not given me mine, my life,
estate, my all, and what is more, her virtuous self?—
‘Virtue, in this so advantageous life, has her own
‘sparkling charms, more tempting far than glitter-
‘ing gold or glory.” Behold the foil [*Pointing to*
Lamorce.] that sets this brightness off! [*To Oriana.*]
here view the pride [*To Oriana.*] and scandal of her
ex. [*To Lam.*] “There [*To Lam.*] the false meteor
‘whose deluding light leads mankind to destruction.
‘Here [*To Oriana.*] the bright shining star that

" guides to a security of happiness. A garden, as
" a single she, [*To Oriana.*] was our first father
" bliss; the tempter, [*To Lam.*] and to wander, we
" his curse."

What liberty can be so tempting there, [To Lam.]

As a soft, virtuous, am'rous bondage here? [To Oriana]

[*Exeunt Omnes*]







EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

A

TRAGEDY.

ALTERED FROM

JAMES THOMSON,

And adapted to the Stage,

BY THOMAS HULL;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Sequiturque Patrem non passibus aequis.-----Virgil.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of
GEORGE CAWTHORN, *British Library, STRAND,*

M DCC XCV.



PREFACE.

Thomson's Writings in general are so replete with moral and religious instruction, as well as sentiment and poetry, that they ought, surely, to be as familiar to the ear of those who have not means or leisure for reading, as they are to the contemplation of those who are possessed of such elegant advantages. It had long been matter of regret to the present Editor of this Play, that so striking an event in the annals of England, and such an exemplary instance of conjugal heroism, should have been excluded the Stage, that extensive record of noble actions, and witness against vicious ones. Mrs. Barry hinted a wish to restore it: a desire to oblige that excellent actress, and furnish her with a new opportunity of displaying her abilities, as well as an ardour to be the means of producing to an audience another work of our amiable and elegant Thomson, induced the present Editor to undertake an alteration. The omission of too prolix passages rendered some additions indispensibly necessary; such as they are, particularly the scene at the opening of the last act, he submits them with deference and timidity, to a candid public, hoping that his motives to this attempt will constitute some degree of merit, and conciliate mild judgment and gentle criticism.

March 25, 1775.

PROLOGUE.

Written and spoke by Mr. HULL.

TO-NIGHT your favour and your praise we claim,
For lo! the page bears Thomson's honour'd name.
'Tis your own Thomson—he whose lib'ral mind
Breat'h'd love to all—the friend of human kind!
Through all the various year his genius ran,
And prov'd the poet, while it grac'd the man.
Spring comes from him in loveliest tints array'd,
He gives her beauties, that can never fade;
In deathless roses is his Summer dress'd,
And ever-cheering verdure robes her breast;
His fields with stores exhaustless Autumn crowns,
And with unwonted pride majestic Winter frowns.

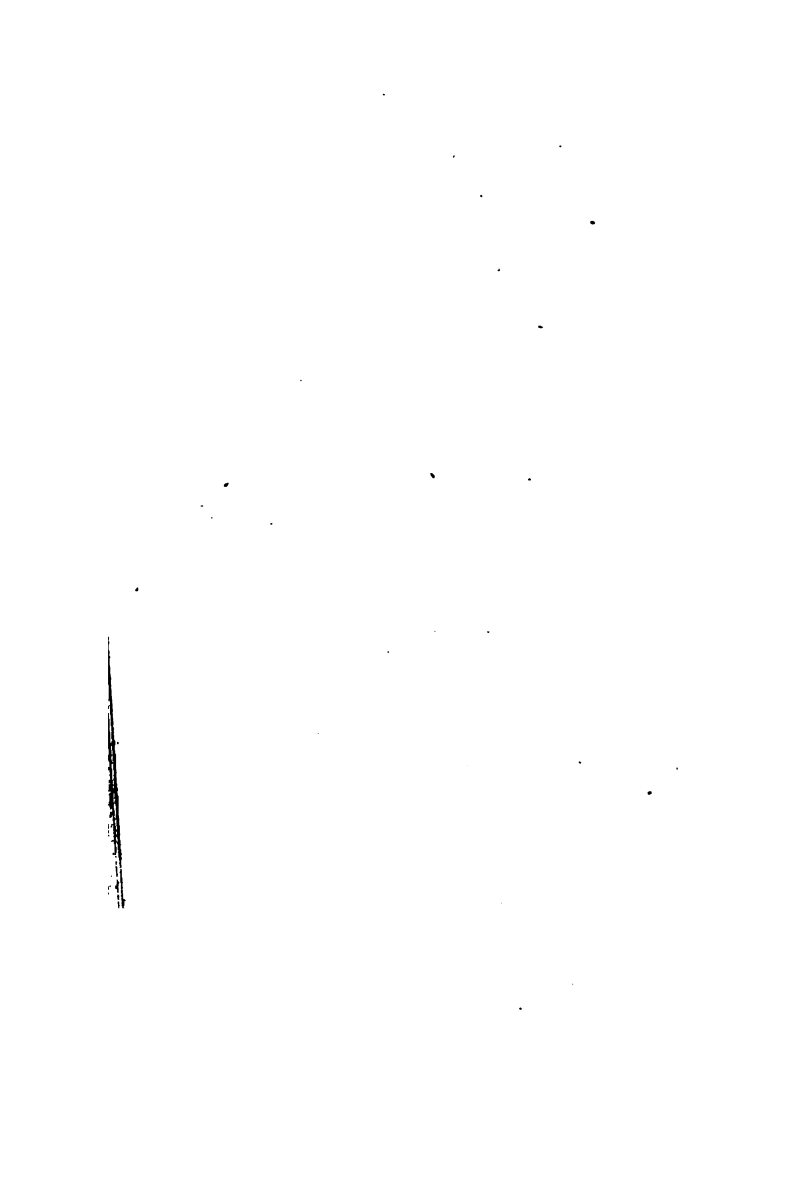
Oft on these boards bath Coriolanus bled,
And Sigismunda, tears of virtue shed;
True to his fame, we usher to the stage
This long-neglected, well-deserving page;
'Wherein old English honour lives anew,
'Your great first Edward rising to your view.'
Where Eleonora's firmness beams a grace,
A dignity o'er all the female race.
'These scenes would wide humanity impart,
'Would breathe extensive candour through the heart.'

PROLOGUE.

7

The lov'd poet paints a noble strife
 At the fond husband and the gen'rous wife;
 The father in his voice complains,
 All the mother in her tender strains,
 The best passions prompt the pleasing woe,
 Let it freely—Nature bids it flow—
 Parent nature leads you cannot stray,
 What she wills, 't is virtue to obey.*
 Then, with feeble aid we strive to raise
 Dark oblivion these neglected lays,
 Judgment, blind to us, alone regard
 The vain beauties of the gentle bard;
 That wreath, which must for ever bloom,
 One laurel more, & adorn his tomb.

Lines marked with inverted Commas are taken from the original Prologue





EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

(Camp. Prince EDWARD, THEALD, Archdeacon of Liege, and the Earl of GLOSTER enters.

Edward.

will no longer doubt. 'T is plain, my friends,
that with our little band of English troops,
by all allies, all western powers deserted,
All but the noble knights that guard this land,
the flower of Europe and of Christian valour,)
nought can be done, nought worthy of our cause,
worthy of England's heir, and of the name
of Lion-hearted Richard ; whose renown,
after almost a century elaps'd,
makes through its wide extent this eastern world,
that else could bend the Saracen to Peace,
who might, with better policy, refuse
to grant it us ? Yes, to the Prince of Jaffa
will accord the peace he has demanded ;

And though my troops, impatient, wait the sign
To storm yon walls, yet will I not expose,
In vain attempts, valour that should be sav'd
For better days, and for the public welfare.
Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,
Is only splendid murder—What says Theald?
Approves my reverend father of my purpose?

Thea. Edward, illustrious heir of England's cro
I must indeed be blinded with the zeal
Of this our holy cause, to think your arms,
Thus all-forsaken, thus betray'd, sufficient
To reach the grandeur of your first design,
And, from the yoke of infidels, to free
The sacred city, object of our vows.
Yet this, methinks, this Jaffa might be seiz'd :
That still were something, an auspicious omen
Of future conquest—but, unskill'd in war,
To you, my lord, and Gloster's wise experience,
I this submit.

Edw. Speak, Gloster, your advice,
Before I fix my latest resolution.

Glos. You know, my lord, I never was a friend
To this Crusado. My unchang'd advice
Is strenuous then for peace. Nor urge I this
From your deserted circumstance alone,
But from the state of our unhappy country.
Behold her, Edward, with a filial eye,
Behold her bleeding still from savage war,
And say, is this a time for these adventures?
Return, return ; lose not a day, an hour,

Before this city. Though your cause be holy,
Believe me, 't is a much more pious office,
To tend your father's old and broken years,
And fold his care-worn heart in downy peace;
A nobler office far! on the firm base
Of well-proportion'd liberty, to build
The common quiet, happiness and glory
Of king and people, England's rising grandeur.

Thea. Gloster, thy stronger arguments have won me
To join thy cause—nay add one reason more
For peace, immediate peace—should blind misfortune
In this far-distant hostile land, oppress us;
(A chance to which our weakness stands expos'd :)
What, Edward, of thy princess would become,
Thy Eleonora ; she, whose tender love
Through stormy seas, and in fierce camps, attends
thee ?

What of thy blooming offspring ? Charg'd with these,
To give our courage scope were cruel rashness.

Edw. Enough, my lord, I stand resolv'd on peace ;
If Selim offer honourable terms,
Such as may suit our dignity and glory :
Such as without a blush we may proclaim,
When, on arrival at our native coast,
Flush'd with gay hope the people round us press
To learn by what exploits we have sustain'd
The fame of Richard and of English valour.
We wait his last appeal.—Meanwhile, good Gloster,
See that the captive princess, fair Daraxa,

Be yielded to the Sultan of this city,
Whose bride she is. We wage not war with women.

An Officer belonging to the Prince enters.

Off. One from the Prince of Jaffa, sir, demands
Your secret ear on some important message.

Edw. Conduct him to our tent— [*Officer goes out.*]
He brings, I judge,
The Sultan's last instructions for this peace.

Here wait ; I may require your faithful counsel. [*Exit.*]

Thea. Whatever woes, of late, have clouded England;
Yet must I, Gloster, call that nation happy,
On whose horizon smiles a dawning Prince
Of Edward's worth and virtues.

Glos. True, my friend ;
Edward has great, has amiable virtues,
That virtue chiefly which befits a prince :
He loves the people he must one day rule ;
With fondness loves them, with a noble pride ;
Esteems their good, esteems their glory his.

Thea. But let me ask thee, Gloster, whence the
motive

That bids thee wear the chains of court attendance,
At these grey years ; that should in calm retirement
Pass the soft evening of a bustling life,
And plume thy parting soul for better worlds ?

Glos. Amidst his many virtues, youthful Edward
Is lofty, warm, and absolute of temper :
I therefore seek to moderate his heat,
To guide his fiery virtues ; hence I attend him

In expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,
In holy wars—your pardon, reverend father——
I must declare I think such wars the fruit
Of idle courage or mistaken zeal.

Thea. I venerate this land. Its sacred hills,
Its vales, its cities, trod by saints and prophets,
By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.

Glas. But the same God, my friend, pervades, sus-
tains,
Surrounds and fills this universal frame ;
And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.

Edw. [*Behind the Scenes.*] Inhuman villain ! is thy
message murder !

Thea. Ha ! heard you not the Prince exclaiming
murder ?

Glas. Should this barbarian messenger——

[*Moving towards the noise.*

'T is so !

Prince EDWARD enters, wounded in the Arm, and
dragging in the Assassin.

Edw. Detested wretch ! and doth the Prince of Jaffa
Send base assassins to transact his treaties ?
Take then a villain's due—yet hold my fury !
Let not the blood that fills a ruffian's veins
Pollute a prince's hand ! Justice, not rage,
Shall vindicate my wrongs. Guards, take him hence,
And let our equal laws decide his fate.

B ij

EDW. But not thou, thou false destroyer of the faithful!
 That thought me strong a spear miss'd thy heart,
 And sent me in a few years with mortal poison,
 To leave my country's heart. Alas! be prais'd!
 Know, I am a true Christian, in the worst
 That can be done, or by the slaves inflict.

[Assassin borne off.]

EDW. Ed. Where did he say?

EDW. The Prince of Wales.

EDW. What then?

EDW. I have now the certain proof
 Of his apostate mind. [Gives Theald a Letter.]

EDW. O vault of England!

There is no more my prince and country lost.

EDW. Why stand ye pale and dumb on each other?
 And we not meet to warn the various chances
 Of such an ill event?

EDW. My dearest and,
 Retire, and seek relief without delay,
 Ere the fell poison can diffuse its rage,
 And deeply taint your blood.

EDW. The Princess comes!
 O save me from her tenderness!

Princess ELEONORA enters.

EDW. My Edward!
 Support me!—Oh!

EDW. She faints—My Eleonora!
 Look up, and bless me with thy gentle eyes!
 The colour comes, her cheeks resume their beauty,
 And all her charms revive.

Ele. And lives my Edward, lives my dearest lord,
From this assassin sav'd!—Alas! you bleed!

Edw. 'Tis nought, my lovely Princess! A slight
wound.

Ele. But ah! methought, I entering heard of poison
staining the blood—What! was the dagger poison'd?
Alas! silent all? will none relieve my fears?

Glos. Princess, restrain your tenderness a moment—
The Prince delays too long—let him retire.

Meanwhile the troubled camp shall be my care;
lest the base foe should make a sudden sally,
While yet our troops are stunn'd with this disaster.

Edw. I thank thee, noble Gloster. Nor, alone,
support my troops; go, rouse them to revenge.
Tell them, their injur'd prince will try their love,
Their valour soon—And you, my friend, good Theald,
Attend the Princess—Chear thee, Eleonora!
I cannot, will not leave thee long, to vex
Thy tender soul with aggravated fears.

[Exit with Gloster.

Thea. Behold Daraxa, the false Sultan's bride.

DARAXA enters.

Dar. Princess of England, let me share thy grief.
Whence flow these tears, and what this wild alarm,
This noise of murder and assassination?

Ele. Alas! the Prince is wounded by a ruffian;
And with a poison'd dagger, as I fear.
Yet none will ease me of this racking thought—
Say, tell me, Theald, since to know the worst

Is oft a kind of miserable comfort;
 What hath befall'n the Prince? for this slight wound
 Could never thus o'ercast the brave with terror.

THA. I dare not, Princess, dally with your fate.
 An impious villain from the Sultan Selim,
 Pretended to the Prince a secret message,
 About the peace in treaty; dreading nought,
 He left us here, and to his tent retir'd,
 There to receive this execrable envoy.

Strait with the Prince alone, the fierce assassin
 Attempted on his life; but, in his arm,
 He took, it seems, the blow, and from the villain
 Wresting the dagger, gave him to the law.
 'Tis last we saw, and heard th' inhuman bigot
 (Who deem'd himself a martyr in their cause)
 Tauntingly boast the Prince's wound was poison'd.

EL. Then all I fear'd is true! then am I wretched,
 Beyond even hope!

THA. A villain from the Sultan!——

EL. Ah, the distracting thought! And is my life!
 My love! my Edward! on the brink of fate!

What fate that may this moment snatch him from me!

THA. What! Selim send assassins! and beneath
 A name so sacred! Selim, whose renown
 Incense breathing o'er the sweeten'd East;
 By each humane, each generous virtue fam'd;
 Selim the rock of faith, and sun of honour!

EL. O complicated woe! The Christian cause
 Hath never more a patron, and restorer;
 Nor ever more a prince, in whom she plac'd

glory, her delight, her only hope;
 e desolated troops no more a chief;
 ore a husband, a protector, I,
 end, a lover! and my helpless children
 ore a father!

r. Pardon, gentle Princess,
 this whirlwind of revolving passions;
 snatch my soul by turns, I have forgot
 ay the tribute which I owe thy sorrows—
 myself, alas! am more unhappy!

. What woes can equal mine? who lose, thus
 vilely,

best! the bravest! loveliest of mankind!—

r. You lose the lover, I must learn to hate him,
 torn what once was all my pride and transport!
 d Edward die by this accursed crime,
 with his image, with his virtues, still,
 st the pensive gloom, may converse hold;
 e I—Ah! nothing meets my blasted sight
 black view of infamy and horror!

is the loss of life to loss of virtue!

bely'd—some villain hath abus'd him.

a. I honour, Princess, this your virtuous grief,
 at the Sultan did employ th' assassin
 t all doubt—Behold the false instructions,
 ick he gain'd admittance.

[*Giving her the letter the Prince had given him.*]

. Hal—'Tis so!

nd! his seal!—From my detesting heart,
 him thus for ever!—Perish Selim!

Esteem his own : but sure the life of thousands,
The mingled cause at once of heaven and earth,
Should o'er the best, the dearest ties prevail.

Glos. Alas! my friend, you reason, Edward loves.
How weak the head contending with the heart!
Yet be the trial made——Behold he comes.

EDWARD *enters.*

Edw. O, thou bright sun! now hast'ning to those
climes,
That parent isle, which I no more shall see;
O thither bear, resplendent orb of day,
To that dear spot of earth my last farewell!
And thee, eternal Providence, whose course,
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd,
By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,
I follow thee, with resignation, hope,
With confidence and joy; for thou art good,
And of thy rising goodness is no end!
Welcome, my dearest friends! the villain's threatening
It was too true, and now I nearly touch
The awful hour which every man must prove.
Come then, and let us fill the space between,
These last important moments, whence we take
Our latest tincture for eternity,
With solemn converse and exalting friendship——
Nay—Theald—Gloster—wound me not with tears,
With tears that fall o'er venerable cheeks!
What could the Princess more?—Ah! there, indeed,
At every thought of her, I feel a weight,

a dreadful weight of tenderness, that shakes
my firmest resolution——Where is she?

Thea. She burns with fond impatience to attend you.

Edw. And how, brave Gloster, did you leave the
camp?

Glov. The camp, sir, is secure; each soldier there
from indignation draws new force and spirit.

It is a glorious, an affecting sight!

Those furrow'd cheeks, that never knew before

The dew of tears, now in a copious shower

Are bath'd. Around your tent they, various, crowd,

Rank over rank: some pressing for a look;

Some sadly musing, with dejected eye;

Some on their knees, preferring vows to Heaven;

And, with extended arms, some breathing vengeance.

Edw. What unbought love and generous valour fire

The free-born heart!—Yet moderate their zeal;

And let the sword of justice only strike

The faithless Selim, and his guilty creatures.

My new-departed spirit, just escap'd

From the low fev'rish passions of this life,

Would grieve to see the blood of innocence

With that of guilt confounded, stain my tomb.

Thea. Permit me, sir, the hope, that you yourself—

I speak it on just cause——may live to punish

This breach of all the sacred rights of men.

Edw. Why will you turn my thoughts, from earth
enlarg'd,

To soft enfeebling views of life again.

Thea. Not to a vain desire of life, my lord,

Would I recal them ; but inspire each hope,
Advise each possibility to save it.
And there is yet a remedy.

Edw. Delusion !

Thea. The fair Arabian Princess mentioned one.

Edw. She one !—Daraxa ?—Something to comp[
Her lover's crime.

Thea. You could not wrong her thus,
Had you beheld the tempest of her soul,
Her grief, her rage, confusion when she heard
Of Selim's baseness ; had you seen that honour,
That glorious fire that darted from her eyes ;
'Till in a flood of virtuous sorrow sunk,
She almost equall'd Eleonora's tears.

Edw. What was it she propos'd ?

Thea. It was, my lord,
To find some person, who, with friendly lip,
Might draw the deadly spirit——

Edw. I have heard
Of such a cure ; but is it not, good Theald,
An action fatal to the kind performer ?

Thea. Yes, surely fatal.

Edw. Name it then no more :
I should despise the paltry life it purchas'd.
Besides, what mortal can dispose so rashly
Of his own life ? Talk not of low condition,
And of my public rank : when life or death
Becomes the question, all distinctions vanish ;
Then the first monarch and the lowest slave
On the same level stand, in this the sons
Of equal Nature all.

Ed. Allow me, sir,
 is a certain, an establish'd duty,
 a duty more, the height of human virtue,
 sacrifice a transitory life
 that kind source from whence it is deriv'd,
 all its guarded joys, our dearest country ;
 sacrifice it in the cause of Heaven,
 nor of every good : by the same reason,
 ay be justly sacrific'd for those
 whom depends the welfare of the public.
 there is one, my lord, who stands devoted,
 solemn and irrevocable vows,
 lie for you.

Edw. To die for me !—Kind Nature !
 thanks to thy forming hand, I can myself,
 grateful, submit to pay this debt I owe thee,
 without the borrow'd sufferings of another.
 Theald, urge this argument no more.
 I will not life to that degree, to purchase,
 the sure death of some brave guiltless friend,
 with uncertain days, that often rise,
 this, serene and gay, when with swift wing,
 moment wraps them in disastrous fate.

Ed. Did we consult to save your single life,
 that the present question, thy refusal
 is just, were generous. But, my lord, this person,
 stands for you devoted, should, in that,
 be devoted for the Christian cause,
 common cause of Europe and thy country.
 that this martyr dies ; dies for thy children ;

Dies for the brave companions of thy fortune,
Who weeping now around thy tent conjure thee,
To live for them, and England's promis'd glory.

Glos. O, save our country, Edward ! save a nation,
The chosen land, the last retreat of freedom,
Amidst a broken world—Cast back thy view,
And trace from farthest times her old renown.
Think of the blood that, to maintain her rights,
And nurse her shelt'ring laws, hath flow'd in battle,
Or on the patriot's scaffold. Think what cares,
What vigilance, what toils, what bright contention,
In councils, camps, and well-disputed senates,
It cost our generous ancestors, to raise
A matchless plan of freedom : whence we shine,
The happiest of mankind, the first of nations.

Thea. Thy father sinks in years ; ev'n while we
speak,

He may be summon'd to a higher state ;
Should it be so, say, must we lose thee too ?
Wilt thou not, Edward, stay to guard the rights,
The liberty, the glory, of thy country ?
Wilt thou not live for her ? for her subdue
A graceful pride, I own, but still a pride,
That more becomes thy courage and thy youth
Than birth and public station ? Nay, for her,
Say, would thou not resign the dearest passions ?

Edw. O, there is nothing which for thee, my country,
I, in my proper person, could not suffer !
But thus to skulk behind another's life,
'T is what I have not courage to support,

ces a kind of coward of me, Gloster.
 e, at least,
 t I sink in death, let me behold,
 ond'ring, thank the friend, whose breast is fraught
 such high ardour for the public weal,
 ve this instance of exalted virtue.
 t him hither, Theald. [*Exit Theald.*] Ah, my
 Gloster,

ave not touch'd on something that pleads here
 nger life, beyond the force of reason,
 ps too powerful pleads—my Eleonora!
 ee, my friend, I will not be asham'd
 to avow my love in all its fondness.
 i, there shines in this my dearer self!
 partner of my soul! so mild a light
 eless charms, of unaffected beauty,
 more than beauty, such endearing goodness,
 when I meet her eye, where cordial faith
 every gentle virtue mix their lustre,
 a transport that partakes of anguish!
 shall I then behold her, on the point
 ave her, Gloster, in a distant land?
 ver in a stormy world to leave her?
 is no misery to be fear'd like that,
 h from our greatest happiness proceeds!

*ALD enters, presenting the Princess ELEONORA as
 Person he went to bring; DARAXA following.*

o. Ye Powers!—What do I see?—I am be-
 tray'd!—— [*Turning away.*]

Ele. Edward!

Edw. O, 't is too much! O spare me, Nature!

Ele. Not look upon me, Edward?

Edw. Eleonora!

How on this dreadful errand canst thou come?

Ele. Behold me kneel——

Edw. Why kneel, thou best of women!

'Thou never hast, not ev'n in thought, offended;

'Thou art all truth, and love, and angel-goodness!

Why dost thou kneel? O, rise, my Eleonora!

Ele. Let me fulfil my vow.

Edw. O, barbarous vow!

Ele. Let me preserve a life, in which is wrapt

The lives of thousands dearer than my own!

Live thou, and let me die for thee, my Edward!

Edw. For me! thy words are daggers to my soul.

And wouldst thou have me then thus meanly save

A despicable life? a life expos'd

To that worst torment, to my own contempt!

A life still haunted by the cruel image

Of thy last pangs, thy agonizing throes,

The dire convulsions of these tender limbs;

And all for one——O, infamy!——for one,

By love, by duty bound, each manly tie,

Even by a peasant's honour to protect thee?

Ele. This ne'er can blemish thee. I know full well

There is no danger, pain, no form of death,

Thou wouldst not meet with transport to protect me

But I, alas! an unimportant woman,

Whose only boast and merit is to love thee;

What am I, with nameless numbers weigh'd ?
 With myriads yet unborn ? all ranks, all ages,
 All arts, all virtues, all a state comprizes,
 These have a higher claim to thy protection.
 Live then for them.—O, make a noble effort !
 What none but heroes can, bid the soft passions,
 The private stoop to those that grasp a public.
 Live to possess the pleasure of a god,
 To bless a people trusted to thy care.
 Live to fulfill thy long career of glory,
 But just begun. To die for thee be mine.
 We'er can find a brighter gentler fate !
 And fate will come at last, inglorious fate !
 Do, grudge me not a portion of thy fame !
 As mix'd in love ; O, share with me thy glory !

Edw. In vain is all thy eloquence. The more
 Thou wouldst persuade, I, with increasing horror,
 Fly from thy purpose.

Ele. Dost thou love me, Edward ?

Edw. Oh !—If I love thee ?—Witness, Heaven and
 earth !

Angels of death that hover round me, witness !
 Witness these eyes suffus'd, these trembling arms ;
 This heart that bears unutterable fondness,
 To what delightful agony I love thee !

Ele. Then wilt thou save me sure from greater pain.

Edw. O, that I could from all engross thy sufferings !
 Pain felt for thee were pleasure !

Ele. Hear me, Edward.

Speak the strictest truth, no flight of passion,

I speak my naked heart.—To die, I own,
Is a dread passage, terrible to nature,
Chiefly to those who have like me, been happy.—
But to survive thee——'t is greatly worse !
'T is a continual death ! I cannot bear
The very thought—O, leave me not behind thee !

Edw. Since nought can alter my determin'd breas
Why dost thou pierce me with this killing image ?

Ele. Ah ! selfish that thou art ! with thee the toil,
The tedious toil of life will soon be o'er ;
Thou soon wilt hide thee in the quiet grave :
While I, a lonely widow, with her orphans,
Am left defenceless to a troubled world !
A false, ungrateful, and injurious world !
Oh ! if thou lov'st me, Edward, I conjure thee,
By that celestial flame which blends our souls !
By all a father, all a mother feels !
By every holy tenderness I charge thee !
Live to protect the pledges of our love,
Our children !——

Edw. Oh !——

Ele. Our young, our helpless——

Edw. Oh !——

Distraction !—Let me go !

Ele. Nay, drag me with thee——
To the kind tomb—Thou canst not leave our childr
Expos'd, by being thine, beyond the lowest !
Surrounded with the perils of a throne !

Edw. Cruel ! no more embitter thus our last,
Our parting moments ! Set no more the terrors

se best passions in array against me !
that Power, I swear, Father of life !
e universal love embraces all
breathes this ample air ; whose perfect wisdom
light from darkness, and from evil good ;
hom I recommend thee, and my children :
m I swear ! I never will submit
hat thy horrid tenderness proposes !

r. My lord——

w. Oh !—these emotions are too much——

a heavy languor steal upon me :

uſt me to my couch—Ah ! Eleonora !

ne'er meet again—This one embrace——

late nature ! thou must be obeyed. [Exit.

. I will not, cannot quit thee !——

r. Princess, stay.

less sleep now rushes on his powers :

o the various poison oft begins

read its dark malignity.——

. Ha !——Sleep !——

ks, gracious Heaven, who pointest out the
moment,

happy moment teeming with success !

thy blest throne, propitious, Oh ! look down,

ove and sanctify my pious purpose ! [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Edward's Tent. GLOSTER enters.

Gloster.

O, MIRACLE of love! O, wondrous princess!
Souls such as thine alone preserve the flame,
That animates society, alive,
That makes the dwellings of mankind delightful.
What is vain life? An idle flight of days,
A still delusive round of sickly joys,
A scene of little cares and trifling passions,
If not ennobled by such deeds of virtue?
And yet this matchless virtue! what avails it?
The deadly venom hath forsaken Edward,
And now pours all its torments on the Princess.
The poison leaves him.—But he must awake
To keener evils than the body knows,
Which minds alone, and generous minds can feel.
O, Virtue! Virtue! as thy joys excel,
So are thy woes transcendant, the gross world
Knows not the bliss or misery of either——

EDWARD enters.

Edw. Hail to the fresher earth and brighter day!
I feel me lighten'd of the mortal load
'That lay upon my spirits. This kind sleep
Hath shed a balmy quiet through my veins.

Whence this amazing change?—

But be my first chief care, Author of Good!

To bend my soul in gratitude to thee!

Glor. How fares my honour'd lord?

Edw. To health restor'd.

Only a kind of lassitude remains,

A not displeasing weakness hangs upon me:

Like the soft trembling of the settled deep,

After a storm.

Glor. Father of health be prais'd!

Edw. The moment that I sunk upon my couch,

A sick and troubled slumber fell upon me.

Chaos of gloomy unconnected thought!

That in black eddy whirl'd, made sleep more dread

Than the worst waking pang. While thus I toss'd,

Ready to bid farewell to suffering clay,

Methought an angel came and touch'd my wound.

At this the parting gloom clear'd up apace;

My slumbers soften'd; and, with health, return'd

Serenity of mind, and order'd thought,

And fair ideas gladdening all the soul.

Aerial music too, by fancy heard,

Sooth'd my late pangs and harmoniz'd my breast.

Through shades of bliss I walk'd, where heaven

forms

Sung to their lutes my Eleonora's love——

But where, where is she? Glory of her sex!

O dearer, justly dearer far than ever!

Quick, let me find her, pour into her bosom

My full full soul, with tenderness o'ercharged,

With glad surprize, with gratitude and wonder.—

Hia! why this silence? this dejected look?

You cast a drooping eye upon the ground.

Where is the Princess?

Glos. She, my lord, reposes.

Edw. Reposes?—No!—It is not likely, Gloster,

That she would yield her weeping eyes to sleep

While I lay there in agonies——Away!

I am too feeble then to know the truth.

Say, is she well?

Glos. Now show thy courage, Edward——

Edw. O, all my fears! I shall start out to madness!

What! while I slept?

Glos. Yes——

Edw. Misery! distraction!

My peace, my honour is betray'd for ever!

Inhuman men! why did ye suffer this?

Angels of light, could ye, could ye look on,

While it was done? behold her balmy lips

Drain the foul poison from my tainted veins,

To bring me back to a detested life?

Glos. Yes, hear, my lord!

Edw. Away—I'm all despair.

O love! O shame! O murder'd Eleonora! [Exit.

Glos. Unhappy prince! go find thy Eleonora,

And in heart-easing grief exhale thy passion:

All other comfort now, were to talk down

The winds and raging seas.—But yonder comes

The Arabian princess. From her tears I learn

The moving scene within.

DARAXA *enters with a Messenger from SELIM, who attends at some distance.*

Dar. Oh! 'tis too much!
I can no more support it.

Glos. Generous mourner,
How is it with the Princess Eleonora?

Dar. Struck by the poison on her couch she lies,
A rose soft-drooping in Sabea vales,
Beneath the fiery dog-star's noxious rage.
O, Christian chief, I never shall forget
The scene these melting eyes have just beheld,
With mingled tears of tenderness and wonder.

Glos. How was it, princess?

Dar. When this pride of woman,
This best of wives, which in his radiant course
The Sun beholds, when first she, sickening, felt
Th' imperious summons of approaching fate,
Ail rob'd in spotless white she sought her altars;
And, prostrate there, for her departing soul,
The prince her husband and her orphan children,
Implor'd th' Eternal mind.—As yet she held
Her swelling tears, and in her bosom kept
Her sighs repress'd: nor did the near approach
Of the pale King of Terrors dim her beauty;
No, rather adding to her charms, it breath'd
A certain mournful sweetness through her features.
But as th' increasing bane more desperate grew,
Wild to her bed she rush'd, and then indeed,
The lovely fountains of her eyes were open'd,

'Then flow'd her tears——' Connubial bed (she cry'
 ' Chaste witness of my tenderness for him,
 ' To save whose life I unrepining die,
 ' In bloom of youth, farewell!—Thou shalt, perhap'
 ' Receive a fairer, a more happy bride;
 ' But never a more faithful, never one
 ' Who loves her husband with a fonder passion.'
 Here flow'd her tears afresh; with burning lip
 She press'd the humid couch, and wept again.
 At last, while weary sorrow paus'd, she rose,
 And, fearing lest immediate death might seize her
 Demanded to be led to see the Prince;
 But fear of chasing from his eyes too soon,
 The salutary sleep that heal'd his pangs,
 Restrain'd her trembling footsteps. On her couch
 Abandon'd to despair, she sunk anew,
 And for her children call'd. Her children came.
 A while, supported on her arm, she ey'd them,
 With tears pursuing tears a-down her cheek,
 With all the speechless misery of woe——

Glas. Proceed, Daraxa!

Check not, nor strive to hide those virtuous drops!
 How bright how graceful is the tear that flows
 From sympathetic pity!

Dar. Then starting up, she went
 To snatch them to a mother's last embrace;
 When strait reflecting that the piercing poison
 Might taint their tender years, she sudden shrunk
 With horror back——' O, wretched Eleonora!
 ' (She weeping cry'd) am I forbid to taste

'The poor remaining comfort of the dying,
 'To see a husband, clasp my dearest children,
 'And mix my parting soul with theirs I love.'
 Her sad attendants, that till then had mourn'd
 In silent sorrow, all at this gave way
 To loud laments——She rais'd her languid eye,
 And casting on them round a gracious smile,
 To each by name she call'd, even to the lowest,
 To each extended mild her friendly hand,
 Gave, and, by turns, receiv'd a last farewell.

Glos. Why were my lingering years reserv'd for this?

Dar. Come nearer, thou, the messenger of Selim,
 And bear him back this answer—His chief aim,
 He says, in stooping to solicit peace,
 Was from the chains of infidels to save me.
 What! was it then to rescue me he sent,
 Beneath an all-rever'd and sacred name,
 Beneath the shelter of his hand and seal,
 A murdering wretch, a sacrilegious bigot,
 Easely to slay the gallant Prince of England?
 So sure the poison work'd, the Christian prince
 Had now been mingled with the mighty dead.
 If his bright princess, glorious Eleonora,
 Had not redeem'd his dearer life with hers.
 You heard in what extremity she lies.
 Go, tell the tyrant then—O, Heaven and earth!
 O, vanity of virtue! that Daraxa
 Should e'er to Selim send so fell a message——
 I will suppress its bitterness——Yet tell him,
 This crime has plac'd eternal bars betwixt us.

See my last tear to love——Arabian wilds
Shall bury 'midst their rocks the lost Daraxa.

Away!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Glos. Behold, they bear this way the princess,
Once more to hail the radiance of the sun,
Ere yet to mortal light she bid farewell.

THEALD, EDWARD, ELEONORA *enter, borne in by her Attendants.*

Ele. [*Entering.*] A little on, a little farther on,
Bear me, my friends, into the cooling air.

O, cheerful Sun! O, vital Light of Day!
O, Clouds that roll your tempest through the sky!—

Edw. That sun is witness of our matchless woes,
Is witness of our innocence——Alas!
What have we done to merit this disaster?

Ele. O, earth! O, genial roofs! O, the dear coast
Of Albion's isle! which I no more shall see!——

Edw. Nay, yield not to thy weakness, Eleonora!
Sustain thyself a little, nor desert me!
Th' all-ruling Goodness may relieve us still.

Ele. Edward! I tremble! Terror seizes on me!
Through the rent veil of this surrounding sky,
I had a glimpse, I saw th' eternal world.
They call, they urge me hence—Yes, I obey.
But, O, forgive me, Heaven! if 't is with pain,
With agonies, I tear my soul from his!

Edw. Heavens! what I suffer! How thy plaintive
voice
Shoots anguish through my soul!

El. Some power unseen—

Thy hand, my Edward—some dark power unseen
 dragging me away—O, yet a little
 lenient tyrant, spare me! Ah! how shall I leave
 my weeping friends, my husband and my children?

Edw. Unhappy friends! O, greatly wretched
 husband?

And, O, poor careless orphans, who not feel
 the depth of your misfortune!

El. Lay me down;

Soft, lay me down—my powers are all dissolv'd—
 A little forward bend me—Oh!

Edw. O, Heaven!

How that soft frame is torn with cruel pangs!
 How robb'd from me!

El. 'Tis thence they borrow ease!—

My children! O, my children! you no more
 have now a mother!

Edw. What desolating words
 are these? more bitter than a thousand deaths!

El. Edward, I feel an interval of ease;
 And, e'er I die, have something to impart
 That will relieve my sufferings.

Edw. Speak, my soul!

Speak thy desire: I live but to fulfil it.

El. Thou seest in what a hopeless state I lie,
 Who this morning rose in height of youth,
 High blooming, promis'd many happy years.
 To die for thee, I self-devoted die.

Think not from this that I repent my vow;

Or that with little vanity I boast it :
No ; what I did from unrepenting love
I cheerful did, from love that knows no fear,
No pain, no weak remission of its ardor.
And what, alas ! what was it but the dictate
Of honour, and of duty ?
Two fears yet stand betwixt my soul and peace.
One is for thee, lest thou disturb my grave
With tears of wild despair. Grieve not like those
Who have no hope. We yet shall meet again ;
We still are in a kind Creator's hand ;
Eternal Goodness reigns. Besides, this parting,
This parting, Edward, must have come at last,
When years of friendship had, perhaps, exalted
Our love, if that can be, to keener anguish.
Think what thy station, what thy fame demand ;
Nor yield thy virtue even to worthy passions.
My other care——Ah ! wherefore should I name it
From that thy equal tenderness with mine,
Thy love and generosity secure me.
Our children——

Edw. On this hand, O ! dying sweetness !
This cold pale hand I vow, our children never,
Shall never call another by the name
Sacred to thee ; my Eleonora's children
Shall never feel the hateful power thou fear'st.
Where can I find such beauty ? Where such grace,
Where such a soft divinity of goodness ?
Such faith ? such love ? such tenderness unequal'd
Such all that Heaven could give to make me wretch

The moment that I lose thee—Oh ! I know not !
 I dare not think ! But these unhappy orphans
 Shall now be doubly mine ; to shelter them,
 These pledges of our love, for their dear sakes
 Thy Edward shall exert his utmost strength
 To brave the horrors of loath'd life without thee.

Elc. Enough ! enough ! upon this solemn compact
 Receive them from my hands.

Edw. Dear hands ! dear gift !
 Dear, precious, dying, miserable gift !
 With transport once receiv'd, but now with anguish !

Elc. What darksome ways I tread !—O, sun !—O
 earth !

Edw. Stay, cruel, stay !—Thou leav'st me, Eleonora !

Elc. Ah ! the strong hand of iron fate compels me !

Edw. Raise, raise, my Eleonora, thy sweet eyes,
 Nor quit thy children !

Elc. With what pain I quit them !
 O, Heaven !——receive my last adieu——

Edw. Again,
 O yet again behold them !
Elc. Oh !——'T is darkness——

A deadly weight——
Edw. Thou leav'st me then for ever !——

Elc. Not yet—I still remain a slave to torment.
 The quivering flame of life leaps up a little.
 Grant me, my Edward, grant this last request ;
 Leave me a moment, while I yet enjoy
 A parting gleam of thought—Leave me to Heaven !

Gloster, farewell—be careful of the Prince——

Attend him hence, and double now thy friendship!

Edw. Barbarian off!—Ah! whither would'st thou
drag me!

Glos. My lord, in pity to the Princess——

Edw. Oh!

Ele. Farewell! a long farewell!——

Edw. O, word of horror!

There, take me, lead me, hurl me to perdition!

[*Exit with Gloster.*]

Ele. 'Tis past, the bitterness of death is past—

Alas! Daraxa, I can ne'er requite

Thy generous cares for me. Thou art the cause

My Edward lives, my children have a father,

Thy Heaven-inspir'd proposal——Tell him, Theald,

That in the troubled moments of our parting,

I had forgot to beg he would restore

Th' Arabian Princess to her friends and country——

A deed like this, howe'er in faith we differ,

Humanity, the soul of all religion,

May well permit.

Dar. By Virtue's sacred fire!

Our Paradise, the garden of the blest,

Ne'er smil'd upon a purer soul than thine.

For me, think not of me; such are my woes

That I disdain all care, detest relief:

My name is trod in dust; thine beams for ever,

The richest gem that crowns the worth of woman.

Ele. The guilt of Selim cannot stain thy virtues!
It rather lends them lustre—Bear me back,

My dear attendants: and, good Theald, come,
 Come, aid my mounting soul to spring aloft,
 From the lov'd fetters of this kindred clay,
 To the bright realms of everlasting day. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues. THEALD, and a Gentleman enter.

Theald.

To me a Dervise? Through the furious camp,
 Yet raging at the perfidy of Selim,
 How did he safely pass?

Gent. Sir, he had fallen

A victim to their vengeance: but he told them,
 His life was of importance to the Prince,
 That he who struck him, stabb'd the heart of Edward.
 This stay'd their rage; then, after a strict search,
 They let him pass through ranks of glaring eyes.

I have besides to say, an English ship

And one from Italy are just arrived:

The first brings great dispatches to Prince Edward;

The other, holy father, these to you. [Kneeling.

Thea. Go, bid this Dervise enter. [Exit Gent.

[He opens and looks on the dispatches.

Awful Heaven!

Great Ruler of the various heart of man!

Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy church,

Without the base cabal too often practis'd,

O beam upon my mind the holy light,
The virtues which that sacred trust requires :
A loving, lov'd, unterrifying power,
Such as becomes a father ; humble wisdom ;
Plain primitive sincerity ; kind zeal,
For truth and virtue rather than opinions ;
And above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation——
The Dervise comes.

SELIM enters disguised as a Dervise.

Thea. With me, what would'st thou, Dervise ?

Selim. The princess Eleonora, lives she still ?

Thea. She lives, and that is all.

Selim. Allah be prais'd !

Then lives the honour of the brightening name,
Of Saracen and Mussulman.

Thea. How, Dervise ?

What can wipe out the horror of this deed ?

Selim. The deed was execrable ; but my hand
This instant shall prevent the dire effects.

I bring a certain remedy for poison ;
Nor can it come too late, while wand'ring life
Yet with faint impulse stirs along the veins.

Thea. Ha ! Dervise ! Art thou sure of what thou
say'st ?

Selim. Christian, I am ; and therefore am I here
Haste, lead me to the Princess : Though she lay
Even in the last extremity, though call'd
By the fierce angel who compels the dead,

Yet bold experience gives me room to hope.

Wilt thou trust me with the trial, Christian?

Thos. Thou know'st, we have great reason for distrust;

but fear in those who can no longer hope
Were idle and absurd.

Selim. Bright Heaven! what fear?
Is there a slave of such inhuman baseness
Lur'd on the sick'ning bosom of this earth,
Could add fresh outrage to that dying softness?
Or virtue dying? Look into my eye:
Does one weak ray there shun thy keenest gaze?

Thos. No; seeming truth and generous candour shine
What thou say'st. Come, follow me, good Dervise.

Selim. A moment yet. Should Heaven accord success,
Save, besides the life of Eleonora,
The injur'd Sultan's wounded name to save;
Whose soul abhors the crime imputed to him.
Then let me be the first who to the Prince
Reports the happy news; that Selim's honour,
Forc'd by Edward's joy, may strike more deep,
The strong conviction.

DARAXA enters.

Dar. The departing Princess
At the delivering moment, and demands
My presence, reverend Christian.

Thos. Dervise, come;
But bid it, Heaven, this aid should be too late!

[Exit with Selim.]

Dar. O, my astonish'd fancy!—can it be?—
In his fierce looks, methought I mark'd the Sultan;
And, as he shot athwart me, from his eye
Lash'd the proud lightning of affronted virtue.
He must be innocent; his being here
Is radiant proof he must—O, weak Daraxa!
What man of virtue more would deign to lodge
His image in thy breast? Ah! what avails
The light unfounded love, the treacherous friendship
That, credulous and rash, gives up unheard
A worthy man to infamy and slander?
They talk'd of aid—what aid?

[*A groan heard within.*]

Alas! 't is past!
For death was in that sound—and now her soul,
Exulting, quits the coil of this dim world.
Alas! what refuge for Daraxa then—
Where must she guide her lonely step?—Confusion!
Despair and desolation frown around me,
Soft, soft, awhile; I will explore my fate—
Seek out this Dervise—if he prove my Selim,
I've wrong'd his honour; and when justice claims,
The noble mind feels triumph in concession;
But should his haughty and resentful soul
Insult my tears, and scorn my supplication,
It matters not what wayward fate betides,
Or whither wanders then the lost Daraxa. [Exit.

EDWARD enters from the Tent.

Edw. She is no more! the soul of every grace,

Of every virtue ! tenderness itself !

The matchless Eleonora is no more !

Where am I ? Heavens !—Ah ! what a hideous desert

Is now this world, this blasted world, around me ?

O, Eleonora ! perish'd Eleonora !

Fear not so fast thy beauties on my heart :

Ah ! whither shall I fly from thy perfections ?

Where go ?—That tent ! Ah ! that way madness
lies !—

I dare not enter there. There death displays
His utmost terrors.

The grave too is shut up, that last retreat

Of wretched mortals—Yes, my word is pass'd,

To Eleonora pass'd. Our orphan children

Bind me to life—O dear, O dangerous passions !

The valiant, by himself, what can he suffer ?

Or what does he regard his single woes ?

But when, alas, he multiplies himself

To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,

To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,

To helpless children ! then, O then ! he feels

The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,

And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.

GLOSTER enters.

Edw. My Lord of Gloster,

I thought my orders were to be alone.

Glos. Forgive my fond intrusion—But I cannot
Be so regardless of thy welfare, Edward,
As to obey these orders.

Edw. But they must,
Shall be obey'd——I will enjoy my sorrows,
All that is left me now.

Glos. The more thy grief
Seeks aggravating solitude, the more
It suits my love and duty to attend thee.
'To try to sooth——

Edw. Away ! thou never shalt.
Not all that idle wisdom can suggest,
All the vain talk of proud unfeeling reason
Shall rob me of one tear.

Glos. Of nature's tears
I would not rob thee: they invigorate virtue,
Softened at once, and fortify the heart.

Edw. Hence ! leave me to my fate——You have
undone me ;
You have made shipwreck of my peace among you,
My happiness and honour ; and I now
Roam the detested world a careless wretch !

Glos. Thy honour yet is safe ; O, still preserve it !
Ye great, ye pitying Powers that rule mankind !
Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
With this fair-weather virtue, that exults,
Glad, o'er the summer main ? The tempest comes,
The bold winds speak aloud ; when from the helm
This virtue shrinks, and on the rock of passion
Bliss, fame, and reason, all are wreck'd and lost.
Heavens ! how debas'd, if privileg'd from trial,
How cheap a thing were virtue !

Edw. Rail——insult——

Thou canst not make me feel thee—all is past—
I have no more connection with mankind.

Glos. Insult thee, Edward! Do these tears insult
thee?

These old man's tears!—Friendship, my prince, can
weep,

As well as love—But while I weep thy fortune,
Let me not weep thy virtue sunk beneath it—

Thou hast no more connection with mankind;

Put off thy craving senses, the deep wants

And infinite dependencies of nature;

Put off that strongest passion of the soul,

Soul of the soul, love to society;

Put off all gratitude for what is past,

All generous hope of what is yet to come:

Then use this language—Let me tell thee, Edward,

Thou hast connections with mankind, and great ones,

Thou know'st not of; connections! that might rouse

The smallest spark of honour in thy breast,

To wide-awaken'd life and fair ambition.

Edw. What dost thou mean?

Glos. What mean?—This day in England,

How many ask of Palestine their king,

Edward their king!—Read these—Returning reason,

O guide, conduct him by thy friendly ray

To that high sense of dignity and fame

Whence frenzy hath misled him!

Edw. [*Perusing the dispatches.*] Gloster!—Gloster!

Alas! my royal father is no more!

The gentlest of mankind—O! why, affliction,

Why thus pursue me with unwearied steps,
And with fresh torments load my harrass'd breast?

Thus weak of heart, thus desolate of soul,
Ah! how unfit am I, with steady hand
To rule a troubled state! She, she is gone,
Softener of care, the dear reward of toil,
The source of virtue! She, who to a crown
Had lent new splendor, who had grac'd a throne
Like the sweet seraph, Mercy, tempering Justice.
O, Eleonora! she is now no more.

Glos. Now is the time, now lift thy soul to virtue!
Behold a crisis, sent by Heaven to save thee.
Whate'er my prince can touch or can command,
Can quicken or exalt the heart of man,
Now speaks to thine—Thy children claim their father
Nay, more than father, claim their double parent;
For such thy promise was to Eleonora:
Thy subjects claim their king, thy troops their chief
The manes of thy ancestors consign
Their long-descended glory to thy hands;
And thy dejected country calls upon thee
To save her, raise her, and protect her honour.
Angels themselves might envy thee the joy,
That waits thy will of doing general good;
Of spreading virtue, cheering lonely worth;
Of dashing down the proud; of guarding arts,
The sacred rights of industry and freedom;
Of making a whole generous people happy.
And need I add—Thy Eleonora's death
Calls out for vengeance——

Edw. Ha!

Chs. If thou, indeed,

Wilt honour thus her memory then show it,
Not by soft tears and womanish complaints,
But show it like a man?

Edw. I will!

Chs. Yon towers!

Edw. 'Tis true!

Chs. Yon guilty towers!

Edw. Insult us still!

Chs. The murderer of thy Princess riots there!

Edw. But shall not long!—Thou art my better
and, genius,

Thou brave old man! thou hast recall'd my virtue—

Was heaumb'd with sorrow—what—or where—

I know not—never have thought of this.

Right virtue, welcome! Vigour of the mind!

The flame from Heaven that lights up higher being!

Thrice welcome! with thy comrade, resolution!

And just revenge! Hence, let us to the camp,

And there transfuse our soul into the troops.

This Sultan's blood will ease my fever'd breast.

Yes, I will take such vengeance on this city,

That all mankind shall turn their eyes to Jaffa;

And, as they see her turrets sunk in dust,

Shall dread the terrors of Eternal Justice. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp. SELIM and DARAXA enter.

Daraxa.

INDIGNANT Selim, turn—yet turn and bear me,

Selim. Indignant! Yes, and false Daraxa's guilt
Hath made me so—What! credit the vile tale
That mingled Selim's name with foul dishonour?
O, light of faith! O, credulous of soul!
Where then, injurious woman, where was fled
Thy firm affiance here? My crime, thou saidst
Had plac'd eternal bars between our hearts;
Such was the haughty answer to my zeal
To rescue thee from bondage—Yes, I bade
My pride submit to love, to give thee freedom.
'Eternal bars!' Remember nor complain
To feel the misery thou meant'st for me.

Dar. O, I acknowledge, I repent my crime:
But let the wild distraction of my soul
Wherewith I then was torn, obtain my pardon!
Hadst thou, like me, beheld the virtuous princess,
Lost Eleonora, breathing out her spirit
In agonizing pangs!——

Selim. Away, away!
Thou shouldst have seen the Christian race expire
With unchang'd visage, and unruff'd mind,
Ere doubted Selim's honour.

Edw. Lo! again

 I lie on earth in sorrow and remorse.

 I thank what my heart endures, while thus I sue

 what I thought I never could have lost,

 Selim's love!

Selim. Thy Selim!

Edw. Kill me not

 with thy contempt, but rather let thy poignard

 inflict the punishment my crime deserves,

 I let me die at least like Selim's wife!

Selim. Like Selim's wife!

 Dost thou she? Is 't possible

 a generous bosom could descend so low,

 to lose noblest confidence——

Edw. One erring moment

 has made me unworthy of the name—but cannot

 drive life of sorrow and unceasing tears

 from thy pardon for one fatal rashness?

 I will never quit these honour'd knees,

 nor cease to fix these flowing eyes on thine,

 I thou relent, and speak the voice of pardon

 thy once-lov'd Daraxa!

Selim. Oh! that look!

 melts my best resolves!

Edw. Assist me, prophet,

 to win his yielding soul! Now, now he looks,

 and speaks himself—Oh, the delightful break

 of tenderness in those melodious notes,

 the dawn of heavenly pity in those eyes

 I urge, indulge it, Selim!

Hast thou not often said, the self-accus'd
Deserve no deeper wound, but claim compassion
Ev'n from the breast they injure ?—Such thy pre-
When, in soft intercourse and sweetest converse
Our hearts first mix'd ; when Selim's virtues, ble-
To full perfection in their native soil,
(Like that kind plant whose bending head creates
A second root) bow'd down with graceful sweets
And took fresh growth in his Daraxa's breast.

Selim. O, lovelier far, than the fair promis'd vi-
Wherewith our prophet's paradise is stor'd !
Take my returning love, accept it all,
In this full burst of tenderness and tears !
Lift up thine eyes—let clearest confidence
Calm and assure thy heart !

Dar. It doth, it doth !
Selim hath spoke it, and my heart obeys—
But wherefore here in this disguise ?

Selim. I come
To clear my injur'd name——
Nay, cease—I meant not
To wake the painful feelings of thy mind.

Thea. [*Within.*] The dervise—show me to him

Selim. Theald's voice !
He comes to lead me to the prince.—Retire
Awhile, my love ; this interview compleats
My business here—these Christians must be tau-
What Selim is—they shall behold him break
Through the foul mist, suspicion cast around him
(As bursts the sun from momentary clouds)
And pour a brighter radiance wide abroad.

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He strait will come this way, the king of England,
Such now he is. Mean time, 't is fit to tell thee,
He must be manag'd softly ; for his passions
Are all abroad, in wild confusion hurl'd :
'Twe winds, the floods, and lightning mix together. .
I need not say how little, in this uproar,
Avails the broken thwarted light of reason.

Selim. Fear not. I trust in innocence and truth.

Thra. He cannot long delay, for, as I enter'd
I saw him parting from the hurried camp,
That lighten'd wide around him : burnish'd helms,
And glittering spears, and ardent thronging soldiers,
Demanding all the signal, when to storm
These walls, devoted to their vengeance.——

Selim. Ha !

Then let us quickly find him——But he comes.

EDWARD *and* GLOSTER *enter.*

Edw. Whence is it those barbarians, here again,
Those base, those murdering cowards, dare be seen ?
What new accurs'd attempt is now on foot ?
What new assassination ?——Start not, dervise,
Tinge not thy caitiff cheek with red'ning honour.
What thou !——Dost thou pretend to feel reproach ?
Art thou not of a shameless race of people,
Harden'd in arts of cruelty and blood,
Perfidious all ? Yes, have ye not profan'd
The faith of nations ? broke the holy tie
That binds the families of earth together,
That gives even foes to meet with hostile joy,

And teaches war security? Your prince,
Your prince has done it!

Tea. Sir, this dervise comes,
To clear the Sultan Selim from that crime,
Which you, with strong appearance, charge upon him.

Edw. Appearance, Theald? with unquestion'd
proof.

Doubtless the villain would be glad to change
The course by nature fix'd, enjoy his crimes
Without their evil—But he shall not 'scape me!

Selim. If, King of England, in this weighty matter,
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,
You love and seek the truth, let reason judge;
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd reason:
For never, yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.

Edw. Reason hath judg'd, and passion shall chastise,
Shall make you howl, ye cowards of the East!
What can be clearer? This vile Prince of Juda!
This infamy of princes! sends a ruinian,
By his own hand and seal commission'd, sends him,
To treat of peace: And, as I read his letters,
The villain stabs me—This, if this wants light,
There is no certainty in human reason;
If this not shines with all-convincing truth,
Yon sun is dark—And yet these cowards come
With lying shifts, and low elusive arts——
O, it inflames my anger into madness!
This added insult on our understanding,

This treacherous attempt to steal away
The only joy and treasure of my life,
Sweet sacred vengeance for my murder'd princess!

Selim. The cursed wretch, who did assail thy life,
O, King of England, was indeed an envoy
Sent by the Prince of Jaffa: 'This we own.
But then he was an execrable bigot,
Who, for such horrid purposes, had crept
Into the cheated sultan's court and service;
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.
For know, there lives upon the craggy cliffs,
Of wild Phœnician mountains, a dire race,
A nation of assassians. Dreadful zeal,
Fierce and intolerant of all religion
That differs from their own, is the black soul
Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,
The Old Man (so they style him) of the Mountains;
Gives out his baleful will, however fell,
However wicked and abhorr'd it be,
They, swift and silent, glide through every land,
As fly the gloomy ministers of vengeance,
Famine and plague;
And never fail to execute his orders.
Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints,
The curse of earth, the terror of mankind:
And thy engagement, prince, in this Crusado,
That was the reason whence they sought thy life.

Edw. False, false as hell! the lye of guilty fear!
You are all bigots, robbers, ruffians all!
It is the very genius of your nation.

have ours. The liberal hand of nature
created us, nor any nation,
the blessed canopy of Heaven,
malignant clay, but each may boast
its virtues, and their Maker's bounty.

us bigots.—Oh, canst thou with that
us, Christian prince? What brought thee
hither?

se but bigotry? What dost thou here?

se but persecute?—The truth is great,
than thee, and I will give it way;
ou thyself, in all thy rage, wilt hear it.

Away! restrain thy foul licentious speech!

se, vile dervise, what have I to do?

hour of vengeance, I debase me,
this talk with thee.

While truth and reason

om my tongue, vile dervise as I am,

more than the highest monarch

Edw. My equal, saidst thou?—Ha! presumptuous dervise!

Thou gnaw'st thy quivering lip—A smother'd passion
Shakes through thy frame.—What villany is that
Thou dar'st not utter?—Wert thou not a wretch,
Protected by thy habit—Hence! away!
Go tell thy master that I hold him base,
Beyond the power of words to speak his baseness!
A coward! an assassinating coward!
And when I once have dragg'd him from his city,
Which I will straitway do—I then will make him
In all the gall and bitterness of guilt,
Will make the traitor own it.

Selim. [*Discovering himself.*] Never!

Edw. Ha!

Selim. Thou canst not, haughty monarch! I am!
I am this Selim! this insulted Selim!
Yet clear as day, and will confound thy passion.

Edw. Thou Selim!

Selim. I.

Edw. Was ever guilt so bold?

Selim. Did ever innocence descend to fear?

Edw. This bears some show of honour. Wilt thou
then

Decide it by the sword?

Selim. I will do more——

Edw. How more?

Selim. Decide it by superior reason.

Edw. No weak evasions!

Selim. If I not convince thee,
If by thyself I am not of this crime
Acquitted, then I grant thee thy demand.
Nay, more, yon yielded city shall be thine :
For know, hot prince, I should disdain a throne,
I could not fill with honour. Were I guilty,
I would not tremble at thy threatening voice ;
No, 't is myself I fear.

Edw. What shall I think ?

Selim. Hear but one witness and I ask no more,
To clear my name. The witness is a woman.
Her looks are truth ; fair uncorrupted faith
Beams from her eyes. Thou ne'er can doubt such
beauty ;

For 't is the expression of a spotless soul.

Edw. Curse on thy mean luxurious Eastern arts
Of cowardice ! Thou would seduce my vengeance—
But I detest all beauty——Barbarous Sultan !
Ah ! thou hast murder'd beauty ! thy fell crime——
Haste, Gloster, haste——In sight of camp and city,
Prepare the lists—Now show thyself a prince,
Or die in shameful tortures like a slave.

Selim. I came not hither, prince, to dread thy wrath,
Or court thy mercy.

Glas. Sir, you cannot, justly,
Refuse him his demand. The fervent soul
Of undissensbling innocence, methinks,
Is felt in what he says. First hear this person,
And if she gives not clear and full conviction,
Have then recourse to what should always be

The last appeal of reasonable beings,
Brute force.

Edw. Enough, conduct her hither, Sultan.—

[*Exit Selim*]

Ah! my disorder'd mind! from thought to thought,
Uncertain toss'd, the wreck of stormy passion!
This rage a while supports me; but I feel
It will desert me soon, and I again
Shall soon relapse to misery and weakness.
O, Eleonora! little didst thou think,
How deeply wretched thy dire gift of life
Would make me!

[*Selim re-enter conducting Eleonora, Daraxa, and Thea*]

Selim. Raise thine eyes, O, King of England,
To the bright witness of my blameless honour.

Edw. No; beauty shall no more engage my eyes,
It shall no more profane the shrine devoted
To the sweet image of my Eleonora!
Let her declare her knowledge in this matter.

Ele. Will not my Edward bless me with a look?

Edw. What angel borrows Eleonora's voice!—
O, thou pale shade of her I weep for ever!
Permit me thus to worship thee—Thou art!—
Amazing, Heaven!—Thou art my Eleonora!
My dear, my lov'd,
My living Eleonora!—What—to whom
Owe I this miracle? this better life?
Oppressive joy!—owe I my Eleonora?

Ele. To him, that generous prince, who put his life
His honour on the desperate risque to save me,

When number'd with the dead; who brought, himself,
A swift and powerful remedy, by which
I am to light restor'd—to thee, my Edward!

Edw. To him! to him! O monstrous! whom I,
thus,

Have with such inhumanity insulted!
Mind, brutish rage! and canst thou then forgive me,
Thou who hast o'er me gain'd that noblest triumph,
The triumph of humanity?—Thou canst.
'Tis easier for the generous to forgive,
Than for offence to ask it.

Selim. Use not, prince,
So harsh a word. More than forgive, I love
Thy noble heat, thy beautiful disorder.
O, I am too much man, I feel myself,
Too much the charming force of human passions,
E'er to pretend, with supercilious brow,
With proud affected virtue, to disdain them.

Ele. Exalted, glorious chief! hence let us learn,
(Deficient in ourselves!) coolly to judge,
And cautiously arraign another's heart.
Misled by warmth, by prejudice, or pride,
How oft hath passion's hasty tongue proclaim'd
What cool reflection shudder'd to repeat!
Join then, my Edward, join in grateful thanks
To this our guardian angel, gen'rous Selim;
To him and Heaven! whose wonder-working hand
Turn tears to smiles, affliction to delight.

Edw. Take, with the o'erflowings of a grateful heart,
Thy good, thy lov'd Daraxa, whom I meant

To have restor'd, when this misfortune happen'd;
But secret-working Heaven ordain'd her stay,
To save us all.

Selim. Wert thou the Lord of earth,
Thou could'st not give me more!—my dear Daraxa!

Dar. Ah! why from me conceal this blest event?
Yet pardon!—Ev'ry painful thought is lost
In *Selim's* love and *Eleonora's* safety.

Edw. Hence, to the camp, my *Gloster*—Bid the
soldiers

Forsake the trenches—Let unbounded joy
Reign fearless o'er the mingled camp and city—
Go, tell my faithful soldiers, that their queen
My *Eleonora* lives! A prize beyond
The chance of war to give! She lives to soften
My too imperious temper, and to make them,
To make my people happy!

Ele. Transporting bliss!—How bountiful is Heaven
Depressing often, but to raise us more.
Let never those despair who follow virtue.

Edw. Love—Gratitude—divide me—Once more,
Sultan,

Forgive me; pardon my mistaken zeal,
That left my country, cross'd the storm seas,
To war with thee, brave prince, to war with honour,
Now that my passions give me leave to think:
The hand of Heaven appears in what I suffer'd.

Selim. It does, O, King. And, venerable Christian
I know thy moderation will excuse me.

‘But since by ruling wisdom (who unweigh'd,

stant, does nought) men are so various made,
various turn'd, that in opinion they
blindly think, or take a different way ;
pite of force, since judgment will be free,
righteous medium be our future guide !
by rage, let persecution cease,
with head argue, but the heart be peace.
mankind in love of what is right,
true and humanity unite.



EPILOGUE.

Written by R. SHERIDAN, Esq. Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCK.

*YE wedded critics *, who have mark'd our tale,
How say you ? does our plot in Nature fail ?
May we not boast that many a modern wife,
Would lose her own to save a husband's life ?
Would gladly die—O, monstrous and ill-bred,
There's not a husband here but shakes his head !*

*But you, my gall'ry friends †—Come, what say you ?
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles too !*

*Above there—hey, lads ‡—You'll not treat us so—
You side with us ?—They grin and grumble no !*

*Yet bold—though these plain folks traduce their doxies
Sure we have Eleonora's in the boxes ?*

*Inhuman beaux !—why that ill-natur'd sneer !
What then you think there's no such idiot here ?*

*There are, no doubt, though rare to find I know,
Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow ;*

* To the Pit.

† First Gallery.

‡ Second Gallery.

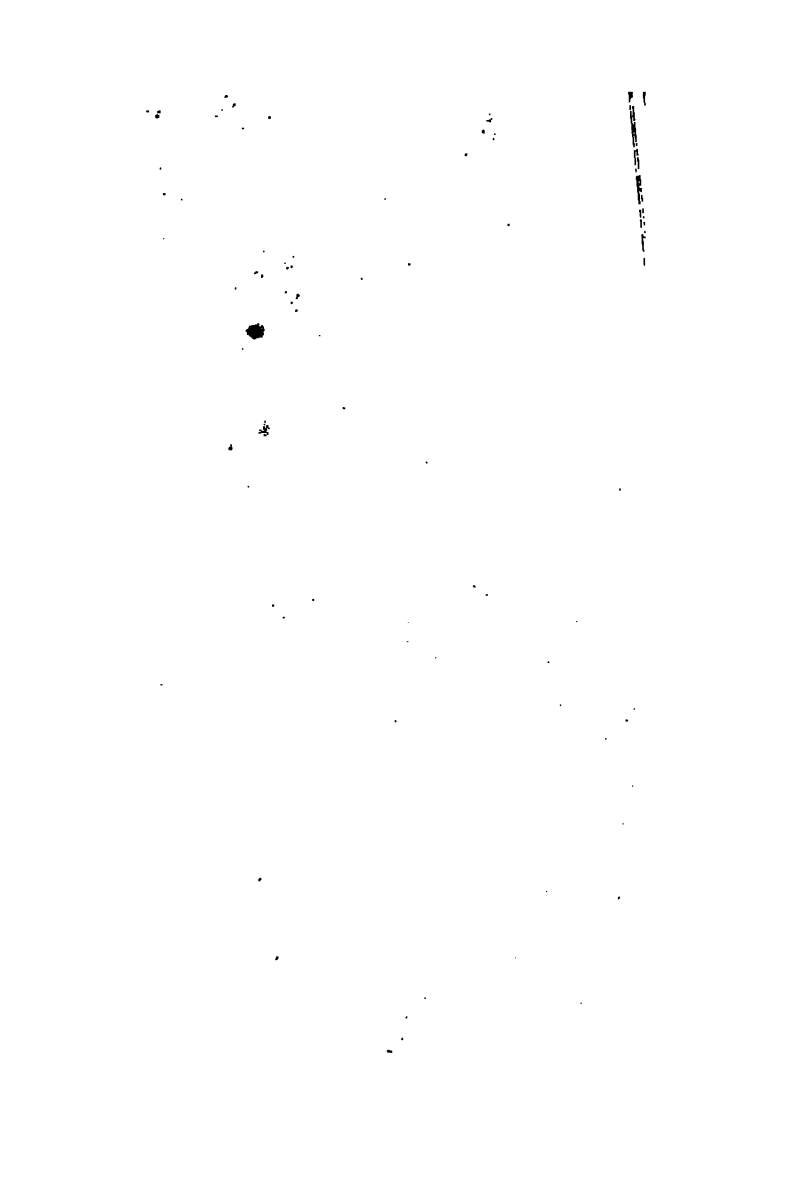
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobing, crying,
 Her chair is waiting—but my lord is dying;
 Preparing for the worst! she tells her maid,
 To countermand her points and new brocade;
 For O! if I should lose the best of men,
 Heaven knows when I shall see the club again.
 So, Lappet, should he die while I am out,
 You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout;
 The doctor said he might hold out 'till three,
 But I ha' n't spirits for the coterie!

Now change the scene—place madam in the sevre,
 My lord for comfort at the Sçavoir Vivre;
 His valet enters—Shakes his meagre head,
 Chapeau—what news?—'Ah! Sir, me lady dead!
 The deuce!—'tis sudden, faith—but four days sick!—
 Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate)—Eleven's a nick.'

But hence reflections on a senseless train,
 Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain;
 Amongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light
 Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to night,
 New beauteous martyrs—who would each prefer,
 To die for him, who long has liv'd for her;
 Domestic heroines—who, with fondest care,
 Outsmile a husband's griefs—or claim a share;
 Search where the rankling evils most abound,
 And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.

*Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind
Were not alone to Edward's days confin'd,
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an Eleonora of our own.*

THE END.



THE TWIN RIVALS.



Robt del

MISS HEARD, AURELIA.

— Alas! I wish him for his affection to my young man.

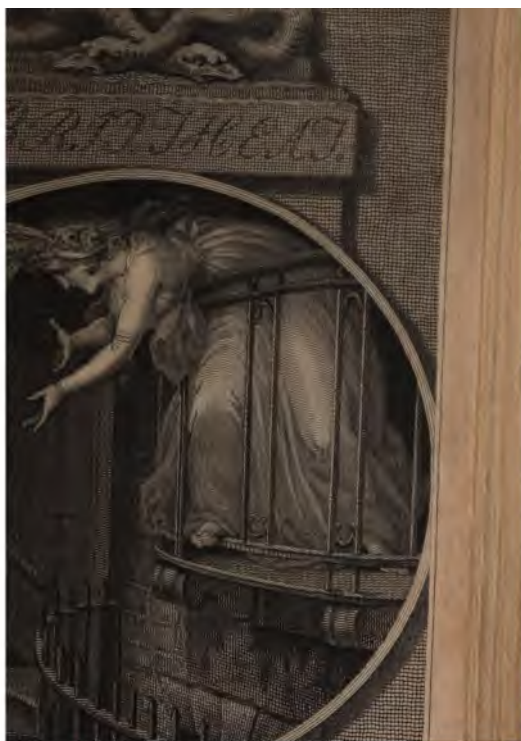
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18-

IN RIVALS.

A

COMEDY,

By Mr. **GEORGE FARQUHAR.**

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT - GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON :

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
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MDCCXCV.



TO
HENRY BRETT, Esq.

THE Commons of England have a right of petitioning; and since, by your place in the senate, you are obliged to hear and redress the subject, I presume upon the privilege of the people, to give you the following trouble.

As prologues introduce plays on the stage, so dedications usher them into the great theatre of the world; and as we chose some staunch actor to address the audience, so we pitch upon some gentleman of undisputed ingenuity to recommend us to the reader. Books, like metals, require to be stamped with some valuable effigies before they become popular and current.

To escape the critics, I resolved to take sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the fraternity in this, that his good-nature is ever predominant; can discover an author's smallest faults, and pardon the greatest.

Your generous approbation, sir, has done this play service, but has injured the author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authorised to stand up for the merit of his performance, when so great a master of wit has declared in his favour.

A ij



TO
HENRY BREYER, Esq.

... of England have a right to ...
... in your power to ...
... to law and order ...
... of the people, as you ...

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PREFACE.

THE success and countenance that debauchery has met with in plays, was the most severe and reasonable charge against their authors in Mr. Collier's Short View; and indeed this gentleman had done the drama considerable service, had he arraigned the stage only to punish its misdemeanors, and not to take away its life. But there is an advantage to be made sometimes of the advice of an enemy, and the only way to disappoint his designs, is to improve upon his invectives, and to make the stage flourish, by the virtue of that satire by which he thought to suppress it.

I have, therefore, in this piece, endeavoured to shew, that an English comedy may answer the strictness of poetical justice: but indeed the greater share of the English audience (I mean that part which is no farther read than in plays of their own language) have imbibed other principles, and stand up as vigorously for the old poetic licence, as they do for the liberty of the subject. They take all innovations for grievances; and let a project be never so well laid for their advantage, yet the undertaker is very likely to suffer by it. A play without a beau, cully, cuckold, or coquet, is as poor an entertainment to some palates, as their Sunday's dinner would be without beef and pudding. And this I take to be one reason that the galleries were so thin during the run of this play. I thought indeed to have soothed the splenetic zeal of the city, making a gentleman a knave, and punishing their great grievance---a whoremaster: but a certain virtuoso of that fraternity has told me since, that the citizens were never more disappointed in any entertainment; for (said he) however

pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the town but with an intention to be lewd.

There was an odium cast upon this play, before it appeared, by some persons who thought it their interest to have it suppressed. The ladies were frightened from seeing it, by formidable stories of a midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they must expect no less than a labour upon the stage; but I hope the examining into that aspersion will be enough to wipe it off, since the character of the midwife is only so far touched as is necessary for carrying on the plot, she being principally decyphered in her procuring capacity; and I dare not affront the ladies so far, as to imagine they could be offended at the exposing of a bawd.

Some critics complain, that the design is defective for want of Clelia's appearance in the scene; but I had rather they should find this fault, than I forfeit my regard to the fair, by shewing a lady of figure under a misfortune; for which reason I only made her nominal, and chose to expose the person that injured her. And if the ladies don't agree that I have done her justice in the end, I am very sorry for it.

Some people are apt to say, that the character of Richmore points at a particular person; though I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his character, except his marrying his own mistress; which by the way he never did, for he was no sooner off the stage, but he changed his mind, and the poor lady is still in *statu quo*: but upon the whole matter 'tis application only makes the ass; and characters in plays, are like Long-lane clothes, not hung out for the use of any particular person, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit.

The most material objection against this play is the im-

portance of the subject, which necessarily leads into sentiments too great for diversion, and supposes vices too great for comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the business of comedy is chiefly to ridicule folly, and that the punishment of vice falls rather into the province of tragedy; but if there be a middle sort of wickedness, too high for the sock, and too low for the buskin, is there any reason that it should go unpunished? What are more obnoxious to humane society, than the villains exposed in this play, the frauds, plots and contrivances upon the fortunes of men, and the virtue of women? But the persons are too mean for heroic; then what must we do with them? Why, they must of necessity drop into comedy: for 'tis unreasonable to imagine that the law-givers in poetry would tie themselves up from executing that justice which is the foundation of their constitution; or to say, that exposing vice is the business of the drama, and yet make rules to screen it from persecution.

Some have asked the question, why the elder Wou'dbe, in the fourth act, should counterfeit madness in his confinement? Do n't mistake; there was no such thing in his head; and the judicious could easily perceive that it was only a start of humour put on to divert his melancholy; and when gaiety is strained to cover misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and rise to a semblance of madness, sufficient to impose on the constable, and perhaps on some of the audience; who taking every thing at sight, impute that as a fault, which I am bold to stand up for, as one of the most masterly strokes of the whole piece.

This I think sufficient to obviate what objections I have heard made; but there was no great occasion for making this defence, having had the opinion of some of the greatest persons in England, both for quality and parts, that the play

has merit enough to hide more faults than have
and I think their approbation sufficient to excuse
that may be incident to the author upon this point

I must own myself obliged to Mr. Longueville
lines in the part of Teague, and something of
but above all, for his hint of the Twins, upon which
ed my plot: but having paid him all due satisfaction
knowledge, I must do myself the justice to
few of our modern writers have been less beholden
assistance in their plays, than I have been in these
scenes.

Y. W. And is this all I must expect from our friendship?

Rich. Friendship! Sir, there can be no such thing without an equality.

Y. W. That is, there can be no such thing when there is occasion for 't.

Rich. Right, sir——our friendship was over a bottle only; and whilst you can pay your club of friendship, I'm that way your humble servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way——your humble servant. [Exit.]

Y. W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant villain! I have been twice his second, thrice sick of the same love, and thrice cured by the same physic, and now he drops me for a trifle——That an honest fellow in his cups should be such a rogue when he is sober!——The narrow-hearted rascal has been drinking coffee this morning. Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, adieu!——Here, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of wine, and bid Balderdash bring it himself. [Exit Serv.] How melancholy are my poor breeches; not one chink!——Thou art a villanous hand, for thou hast picked my pocket.——This vintner now has all the marks of an honest fellow, a broad face, a copious look, a strutting belly, and a jolly mien. I have brought him above three pounds a night for these two years successively. The rogue has money, I'm sure, if he would but lend it.

Enter BALDERDASH, with a bottle and glass.

Oh, Mr. Balderdash, good morrow.

Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near;
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to bluff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas *Viva Spagna! Vive France!* before;
Now, *Quartier! Monsieur! Quartier! Ab! Senor!*
But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.
In war—your valour makes the strong submit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What ploy, what fort, what beauty can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure!
Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desperate as to fight:
If we must yield—yet e'er the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third—and, if we may, the sixth

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

			<i>M.</i>
ELDER WOU'DBE,	-	-	Mr. V
YOUNG WOU'DBE,	-	-	Mr. L
RICHMORE,	-	-	Mr. V
TRUEMAN,	-	-	Mr. L
SUBTLEMAN,	-	-	Mr. V
BALDERDASH, an Alderman,	-	-	Mr. E
CLEAR-ACCOUNT, a Steward,	-	-	Mr. L
FAIRBANK, a Goldsmith,	-	-	Mr. F
TEAGUE,	-	-	Mr. I

			<i>M.</i>
CONSTANCE,	-	-	Mrs. .
AURELIA,	-	-	Mrs. l
MIDNIGHT,	-	-	Mrs. l
Steward's Wife,	-	-	Mrs. .

Constables, Watch, &c.

SCENE, London.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, sir! here's sad news.

Y. W. Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of it already.

Serv. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

Y. W. What! is Broad below?

Serv. No, no, sir; better twenty such as he were

dead: Sir, your father's dead.

Y. W. My father!—Good night, my lord. Has he left me any thing?

Serv. I heard nothing of that, sir.

Y. W. Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me see—my father dead, and my elder brother absent—If Necessity be the mother of Invention, he was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauses.*] Here, sirrah, run to Mrs. Midnight, and bid her come hither presently. [*Exit Servant.*] That woman was my mother's midwife when I was born, and has been my bawd these ten years. I have had her endeavours to corrupt my brother's mistress; and now her assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a woman, and the wrong side of the law. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to Midnight's House. Enter MIDNIGHT and Maid.

Mid. Who's there?

Maid. Madam.

Rich. Pardon me, sir, I understand your stoicism—
—You have lost your money last night.

Y. W. No, no, fortune took care of me there—
I had none to lose.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the spleen.

Y. W. Yes, I have got the spleen and something
“ else—Heark'e—

Rich. How! [Whispers—

Y. W. Positively. The lady's kind reception
“ was the most severe usage I ever met with.—Shan't
“ I break her windows, Richmore?

Rich. A mighty revenge, truly. Let me tell you,
“ friend, that breaking the windows of such houses
“ are no more than writing over a vintner's door as
“ they do in Holland—*Vin te koop*. 'Tis no more
“ than a bush to the tavern, a decoy to the trade,
“ and to draw in customers: but, upon the whole
“ matter, I think a gentleman should put up an af-
“ front got in such little company; for the pleasure,
“ the pain, and the resentment, are all alike, scanda-
“ lous.

Y. W. Have you forgot, Richmore, how I found
“ you one morning with the Flying-Post in your
“ hand, hunting for physical advertisements?

Rich. That was in the days of dad, my friend,
“ in the days of dirty linen, pit-masks, hedge-ta-
“ verns, and beef steaks: but now I fly at nobler
“ game, the Ring, the Court, Paulet's, and the
“ Park. I despise all women that I apprehend any
“ danger from, less than the having my throat cut;

" and should scruple to converse even with a lady
" of fortune, unless her virtue were loud enough to
" give me pride in exposing it. Here 's a letter I re-
" ceived this morning; you may read it.

" [*Gives a letter.*]

" Y. W. [*Reads.*]

" If there be solemnity in protestation, justice in
" Heaven, or fidelity on earth, I may still depend on
" the faith of my Richmore. Though I may conceal
" my love, I no longer can hide the effects on't from
" the world——Be careful of my honour, remember
" your vows, and fly to the relief of the disconsolate

" CLELIA.

" The fair, the courted, blooming Clelia!

" *Rich.* The credulous, troublesome, foolish Cle-
" lia. Did you ever read such a fulsome harangue?
" —Lord, sir, I am near my time, and want your as-
" sistance.——Does the silly creature imagine that
" any man would come near her in those circumstan-
" ces, unless it were doctor Chamberlain——You
" may keep the letter.

" Y. W. But why would you trust it with me?—
" You know I can't keep a secret that has any scandal
" in't.

" *Rich.* For that reason I communicate it. I know
" thou art a perfect Gazette, and will spread the news
" all over the town: for you must understand that I
" am now besieging another; and I would have the
" fame of my conquest upon the wing, that the town
" may surrender the sooner.

“ a thousand things, and yet not dare to own
“ longs for one. She had like to have miscarried
“ other day for the pith of a loin of veal. Ah, y
“ barbarous man!

“ *Rich.* But my Aurelia! confirm me that y
“ know her, and I’ll adore you.”

Mid. You would fling five hundred guineas at
head, that you knew as much of her as I do. W
sir, I brought her into the world; I have had
sprawling in my lap. Ah! she was as plump as a puff
sir.

Rich. I think she has no great portion to value h
self upon; her reputation only will keep up the m
ket. We must first make that cheap, by crying
down, and then she’ll part with it at an easy rate.

Mid. But won’t you provide for poor Clelia?

Rich. Provide! why ha’n’t I taught her a trade
Let her set up when she will, I’ll engage her custo
ers enough, because I can answer for the goodness
her ware.

Mid. Nay, but you ought to set her up with cre
and take a shop; that is, get her a husband. H
you no pretty gentleman, your relation now, that wa
a young virtuous lady with a handsome fortune?
young Templar that has spent his estate in the stu
of the law, and starves by the practice? No spruce
ficer that wants a handsome wife to make court
him among the major-generals? Have you none
these, sir?

“ *Rich.* Pho, pho, madam—you have tired

upon that subject. Do you think a lady that gave me so much trouble before possession, shall ever give me any after it? No, no; had she been more obliging to me when I was in her power, I should be more civil to her now she 's in mine: my assiduity before-hand was an over-price; had she made a merit of the matter, she should have yielded sooner.

Mid. Nay, nay, sir; though you have no regard for her honour, yet you shall protect mine: how d'ye think I have secured my reputation so long among the people of the best figure, but by keeping all mouths stopped? Sir, I'll have no clamours at me. Heavens help me, I have clamours enough at my door, early and late, in my t'other capacity. In short, sir, a husband for Clelia, or I banish you my presence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a necessary devil, and I can't want thee. *[Aside.]*

Mid. Look'e, sir, 't is your own advantage; 't is only making over your estate into the hands of a trustee; and though you don't absolutely command the premisses, yet you may exact enough out of them for necessities, when you will."

Rich. Patience a little, madam! I have a young phew that is a captain of horse; he mortgaged the morsel of his estate to me, to make up his equi-ge for the last campaign. Perhaps you know him; 's a brisk fellow, much about court, Capt. Trueman.

Mid. Trueman! Ads my life, he 's one of my ba-

bies ;—I can tell you the very minute he was born——precisely at three o'clock, next St. George's day, Trueman will be two and twenty ; “ a stripling,” the prettiest good-natured child, and your nephew!—He must be the man, and shall be the man ; I have a kindness for him.

Rich. But we must have a care ; the fellow wants neither sense nor courage.

Mid. Phu, phu ! never fear her part, she sha'n't want instructions ; and then for her lying-in a little abruptly, 'tis my business to reconcile matters there, a fright or a fall excuses that : lard, sir, I do these things every day.

Rich. 'T is a pity then to put you out of your road ; and Clelia shall have a husband.

Mid. Spoke like a man of honour. And now I'll serve you again. This Aurelia, you say——

Rich. O, she distracts me ! her beauty, family, and virtue, make her a noble pleasure.

Mid. And you have a mind, for that reason, to get her a husband.

Rich. Yes, faith : I have another young relation at Cambridge, he's just going into orders ; and I think such a fine woman, with fifteen hundred pounds, is a better presentation than any living in my gift ; and why should he like the cure the worse, that an incumbent was there before ?

Mid. Thou art a pretty fellow. At the same moment you would persuade me that you love a woman to madness, you are contriving how to part with her ?

Rich. If I loved her not to madness, I should not
 into these contradictions. Here, my dear mother,
 she's the word—— [*Offering her money.*]

Mid. Pardon me, sir; [*Refusing the money.*] did you
 know me mercenary? No, no, sir; virtue is it's
 reward.

Rich. Nay, but madam, I owe you for the teeth-
 der you sent me.

Mid. O, that's another matter, sir; [*Takes the mo-
 ny.*] I hope you like it, sir.

Rich. Extremely, madam. But it was somewhat
 of twenty guineas. [*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is Mr. Wou'dbe's footman be-
 low, with a message from his master.

Mid. I come to him presently. Do you know that
 Wou'dbe loves Aurelia's cousin and companion, Mrs.
 instance, with the great fortune, and that I solicit
 for him?

Rich. Why, she's engaged to his elder brother:—
sides, Young Wou'dbe has no money to prosecute
 affair of such consequence. You can have no hopes
 success there, I'm sure.

Mid. Truly, I have no great hopes; but an indus-
 nous body, you know, would do any thing rather
 in be idle. The aunt is very near her time, and I
 ve access to the family when I please.

Rich. Now I think on't; pr'ythee get the letter
 m Wou'dbe that I gave him just now; it would be

proper to our designs upon Trueman, that it should not be exposed.

Mid. And you shewed Clelia's letter to Wou'dbe?

Rich. Yes.

Mid. Eh, you barbarous man.—Who the devil would oblige you?—What pleasure can you take in exposing the poor creature? Dear little child, 'tis pity, indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the messenger waits below; so I'll take my leave. [Exit.]

Mid. Ah, you're a sad man! [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Park. Enter CONSTANCE and AURELIA.

Aurelia.

PR'YTHEE, cousin Constance, be chearful: let the dead lord sleep in peace, and look up to the living;—take pen, ink, and paper, and write immediately to your lover, that he is now a baron of England, and you long to be a baroness.

Con. Nay, Aurelia, there is some regard due to the memory of the father, for the respect I bear the son; besides, I don't know how I could wish my young lord were at home at this juncture: this brother of his——Some mischief will happen——I had a very ugly dream last night——In short, I am eaten up with the spleen.

Aur. Come, come, walk about and divert it; the
it will do you good; think of other people's affairs
a little. When did you see Clelia?

Con. I'm glad you mentioned her; don't you ob-
serve her gaiety to be much more forced than for-
merly, her humour do n't sit easy upon her.

Aur. No, nor her stays neither, I can assure you.

Con. Did you observe how she devoured the pome-
granates yesterday?

Aur. She talks of visiting a relation in Leicester-
shire.

Con. She fainted away in the country-dance t'other
night.

Aur. Richmore shunned her in the walk last week.

Con. And his footman laughed.

Aur. She takes Laudanum to make her sleep a-
nights.

Con. Ah, poor Clelia! What will she do, cousin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine months be up.

Con. That's cruel, Aurelia; how can you make
merry with her misfortunes? I am positive she was not
an easy conquest; some singular villany has been
practised upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the fellow would be practising upon
me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, cousin, he has a promising person.

Aur. Nay, for that matter, his promising person
may as soon be broke as his promising vows; "Na-
ture, indeed, has made him a giant, and he wars
with heaven like the giants of old."

Con. Then why will you admit his visits?

Aur. I never did. But all the servants are more his than our own: he has a golden key to every door in the house: besides, he makes my uncle believe that his intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it. But, cousin, do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain Trueman! I protest the campaign has improved him; he makes a very clean well-finished figure.

Aur. Youthful, easy, and good-natured. I could wish he would know us.

Con. Are you sure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good-natured; and I take good manners to be nothing but a natural desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever conversation we fall into; and a porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a duke without it has but the breeding of a dancing-master.

Con. I like him for his affection to my young lord.

Aur. And I like him for his affection to my young person.

Con. How, how, cousin! You never told me that?

Aur. How should I? He never told it me, but I have discovered it by a great many signs and tokens, that are better security for his heart than ten thousand vows and promises.

Con. He's Richmore's nephew.

Aur. Ah! would he were his heir too. He's a pretty fellow—but then he's a soldier, and must share

time with his mistress, Honour, in Flanders. No, I am resolved against a man that disappears all the summer like a woodcock.

As these words are spoken, TRUEMAN enters behind them, as passing over the stage.

True. That 's for me, whoever spoke it. Aurelia!

[Surprized. The Ladies turn about.]

Con. What, captain, you're afraid of every thing at the enemy.

True. I have reason, ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most danger; the enemy is satisfied with a leg or an arm, but here I am in hazard of losing my heart.

Aur. None in the world, sir; nobody here designs to attack it.

True. But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, madam?

Aur. Then we 'll return it without ransom.

True. But suppose, madam, the prisoner choose to stay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn deserter; and you know, captain, what such deserve.

True. The punishment it undergoes this moment, —shot to death—

Con. Nay, then, 't's time for me to put in.—Pray, have you heard the news of my Lord Wou'dbe's death?

True. People mind not the death of others, madam, that are expiring themselves. *[To Constance.]* Do you

consider, madam, the penalty of wounding a man in the park? [To Aurelia.

Aur. "Hey-day! Why, captain, d'ye intend to make a Vigo business of it, and break the boom at once?" Sir, if you only rally, pray let my cousin have her share; or if you would be particular, pray be more respectful? not so much upon the declaration, I beseech you, sir.

True. I have been, fair creature, a perfect coward in my passion; I have had hard strugglings with my fear before I durst engage, and now, perhaps, behave far too desperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very sorry you have said so much; for I must punish you for 't, though it be contrary to my inclinations. Come, cousin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, sir.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

True. Charming creature! 'I must punish you for 't, though it be contrary to my inclination.' Hope and despair in a breath. But I'll think the best. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Young Wou'dbe's Lodgings. Young WOU'DBE and MIDNIGHT meeting.

Y. W. Thou life and soul of secret dealings, welcome.

Mid. My dear child, bless thee—Who would have imagined that I should have brought this great rogue into the

world? He makes me an old woman, I protest—But also, my child, I forgot; I'm sorry for the loss of your father, sorry at my heart, poor man. [*Weeps.*]

Mr. Wou'dst, have you got a drop of brandy in your pocket? I an't very well to day.

Y. W. That you sha'n't want: but be pleased to sit, my dear mother. Here, Jack, the brandy bottle.—Now, madam, I have occasion to use you in dressing up a handsome cheat for me.

Mid. I defy any chamber-maid in England to do it better. I have dressed up a hundred and fifty cheats in my time.

Enter JACK, with the brandy-bottle.

Here, boy, this glass is too big, carry it away, I'll take a sup out of the bottle.

Y. W. Right, madam, and my business being very urgent—In three words, 't is this——

Mid. Hold, sir, till I take advice of my council.—
[*Drinks.*] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor creature, and fitter to revive wasting spirits, than a little plain brandy. I an't for your hot spirits, your Rosa Solis, your Ratifia's, your orange-waters, and the like——A moderate glass of cool Nantes is the best thing.

Y. W. But to our business, madam—My father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his estate.

Mid. You put the case very well.

Y. W. One of two things I must choose—either to be a lord or a beggar.

Mid. Be a lord to choose—Though I have known some that have chosen both.

Y. W. I have a brother that I love very well; but since one of us must want, I had rather he should starve than I.

Mid. Upon my conscience, dear heart, you're in the right on 't.

Y. W. Now your advice upon these heads.

Mid. They be matters of weight, and I must consider. [*Drinks.*] Is there a will in the case?

Y. W. There is; which excludes me from every foot of the estate.

Mid. That 's bad—Where 's your brother?

Y. W. He's now in Germany, on his way to England, and is expected very soon.

Mid. How soon?

Y. W. In a month, or less.

Mid. Oh, oh! A month is a great while! Our business must be done in an hour or two—We must suppose your brother to be dead; nay, he shall be actually dead—and, my lord, my humble service t' ye.

[*Drinks.*]

Y. W. O, madam, I'm your ladyship's most devoted. Make your words good, and I'll——

Mid. Say no more, sir; you shall have it, you shall have it.

Y. W. Ay, but how, dear Mrs. Midnight?

Mid. Mrs. Midnight! Is that all?—Why not mother, aunt, grandmother? Sir, I have done more for this moment, than all the relations you have in world.

Y. W. Let me hear it.

Mid. By the strength of this potent inspiration, I have made you a peer of England, with seven thousand pounds a year.—My lord, I wish you joy.

[*Drinks.*]

Y. W. The woman's mad, I believe.

Mid. Quick, quick, my lord! counterfeit a letter presently from Germany; that your brother is killed in a duel: let it be directed to your father, and fall into the hands of the steward when you are by. What sort of a fellow is the steward?

Y. W. Why, a timorous half-honest man, that a little persuasion will make a whole knave. He wants courage to be thoroughly just, or entirely a villain—but good backing will make him either.

Mid. And he sha'n't want that! I tell you the letter must come into his hands when you are by; upon this you must take immediate possession, and so you have the best part of the law on your side.

Y. W. But suppose my brother comes in the mean time.

Mid. This must be done this very moment. Let him come when you're in possession, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out.

Y. W. But how, my dear contriver?

Mid. By your father's will, man, your father's will—That is, one that your father might have made, and which we will make for him. I'll send you a nephew of my own, a lawyer, that shall do the business; go, get into possession, I say: let us have but

the estate to back the suit, and you'll find the law too strong for justice, I warrant you.

Y. W. My oracle! How shall we revel in delights when this great prediction is accomplished—But one thing yet remains, my brother's mistress, the charming Constance—Let her be mine——

Mid. Pho, pho, she's your's o' course; she's contracted to you: for she's engaged to marry no man but my Lord Wou'dbe's son and heir; now you being the person, she's recoverable by law.

Y. W. Marry her! No, no, she's contracted to him; 't were injustice to rob a brother of his wife, an easier favour will satisfy me,

Mid. Why, truly, as you say, that favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a bustle about it.—But get you gone and mind your affairs, I must about mine. Oh! I had forgot—Where's that foolish letter you had this morning from Richmore?

Y. W. I have posted it up in the chocolate-house.

Mid. Yaw, [*Shrieks.*] I shall fall into fits; hold me.

Y. W. No, no, I did but jest; here it is.—But be assured, madam, I wanted only time to have exposed it.

Mid. Ah! you barbarous man, why so?

Y. W. Because when knaves of our sex, and fools of your's meet, they make the best jest in the world.

Mid. Sir, the world has better share in the jest when we are the knaves, and you the fools. But look'e, sir, if ever you open your mouth about this trick—I'll discover all your tricks! therefore silence and safety on both sides.

Y. W. Ma'am, you need not doubt my silence at presence, because my own affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your letter. [*Gives the letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*]

Mid. Adieu, my lord. "Let me see—[*Opens the letter and reads.*] 'If there be solemnity in protestations'—That's foolish, very foolish—Why should she expect solemnity in protestations? Um, um, um,—'I may still depend on the faith of my Richmore.'—Ah! poor Clelia!—Um, um, um, —'I can no longer hide the effects on't from the world.' The effects on't! How modestly is that expressed? Well, 'tis a pretty letter, and I'll keep it." [*Puts the letter in her pocket, and exit.*]

SCENE III.

Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, you are much to blame, husband, in being so scrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: this foolish conscience of mine has been the greatest bar to my fortune.

Wife. And will ever be so. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll shew you a hundred that starve by it. Do you think 'tis fourscore pounds a year makes my Lord Gouty's steward's wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my word, my dear, I'm as good a gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintained

accordingly: 'tis conscience, I warrant, that buys her the point-heads, and diamond necklace? Was it conscience that bought her the fine house in Jermain-street? Is it conscience that enables the steward to buy, when the lord is forced to sell?

Stew. But what would you have me do?

Wife. Do! Now 's your time; that small morsel of an estate your lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your daughter Molly's portion——What 's two hundred a year? 'twill never be missed.

Stew. 'Tis but a small matter, I must confess; and as a reward for my past faithful service, I think it but reasonable I should cheat a little now.

Wife. Reasonable! All the reason that can be. If the ungrateful world won't reward an honest man, why let an honest man reward himself. There's five hundred pounds you received but two days ago, lay them aside—you may easily sink it in the charge of the funeral. Do, my dear, now, kiss me, and do it.

Stew. Well, you have such a winning way with you—But, my dear, I'm so much afraid of my young lord's coming home: he 's a cunning close man, they say, and will examine my accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my dear, would you had the younger brother to deal with, you might manage him as you pleased—I see him coming. Let us weep, let us weep. [*They pull out their bankerchiefs, and seem to mourn.*]

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, sir! we have all lost a father, a friend, and a supporter.

Y. W. Ay, Mr. Steward, we must submit to fate, as he has done. And it is no small addition to my grief, honest Mr. Clearaccount, that it is not in my power to supply my father's place to you and your's. Your sincerity and justice to the dead merits the greatest regard from those that survive him. Had I but my brother's ability, or he my inclinations, I'll assure you, Mrs. Clearaccount, you should not have such cause to mourn.

Wife. Ah, good noble sir!

Stew. Your brother, sir, I hear, is a very severe man.

Y. W. He is what the world calls a prudent man, Mr. Steward: I have often heard him very severe upon men of your business; and has declared, that for form's sake indeed he would keep a steward, but that he would inspect into all his accounts himself.

Wife. Aye, Mr. Wou'dbe, you have more sense than to do these things; you have more honour than to trouble your head with your own affairs. Would to heaven we were to serve you.

Y. W. Would I could serve you, madam—without injustice to my brother.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A letter for my Lord Wou'dbe.

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his perusal; let me see it. [*Opens and reads.*] ‘Frankfort, October 10, New Style.’ Frankfort! Where ’s Frankfort, sir?

Y. W. In Germany. This letter must be from my brother! I suppose he ’s coming home.

Stew. ’Tis none of his hand. Let me see. [*Reads.*

‘My lord,

‘I am troubled at this unhappy occasion of sending to your lordship. Your brave son, and my dear friend, was yesterday unfortunately killed in a duel by a German Count——’

I shall love a German Count as long as I live. My lord, my lord, now I may call you so, since your elder brother’s dead.

Y. W. and Wife. How!

Stew. Read there.

[*Gives the letter; Wou’d be peruses it.*

Y. W. O, my fate! a father and a brother in one day! Heavens! ’Tis too much——Where is the fatal messenger?

Ser. A gentleman, sir, who said he came post on purpose. He was afraid the contents of the letter would unqualify my lord for company, so he would take another time to wait on him.

Y. W. Nay, then ’tis true; and there is truth in dreams. Last night I dreamed——

Wife. Nay, my lord, I dreamed too. I dreamed I saw your brother dressed in a long minister’s gown, (Lord bless us!) with a book in his hand, walking before a dead body to the grave.

Y. W. Well, Mr. Clearaccount, get mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordship have the old coach covered, or a new one made?

Y. W. A new one. The old coach, with the grey horses, I give to Mrs. Clearaccount here; 't is not fit she should walk the streets.

Wife. Heavens bless the German Count, I say——
But, my lord——

Y. W. No reply, madam, you shall have it——
And receive it but as the earnest of my favours. Mr. Clearaccount, I double your salary and all the servants wages, to moderate their grief for our great losses.—
Pray, sir, take order about these affairs.

Stew. I shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Stew. and Wife.*]

Y. W. So! I have got possession of the castle, and if I had but a little law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my attorney. Mr. Subtleman your servant.

Enter SUBTLEMAN.

Sub. My lord, I wish you joy. My aunt Midnight has sent me to receive your commands.

Y. W. Has she told you any thing of the affair?

Sub. Not a word, my lord.

Y. W. Why then——come nearer.—Can you make a man right heir to an estate during the life of an elder brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldest.

Y. W. That we are not yet agreed upon; for you

must know, there is an impertinent fellow that takes a fancy to dispute the seniority with me. For look 'e, sir, my mother has unluckily sowed discord in the family, by bringing forth twins: my brother, 'tis true, was first born; but I believe from the bottom of my heart I was the first begotten.

Sub. I understand—you are come to an estate and dignity, that by justice indeed is your own, but by law it falls to your brother.

Y. W. I had rather, Mr. Subtleman, it were his by justice, and mine by law: for I would have the strongest title, if possible.

Sub. I am very sorry there should happen any breach between brethren: so I think it would be but a Christian and charitable act to take away all farther disputes, by making you true heir to the estate by the last will of your father. Look 'e, I'll divide stakes—you shall yield the eldership and honour to him, and he shall quit his estate to you.

Y. W. Why, as you say, I do n't much care if I do grant him the eldest, half an hour is but a trifle: but how shall we do about his will? Who shall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble yourself for that: I expect a cargo of witnesses and usquebaugh by the first fair wind.

Y. W. But we can't stay for them: it must be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find some body, I warrant you, to make oath of his last words.

Y. W. That's impossible; for my father died of an apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, sir; he's not the first dead man that I have made to speak.

Y. W. You're a great master of speech, I don't question, sir; and I can assure you there will be ten guineas for every word you extort from him in my favour.

Sub. O, sir, that's enough to make your great grandfather speak.

Y. W. Come, then, I'll carry you to my steward; he shall give you the names of the manors, and the true titles and denominations of the estate, and then you shall go to work. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Park. RICHMORE and TRUEMAN meeting.

Rich. O, brave cuz! you are very happy with the fair, I find. Pray which of these two ladies you encountered just now has your adoration?

True. She that commands by forbidding it: and since I had courage to declare to herself, I dare now own it to the world—Aurelia, sir, is my angel.

Rich. Ha! [Pauses.] Sir, I find you're of every body's religion; but methinks you make a bold flight at first: do you think your Captain's pay will stake against so high a gamester?

True. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean! Bless me, sir, mean! You're a man of mighty honour we all know. But I'll tell you a secret. The thing is public already.

True. I should be proud that all mankind were acquainted with it; I should despise the passion that could make me either ashamed, or afraid to own it.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! Pr'ythee, dear Captain, no more of these rhodomontado's; "you may as soon put a standing army upon us" I'll tell you another secret—Five hundred pound is the least penny.

True. Nay, to my knowledge, she has fifteen hundred.

Rich. Nay, to my knowledge, she took five.

True. Took five! How! Where?

Rich. In her lap, in her lap, Captain; where should it be?

True. I'm amazed.

Rich. So am I, that she could be so unreasonable—Fifteen hundred pounds; 'Sdeath! had she that price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her portion,

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her portion?

True. I loved her up to marriage, by this light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha! I love the gypsy for her cunning.—A young, easy, amorous, credulous fellow "of two and twenty," was just the game she wanted; I find she presently singled you out from the herd.

True. You distract me!

Rich. A soldier too, that must follow the wars abroad, and leave her to engagements at home.

True. Death and furies! I'll be revenged.

Rich. Why, what can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her reputation was spotless when I went over.

Rich. "So was the reputation of Mareschal Boufflers." But d'ye think, that while you were beating the French abroad, that we were idle at home? No, no; we have had our sieges, our capitulations, and surrenders, and all that. We have cut ourselves out good winter quarters as well as you.

True. And are you billeted there?

Rich. Look 'e, Trueman, you ought to be very trusty to a secret, that has saved you from destruction. In plain terms, I have buried five hundred pounds in that little spot, and I should think it very hard, if you took it over my head.

True. Not by a lease for life, I can assure you: but I shall——

Rich. What? You ha'n't five hundred pounds to give. Look 'e, since you can make no sport, spoil none. In a year or two she dwindles to a perfect basset-bank; every body may play at it that pleases, and then you may put in for a piece or two.

True. Dear sir, I could worship you for this.

Rich. Not for this, nephew! for I did not intend it, but I came to seek you upon another affair. Were not you at court last night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did you not talk to Clelia, my Lady Taper's niece?

True. A fine woman?

Rich. Well; I met her upon the stairs; and handing her to her coach, she asked me, if you were not my nephew? And said two or three warm things, that persuade me she likes you: her relations have interest at court, and she has money in her pocket.

True. But—this devil Aurelia still sticks with me.

Rich. What then! The way to love in one place with success, is to marry in another with convenience. Clelia has four thousand pounds; this applied to your reigning ambition, whether love or advancement, will go a great way; and for her virtue, and conduct, be assured that nobody can give a better account of it than myself.

True. I am willing to believe from this late accident, that you consult my honour and interest in what you propose; and therefore I am satisfied to be governed.

Rich. I see the very lady in the walk. We'll about it.

True. I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Young WOU'DBE, SUBTLEMAN, and Steward.

Y. W. Well, Mr. Subtleman, you are sure the will is firm and good in law.

Sub. I warrant you, my lord: and for the last words to prove it, here they are. Look 'e, Mr. Clear-account—Yes—that is an answer to the question that was put to him, you know, by those about him when he was a dying——Yes, or No, he must have said; so we have chosen Yes——‘Yes, I have made my will, as it may be found in the custody of Mr. Clear-account my steward; and I desire it may stand as my last will and testament.’ Did you ever hear a dying man’s words more to the purpose! An apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord, had intervals to the last.

Stew. Ay, but how shall these words be proved?

Sub. My lord shall speak them now.

Y. W. Shall he, faith!

Sub. Ay, now——if the corps be n’t buried——Look 'e, sir, these words must be put into his mouth, and drawn out again before us all: and if they won’t be his last words then—I’ll be perjured.

Y. W. What, violate the dead! It must not be, Mr. Subtleman.

Sub. With all my heart, sir! But I think you had better violate the dead of a tooth or so, than violate the living of seven thousand pounds a year.

Y. W. But is there no other way?

Sub. No, sir. Why, d’ye think Mr. Clearaccount here will hazard soul and body to swear they are his last words, unless they be made his last words; for my part, sir, I’ll swear to nothing but what I see with my eyes come out of a man’s mouth.

Y. W. But it looks so unnatural.

Sub. What! to open a man's mouth, and put in a bit of paper!—This is all.

Y. W. But the body is cold, and his teeth can't be got asunder.

Sub. But what occasion has your father for teeth now? I tell you what; I knew a gentleman, three days buried, taken out of his grave, and his dead hand set to his last will, unless somebody made him sign another afterwards; and I know the estate to be held by that tenure to this day: and a firm tenure it is; for a dead hand holds fast; and let me tell you, dead teeth will fasten as hard.

Y. W. Well, well, use your pleasure, you understand the law best. [*Exeunt Subtleman and Steward.* What a mighty confusion is brought in families by sudden death? Men should do well to settle their affairs in time. Had my father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he saved us? But he was taken suddenly, poor man!

Re-enter SUBTLEMAN.

Sub. Your father still bears you the old grudge, I find: it was with much struggling he consented: I never knew a man so loth to speak in my life.

Y. W. He was always a man of few words.

Sub. Now I may safely bear witness myself, as the scrivener there present—I love to do things with a clear conscience. [*Subscribes.*

Y. W. But the law requires three witnesses.

Sub. Oh! I shall pick up a couple more, that per-

haps may take my word for it——But is not Mr. Clearaccount in your interest?

Y. W. I hope so.

Sub. Then he shall be one: a witness in the family goes a great way; besides, these foreign evidences are risen confoundedly since the wars. I hope, if mine escape the privateers, to make an hundred pound an ear of every head of them——But the Steward is an honest man, and shall save you the charges. [*Exit.*]

Y. W. The pride of birth, the heats of appetite, and fear of want, are strong temptations to injustice. But why injustice?—The world hath broke all civilities with me, and left me in the eldest state of nature, wild, where force or cunning first created right. I cannot say, I ever knew a father—'Tis true, I was begotten in his life-time, but I was posthumous born, and lived not till he died——My hours indeed I numbered, but never enjoyed them, till this moment.——My brother! What is brother? We are all so; and the first two were enemies. He stands before me in the road of life, to rob me of my pleasures. My senses, formed by nature for delight, are all alarmed. My sight, my hearing, taste and touch, call loudly on me for their objects, and they shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Levee. Young Wou'dbe dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.

Young Wou'dbe.

SURELY the greatest ornament of quality is a clean and a numerous levee; such a croud of attendants for the cheap reward of words and promises, distinguishes the nobility from those that pay wages to their servants.

" [A Gentleman whispers.

" Sir, I shall speak to the commissioners, and use all

" my interest, I can assure you, sir. [Another whispers.

" Sir, I shall meet some of your board this evening;

" let me see you to-morrow. [A third whispers.

" Sir, I'll consider of it.—That fellow's breath

" stinks of tobacco. [Aside.]" O, Mr. Comick, your servant.

Com. My lord, I wish you joy; I have something to shew your lordship.

Y. W. What is it, pray, sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead lord, and a panegyric upon the living: *in utrumque paratus*, my lord.

Y. W. Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. Comick—But pray, Mr. Comick, why do n't you write plays? It would give one an opportunity of serving you.

Com. My lord, I have writ one.

Y. W. Was it ever acted?

Com. No, my lord, but it has been a rehearsing these three years and a half.

Y. W. A long time. There must be a great deal of business in it surely.

Com. No, my lord, none at all.—I have another play just finished, but that I want a plot for 't.

Y. W. A plot! You should read the Italian and Spanish plays, Mr. Comick—I like your verses here mightily.—Here, Mr. Clearaccount,

Com. Now for five guineas at least. [*Aside.*

Y. W. Here, give Mr. Comick, give him—give him the Spanish play that lies in the closet window.—

“Captain, can I do you any service?”

“*Capt.* Pray, my lord, use your interest with the general for that vacant commission. I hope, my lord, the blood I have already lost may intitle me to spill the remainder in my country's cause.

“*Y. W.* All the reason in the world—captain, you may depend upon me for all the service I can.

“*Gen.* I hope your lordship won't forget to speak to the general about that vacant commission: although I have never made a campaign, yet, my lord, my interest in the country can raise me men, which, I think, should prefer me to that gentleman, whose bloody disposition frightens the poor people from listing.

“*Y. W.* All the reason in the world—sir, you may depend upon me for all the service in my power.—“Captain, I'll do your business for you.—Sir, I'll speak to the general, I shall see him at the house

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, your servant.—Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt Levies.*]

Mr. alderman, have you any service to command me?

Ald. Your lordship's humble servant.—I have a favour to beg: You must know, I have a graceless son, a fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a whore in every corner of the town; in short he's fit for no kind of thing but a soldier. I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the army: let the fellow be ruined if he will.

Y. W. I commend your paternal care, sir. Can I do you any service in this affair?

Ald. Yes, my lord: there is a vacant company in colonel what-d'ye-call-'em's regiment, and if your lordship would but speak to the general——

Y. W. Has your son ever served?

Ald. Served! Yes, my lord, he's an ensign in the train-bands now.

Y. W. Has he ever signalized his courage?

Ald. Often, often, my lord; but one day in particular, you must know, his captain was so busy shipping off a cargo of cheese, that he left my son to command in his place. Would you believe it, my lord? he charged up Cheapside in the front of the buff-coats, with such bravery and courage, that I could not forbear wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, for ten thousand such officers upon the Rhine. Ah, my lord! we must employ such fellows as he, or we shall never humble the French king—Now, my lord, if you could

find a convenient time to hint these things to the general—

Y. W. All the reason in the world, Mr. Alderman, I'll do you all the service I can.

Ald. You may tell him, he's a man of courage, fit for the service; and then he loves hardship. He sleeps every other night in the round-house.

Y. W. I'll do you all the service I can.

Ald. Then, my lord, he salutes with his pike so very handsomely, it went to his mistress's heart the other day—and he beats a drum like an angel.

Y. W. I'll do you all the service I can—

[Not taking the least notice of the Alderman all this while, but dressing himself in the glass.]

Ald. But, my lord, the hurry of your lordship's affairs may put my business out of your head; therefore, my lord, I'll presume to leave you some memorandum.

Y. W. I'll do you all the service I can—

[Not minding him.]

Ald. Pray, my lord, *[Pulling him by the sleeve.]* give me leave, for a memorandum; my glove, I suppose, will do. Here, my lord, pray remember me.

[Lays his glove upon the table and exit.]

Y. W. I'll do you all the service I can—What, is he gone? 'Tis the most rude, familiar fellow—Faugh! what a greasy gauntlet is here—*[A purse drops out of the glove.]* Oh! No, the glove is a clean, well-made glove, and the owner of it the most respectable person I have seen this morning, he knows what distance *[Chinking the purse.]* is due to a man of quality—But what must I do for this? Frisicour *[To*

his Valet.] do you remember what the alderman said to me?

Fris. No, my lord, I thought you lordship had.

Y. W. This blockhead thinks a man of quality can mind what people SAY—when they DO something, 'tis another case. Here, call him back. [*Exit Frisieur.*] He talked something of the general and his son, and train-bands, I know not what stuff.

Re-enter Alderman and Frisieur.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your memorandum in my pocket.

Ald. Oh, my lord, you do me too much honour.

Y. W. But, Mr. Alderman, the business you were talking of, it shall be done; but if you gave a short note of it to my secretary, it would not be amiss— But, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the fellow to this glove, it fits me mighty well. [*Putting on the glove.*] It looks so like a challenge to give a man an odd glove; and I would not have any thing that looks like enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly, my lord, I intended the other glove for a memorandum to the colonel; but since your lordship has a mind to't— [*Gives the glove.*]

Y. W. Here, Frisieur, lead this gentleman to my secretary, and bid him take a note of his business.

Ald. Put, my lord, don't do me all the service you can now.

Y. W. Well, I won't do you all the service I can—These citizens have a strange capacity of soliciting sometimes. [*Exit Ald.*]

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lord, here are your taylor, your vintner, your bookseller, and half a dozen more, with their bills, at the door, and they desire their money.

Y. W. Tell 'em, Mr. Clearaccount, that when I was a private gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run in debt, and now that I have got into a higher rank, I'm so very busy I can't pay it. As for that clamorous rogue of a taylor, speak him fair, till he has made up my liveries—then, about a year and a half hence I shall be at leisure to put him off a year and a half longer.

Stew. My lord, there's a gentleman below calls himself Mr. Basset; he says that your lordship owes him fifty guineas, that he won of you at cards.

Y. W. Look 'e, sir, the gentleman's money is a debt of honour, and must be paid immediately.

Stew. Your father thought otherwise, my lord, he always took care to have the poor tradesmen satisfied, whose only subsistence lay in the use of their money, and was used to say, that nothing was honourable but what was honest.

Y. W. My father might say what he pleased, he was a nobleman of very singular humour—but in my notion, there are not two things in nature more different than honour and honesty. Now, your honesty is a little mechanic quality, well enough among citizens, people that do nothing but pitiful mean actions according to law; but your honour flies a much higher pitch, and will do any thing

“that’s free and spontaneous, but scorns to level
“self to what is only just.”

Steve. But I think it is a little hard to have
poor people starve for want of their money, and
pay this sharpening rascal fifty guineas.

Y. W. Sharpening rascal! What a barbarism that
Why he wears as good wigs, as fine linen, and keeps
as good company as any at White’s; and, between
and I, sir, this sharpening rascal, as you are pleased
call him, shall make more interest among the nobles
with his cards and counters, than a soldier shall
his sword and pistol. Pray let him have fifty guineas
immediately. [Exit

SCENE II.

*The Street. Enter Elder WOULD BE writing
Pocket-Book, in a Riding-Habit.*

E. W. ‘Monday the 14th of December, 1702,
arrived safe in London, and so concluding my travels
[Putting up his

Now welcome, country, father, friends,
My brother too (if brothers can be friends:)
But, above all, my charming fair, my Constance
Through all the mazes of my wand’ring steps,
Through all the various climes that I have run,
Her love has been the loadstone of my course,
Her eyes the stars that pointed me the way.
Had not her charms my heart intirely possess’d,
Who knows what Circe’s artful voice and look

Might have ensnar'd my travelling youth,
And fix'd me to enchantment ?

Enter TEAGUE, with a Port-manteau. He throws it down and sits on it.

Here comes my fellow-traveller. What makes you sit upon the port-manteau, Teague ? You 'll rumple the things.

Tea. By my shoul, maishter, I did carry the port-mantel till it tired me; and now the port-mantel shall carry me till I tire him.

E. W. And how d' ye like London, Teague, after our travels ?

Tea. Fet, dear joy, 't is the bravest place I have been in my peregrinations, exshepting my nown bravery of Carrickfergus.—Uf, uf, dere ish a very frarant shmell hereabouts—maishter, shall I run to that mishtry-cook's for shix-pennyworth of boil'd beef ?

E. W. Though this fellow travelled the world over, he would never lose his brogue nor his stomach.—Why, you cormorant ! so hungry and so early ?

Tea. Early ! Deel take me, maishter, 'tish a great deal more than almost pasht twelve o'clock.

E. W. Thou art never happy, unless thy guts be stuffed up to the eyes.

Tea. Oh, maishter, dere ish a dam way of distance, and the deel a bit between."

Enter Young WOU'DBE in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and passes over the stage.

E. W. Hey-day ! Who comes here ? With one, two,

three, four, five footmen! Some young fellow just tasting the sweet vanity of fortune. Run, Teague, enquire who that is.

Tea. Yes, maishter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir, will you give my humble shervice to your maishter, and tell him to shend me word fat name ish upon him?

Foot. You must know fat name ish upon him?

Tea. Yesh, fet wou'd I.

Foot. Why, what are you, sir?

Tea. By my shoul, I am a shentleman bred and born, and dere ish my maishter.

Foot. Then your master wou'd know it?

Tea. Arrah, you fool, ish it not the same ting?

Foot. Then tell your master, 'tis the young lord Wou'dbe, just come to his estate by the death of his father and elder brother. [*Exit Footman.*]

E. W. What do I hear?

Tea. You hear that you are dead, maishter; fere vil you pleashe to be buried?

E. W. But art thou sure it was my brother?

Tea. By my shoul it was his nown self; I know'd him very well after his man told me.

E. W. This business requires that I be convinced with my own eyes. I'll follow him, and know the bottom on't. Stay here till I return.

Tea. Dear maishter, have a care upon your shelf. Now they know you are dead, by my shoul they may kill you.

E. W. Don't fear: none of his servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my face from his sight. "It

'concerns me to conceal myself, till I know the engines of this contrivance.'" Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let nobody know whom you belong to. [Exit.

Tea. Oh, ho, hon, poor Teague is left all alone.

[Sits on the port-manteau.

Enter SUBTLEMAN and STEWARD.

Sub. And you won't swear to the will?

Stew. My conscience tells me I dare not do't with safety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful what should we fear? We now think nothing against conscience, till the case be thrown out of court.

Stew. In you, sir, 'tis no sin, because 'tis the principle of your profession: but in me, sir, 'tis downright perjury indeed. You can't want witnesses enough, since money won't be wanting—and you must lose no time; for I heard just now, that the true Lord Wou'dbe was seen in town, or his ghost.

Sub. It was his ghost, to be sure; for a nobleman without an estate is but the shadow of a lord.—Well, take no care: leave me to myself; I am near the Friars, and ten to one shall pick up an evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, sir. [Exit.

Sub. There's a fellow that has hunger and the gallows pictured in his face, and looks like one for my imposture.—How now, honest friend, what have you got under you there?

Tea. Nothing, dear joy.

Sub. Nothing! Is it not a port-manteau?

Tea. That is nothing to you.

Sub. The fellow's a wit.

Tea. Fait am I! My grandfather was an Irish poet—He did write a great book of verses concerning the wars between St. Patrick and the wolf-dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

Tea. By my shoul, my sole generation ish so—I have nothing but this port-manteau, and dat itsself ish not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Tea. To my maishter, dear joy.

Sub. Then you have a master?

Tea. Fait I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right! And how do you intend to live?

Tea. By eating, dear joy, fen I can get it, and sleeping fen I can get none.—'Tish the fashion of Ireland.

Sub. What was your master's name pray?

Tea. [*Aside.*] I will tell a lee now; but it shall be a true one——Macfadin, dear joy, was his name. He went over with King Jamish into France.——He was my maishter once. Deere ish the true lee noo.

[*Aside.*]

Sub. What employment had he?

Tea. *Je ne sçay pas.*

Sub. What, can you speak French?

Tea. *Ouy, Monsieur,*—I did travel France and Spain and Italy—Dear joy, I did kish the pope's toe, and will excuse me all the sins of my life; and fen I am dead, St. Patrick will excuse the rest.

Sub. A rare fellow for my purpose! [*Aside.*] Th
lookest like an honest fellow; and if you will go wi
me to the next tavern, I'll give thee a dinner and
glass of wine.

Tea. By my shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear joy; con
along, and I will follow you.

[*Runs out before Subtleman with the Port-ma
teau on his back.*]

Enter Elder Wou'DBE.

E. W. My father dead! my birth-right lost! He
have my drowsy stars slept over my fortune? He
[*Looking about.*] My servant gone! The simple, poc
ungrateful wretch has left me. I took him up fro
poverty and want; and now he leaves me just as
found him. My clothes and money too! But wh
should I repine? Let man but view the dangers he h
past, and few will fear what hazards are to come. "Th
"Providence that has secured my life from robber
"shipwreck, and from sickness, is still the same; st
"kind whilst I am just." My death, I find, is firm
believed; but how it gained so universal credit, I fai
would learn. Who comes here?—honest Mr. Fai
bank! My father's goldsmith, a man of substance an
integrity. The alteration of five years absence, wit
the report of my death, may shade me from his know
ledge, till I enquire some news.

Enter FAIRBANK.

Sir, your humble servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you. [*Shunning him.*]

E. W. I intend you no harm, sir; but seeing you come from my Lord Wou'dbe's house, I would ask you a question or two. Pray what distemper did my lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an apoplexy.

E. W. And pray, sir, what does the world say? Is his death much lamented?

Fair. Lamented! My eyes that question should resolve. Friend, thou knewest him not; else thy own heart had answered thee.

E. W. His grief, methinks, chides my defect of filial duty. [*Aside.*] But I hope, sir, his loss is partly recompensed in the merits of his successor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldest son, heir to his virtue and honour, was lately and unfortunately killed in Germany.

E. W. How unfortunately, sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him, and us. I do remember him——He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest——youth.

E. W. Happy indeed had been my part in life, if I had left this human stage, whilst this so spotless, and so fair applause, had crowned my going off. [*Aside.*] Well, sir.

Fair. But those that saw him in his travels, told such wonders of his improvement, that the report recalled his father's years; and with the joy to hear his Hermes praised, he oft would break the chains of gout and age; and leaping up with strength of greenest youth,

My Hermes is myself: methinks I live my
 brightly days again, and I am young in him.

"E. W. Spite of all modesty, a man must own plea-
 sure in the hearing of his praise. [Aside."

Fair. You're thoughtful, sir. Had you any rela-
 tion to the family we talk of?

E. W. None, sir, beyond my private concern in the
 public loss. But pray, sir, what character does the
 present lord bear?

Fair. Your pardon, sir. As for the dead, their
 memories are left unregarded, and tongues may touch
 them freely: but for the living, they have provided
 for the safety of their names by a strong inclosure of
 the law. There is a thing called *Scandalum Magna-*
tum, sir.

E. W. I commend your caution, sir; but be assured
 I intend not to entrap you. I am a poor gentleman,
 and having heard much of the charity of the old Lord
 Wou'dbe, I had a mind to apply to his son, and there-
 fore enquired his character.

Fair. Alas! sir, things are changed: that house was
 once what poverty might go a pilgrimage to seek, and
 have its pains rewarded. The noble lord, the truly
 noble lord, held his estate, his honour and his house,
 as if they were only lent upon the interest of doing
 good to others. He kept a porter, not to exclude, but
 serve the poor. No creditor was seen to guard his
 going out, or watch his coming in: no craving eyes,
 but looks of smiling gratitude. But now, that family,
 which, like a garden fairly kept, invited every stranger

to its fruit and shade, is now run over with weeds = no-
thing but wine and revelling within, a croud of noisy
creditors without, a train of servants insolently proud
—Would you believe it, sir, as I offered to go in just
now, the rude porter pushed me back with his staff.
I am at this present time (thanks to Providence and
my industry) worth twenty thousand pounds. I pay
the fifth part of this to maintain the liberty of the
nation; and yet this slave, this impudent Swiss slave,
offered to strike me.

E. W. 'T was hard, sir, very hard: and if they used
a man of your substance so roughly, how will they
manage me, that am not worth a groat?

Fair. I would not willingly defraud your hopes of
what may happen. If you can drink and swear, per-
haps——

E. W. I shall not pay that price for his lordship's
bounty, would it extend to half he's worth. Sir, I
give you thanks for your caution, and shall steer ano-
ther course.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honest, modest gentle-
man. Come home with me; I am as able to give you
a dinner as my lord; and you shall be very welcome
to eat at my table every day, till you are better pro-
vided.

E. W. Good man. [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to
excuse me to-day; but I shall find a time to accept of
your favours, or at least to thank you for them.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you
please, [*Exit.*]

F. W. Generous citizen ! Surely, if Justice were an herald, she would give this tradesman a nobler coat of arms than my brother. But I delay : I long to vindicate the honour of my station, and to displace this bold usurper. But one concern, methinks, is nearer still : my Constance ! Should she, upon the rumour of my death, have fixed her heart elsewhere, then I were dead indeed ; but if she still prove true, brother, sit fast :

*I'll shake your strength, all obstacles remove,
Sustain'd by justice, and inspir'd by love.* [Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment. Enter CONSTANCE and AURELIA.

Con. For Heaven's sake, cousin, cease your impatient consolations : it but makes me angry, and raises two passions in me instead of one. You see I commit no extravagance, my grief is silent enough ; my tears make no noise to disturb any body. I desire no companion in my sorrows ; leave me to myself and you comfort me.

Aur. But, cousin, have you no regard to your reputation ? This immoderate concern for a young fellow. What will the world say ? You lament him like a husband.

Con. No ; you mistake : I have no rule nor method for my grief ; no pomp of black and darkened rooms ; no formal month for visits on my bed. I am content

with the slight mourning of a broken heart ;
my form is tears.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. Madam Aurelia, madam, don't disturb
—Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis
case to be crossed in one's first love. But you
consider, madam, [*To Constance.*] that we are
to die, some young, some old.

Con. Better we all died young, than to be
with age, as I am. I find other folks years
troublesome to us as our own.

Mid. You have reason, you have cause to
He was the handsomest man, and the sweetest
that I know ; though I must confess too, t
had much the finer complexion when he wa
but then Hermes, yes Hermes, had the shape,
had. But of all the infants that I ever beheld
eyes, I think Ben had the finest ear, wax-work
wax-work : “ and then he did so splutter at th
“ —His nurse was a hale, well-complexioned, s
“ jade, as ever I saw ; but her milk was a l
“ stale, though at the same time 't was as l
“ clear as cambrick.”

Aur. Do you intend all this, madam, for a
tion to my cousin ?

Mid. No, no, madam, that 's to come. I t
fair lady, you have only lost the man ; the es
title are still your own ; and this very moment
salute you Lady Wou'dbe, if you pleased.

Con. Dear madam, your proposal is very tempting; let me consider but till to-morrow, and I'll give you an answer.

Mid. I knew it, I knew it; I said, when you were born, you would be a lady; I knew it. To-morrow, you say. My lord shall know it immediately. [*Exit.*

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, cousin?

Con. To go into the country this moment, to be free from the impertinence of condolence, the persecution of that monster of a man, and that devil of a woman. O, Aurelia, I long to be alone, I am become so fond of grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no interruption in my darling sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe, unperceived.

E. W. In tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

[*Drops a picture, and goes back to the entrance and listens.*

Aur. If there be aught in grief delightful, don't grudge me a share.

Con. No, my dear Aurelia, I'll engross it all. I loved him so, methinks I should be jealous if any mourned his death besides myself. What's here!— [*Takes up the picture.*] Ha! see, cousin! the very face and features of the man! Sure some officious angel has brought me this for a companion in my solitude. Now I am fitted out for sorrow. With this I'll sigh, with this converse, gaze on his image till I grow blind with weeping.

Aur. I'm amazed! how came it here?

Con. Whether by miracle or human chance, 'tis alike; I have it here: nor shall it ever separate from my breast—it's the only thing could give me joy, cause it will encrease my grief.

E. W. [*Entering.*] Most glorious woman! now I fond of life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your business, pray, sir?

E. W. With this lady. [*Goes to Constance, takes her hand, and kneels.*] Here let me worship that perfection, whose virtue might attract the listening angels, and make them smile to see such purity, so themselves, in human shape.

Con. Hermes!

E. W. Your living Hermes, who shall die yours.

Con. Now passion, powerful passion would me like a whirlwind to his arms—but my sex bounds. 'Tis wondrous, sir!

E. W. Most wondrous are the works of fate: man, and most closely laid is the serpentine line guides him into happiness! That hidden power which did permit those arts to cheat me of my birthright, had this surprise of happiness in store, knowing that grief is the best preparative for joy.

Con. "I never found the true sweets of love till this romantic turn! dead and alive! my stars are powerful." For heaven's sake, sir, unriddle your fortune.

E. W. That my dear brother must do: for he is the ænigma.

Aur. Methinks I stand here like a fool all this while: would I had some body or other to say a fine thing to me.

E. W. Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons: I have my excuse in my hand.

Aur. My lord, I wish you joy.

E. W. Pray, madam, do n't trouble me with a title till I am better equipped for it. My peerage would look a little shabby in these robes.

Con. You have a good excuse, my lord; you can wear better when you please.

E. W. I have a better excuse, madam—These are the best I have.

Con. How, my lord!

E. W. Very true, madam; I am at present, I believe, the poorest peer in England. Hark 'e, Aurelia, pr'ythee lend me a piece or two.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha! a poor peer indeed! He wants a guinea.

Con. I'm glad on 't with all my heart.

E. W. Why so, madam?

Con. Because I can furnish you with five thousand.

E. W. Generous woman!

Enter TRUEMAN.

Ha! my friend too!

True. I am glad to find you here, my lord; here's a current report about town that you are killed. I was afraid it might reach this family, so I come to disprove the story, by your letter to me by the last post.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, cousin.

True. Now, my lord, I wish you joy ; and I expect the same from you.

E. W. With all my heart ; but upon what score ?

True. The old score, marriage.

E. W. To whom ?

True. To a neighbour lady here. [*Looking at Aurelia.*]

Aur. Impudence ! [*Aside.*] The lady may n't be so near as you imagine, sir.

True. The lady may n't be so near as you imagine, madam.

Aur. Do n't mistake me, sir ; I did not care if the lady were in Mexico.

True. Nor I neither, madam.

" Aur. You're very short, sir.

" True. The shortest pleasures are the sweetest, " you know."

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me from what you were very lately.

True. Madam, you appear very different to me from what you were lately.

Aur. Strange !

[*This while Constance and Wou'dbe entertain one another in dumb shew.*]

True. Miraculous !

Aur. I could never have believed it,

True. Nor I, as I hope to be saved.

Aur. Ill manners !

True. Worse.

Aur. How have I deserved it, sir ?

True. How have I deserved it, madam ?

3.

! You.

1. You.
2. Riddles!
3. Women

c's. Farewell.

W. What, I think? Yes, and I
 W. Yes. And I think

13. Bless me! what's the answer?

Mr. Noonan:

Q. Why are you making

Ans. Nothing.

Ans. Nothing.

Ques. What are you doing?

Ans. Nothing—I don't see the difference.

fronted! I can't hear it. There is no...

E. W. Impossible: His report to me was that security for his good character was in his nature to be made known to me and used him ill.

Cor. Too well, ~~which~~

used him ill.
 Cas. Too well, ~~indeed~~
 E. W. Too well? ~~indeed~~ I ~~am~~ ~~trusting~~ ~~that~~
 some men, is the ~~general~~ ~~impression~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~that~~
 Don't mistake, the ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~never~~ ~~was~~

...some men, is the greatest power...
 Cos. Do n't mistake, my son. I'm...
 ...to you, and I should take a very

farther than mine to you, and I moving
ill to be abused for it.

E. W. I'll follow him, and know the cause of it.
I'll follow her, and know

besides, your own affairs with your brother require you at present.

[Excluded]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Young Woud'be and
SUBTLEMAN.*

Young Wou'dbe.

RETURNED! Who saw him? who spoke with him?
He can't be returned.

Sub. My lord, he's below at the gate, parlying with
the porter, who has private orders from me to admit
nobody till you send him word, that we may have the
more time to settle our affairs.

Y. W. 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Subtleman, that a man
can't enjoy his right without all this trouble.

Sub. Ah, my lord, you see the benefit of law
now, what an advantage it is to the public for secur-
ing of property. Had you not the law of your side,
who knows what devices might be practised to defraud
you of your right. But I have secured all—The
will is in true form; and you have two witnesses al-
ready to swear to the last words of your father.

Y. W. Then you have got another?

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one; and I shall pick up an-
other time enough before the term. And I have
planted three or four constables in the next room, to
take care of your brother, if he should be boisterous.

Y. W. Then you think we are secure.

Sub. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleases: I'll go down and give orders for his admittance.

Y. W. Unkind brother! to disturb me thus just in the swing and stretch of my full fortune. Where is the tie of blood and nature, when brothers will do this? had he but staid till Constance had been made, his presence or his absence had been then indifferent.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. Well, my lord, [*Pants as out of breath.*] you'll never be satisfied till you have broke my heart. I have had such ado yonder about your Madam Constance—but she's your own.

Y. W. How! my own! Ah! my dear help-mate, I am afraid we are routed in that quarter: my brother's come home.

Mid. Your brother come home; then I'll go travel. [*Going.*]

Y. W. Hold, hold, madam, we are all secure; we have provided for her reception: your nephew Subtleman has stopped up all passages to the estate.

Mid. Ay, Subtleman is a pretty thriving ingenious boy. Little do you think who is the father of him. I'll tell you; Mr. Moabite, the rich Jew in Lombard-street.

Y. W. Moabite the Jew!

Mid. You shall hear, my lord—One evening, as I was very grave in my own house, reading the—
“Weekly Preparation—Ay, it was the Weekly Preparation, I do remember particularly well. What

“ hears me I—but pat, pat, very softly at the door.
“ Come in, cries I, and presently enters Mr. Mos-
“ bite, followed by a snug chair, the windows close
“ drawn, and in it was a fine young virgin just upon
“ the point of being delivered.—We were all in a
“ great hurly-burly for a while to be sure; but our
“ production was a fine boy. I had fifty guineas for
“ my trouble, the lady was wrapped up very warm,
“ placed in her chair, and re-conveyed to the place
“ she came from. Who she was, or what she was,
“ I could never learn, though my maid said that the
“ chair went through the Park—but the child was
“ left with me—The father would have made a Jew
“ on it, presently, but I swore, if he committed such
“ a barbarity on the infant, that I would discover all.
“ So I had him brought up a good christian, and
“ bound ’prentice to an attorney.

“ Y. W. Very well.

“ Mid. Ah, my lord! there ’s many a pretty fel-
“ low in London that knows as little of their true fa-
“ ther and mother as he does; I have had several such
“ jobs in my time—there was one Scotch nobleman
“ that brought me four in half a year.

“ Y. W. Four, and how are they all provided for?

“ Mid. Very handsomely indeed; they were two
“ sons and two daughters; the eldest son rides in the
“ first troop of guards, and the other is a very pretty
“ fellow, and his father’s valet de chambre.

“ Y. W. And what is become of the daughters,
“ pray?

the right and title. You, Benjamin Wou'dbe, with the crooked back, are the eldest born, and true heir to the estate and dignity.

Quince. How!

Ess. Arah, how?

Mid. None, my lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the world.—My deceased father, upon the sight of your deformity, engaged me, for a considerable reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful twin, likely to be the greater ornament to the family, might succeed him in his honour. This secret my conscience has long struggled with. Upon the news that you were left heir to the estate, I thought justice was satisfied, and I was resolved to keep it a secret still; but by strange chance, your hearing what passed just now, my poor conscience was racked, and I was forced to declare the truth.

Y. W. By all my former hopes I could have sworn that I found the spirit of eldership in my blood; my pulses beat, and swelled for seniority. Mr. Hermes Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble servant. [*Trippingly.*]

E. W. Hermes is my name, my christian name; of which I am prouder than of all titles that honour gives, or flattery bestows. But thou, vain bubble, "puff up with the empty breath of that more empty woman;" to let thee see how I despise thy pride, I'll call thee lord, dress thee up in titles like a king at arms; "you shall be blazoned round, like any church in Holland; thy pageantry shall exceed the

Hij

and leave the poor industrious bees, to
from their hives, to want. Steward, lo
have not discharges for every farthing of
debts upon my toilet to-morrow mornin
follow the tip-staff, I can assure you.

Y. W. Hold, hold, my lord, you usur
power, methinks, over my family.

E. W. Your family!

Y. W. Yes, my family; you have no
it here. Mr. Clearaccount, you know yo

E. W. How! a combination against n
take heed how you deal with one, that cau
falsehood, comes prepared to meet your a
retort your cunning to your infamy: yo
natural designs against my life, before I v
my charity can pardon; but my prudent
member to guard me from your malice fo

Y. W. Our father's weak and fond sur
he upon his death-bed owned; and to rea
for that injurious, unnatural suspicion, h
heir to his estate. Now, my lord, my h
vants are at your service.

E. W. Villany beyond example! have
from my father of scarce a fortnight's da
repeats his fears for my return, lest it
expose me to your hatred?

Sub. Well, well, these are no proofs, t
lord; they wont pass in court against
dence. Here is your father's will, *signat*
tum, besides his last words to confirm i

can take my positive oath in any court of Westminster.

E. W. What are you, sir?

Sub. Of Clifford's Inn, my lord, I belong to the law.

E. W. Thou art the worm and maggot of the law, bred in the bruised and rotten parts, and now art nourished on the same corruption that produced thee. The English law, as planted first, was like the English oak, shooting its spreading arms around, to shelter all that dwelt beneath its shade: but now whole swarms of caterpillars, like you, hang in such clusters upon every branch, that the once thriving tree now sheds infectious vermin on our heads.

Y. W. My lord, I have some company above; if your lordship will drink a glass of wine, we shall be glad of the honour: if not, I shall attend you at any court of judicature, whenever you please to summon me.

E. W. Hold, sir—perhaps my father's dying weakness was imposed upon, and he has left him heir; if so, his will shall freely be obeyed. [*Aside.*]—Brother, you say you have a will?

Sub. Here it is. [*Shewing a parchment.*]

E. W. Let me see it.

Sub. There is no precedent for that, my lord.

E. W. Upon my honour, I'll restore it.

Y. W. Upon my honour, but you sha'n't.

[*Takes it from Sub; and puts it in his pocket.*]

E. W. This over-caution, brother, is suspicious.

Y. W. Seven thousand pounds a year is worth
ing after.

E. W. Therefore you can't take it ill that
little inquisitive about it. Have you witnesses of
my father's dying words?

Y. W. A couple in the house.

E. W. Who are they?

Sub. Witnesses, my lord! 'Tis unwarrantable
enquire into the merits of the cause out of court;
my client shall answer no more questions.

E. W. Perhaps, sir, upon a satisfactory account
his title, I intend to leave your client to the en-
joyment of his right, without troubling any court
the business; I therefore desire to know what
persons are these witnesses.

Sub. Oho, he's coming about. [*Aside.*] I tell
your lordship already, that I am one; another is
in the house, one of my lord's footmen.

E. W. Where is this footman?

Y. W. Forth coming.

E. W. Produce him.

Sub. That I shall presently. The day's over,
sir, [*To Y. W.*] But you shall engage first to
no cross-questions.

E. W. I am not skilled in such. But, pray
rather, did my father quite forget me? left me nothing?

Y. W. Truly, my lord, nothing: he spent
little, left no legacies.

E. W. 'Tis strange! he was extremely fond of
loved me too; but perhaps——

He's possessed with an odd phrensy, that he's my brother, and my elder too; so, because I would not willingly resign my house and estate, he attempted to murder me.

Const. Gentlemen, take care of that fellow: he made an attempt upon my body, *vi Et armis*.

Yes. Arth, fit ish dat wy at armish?

Const. No matter, sirrah, I shall have you hanged.

Yes. Hang'd! dat is nothing, dear joy—we are used to 't.

Const. Unhand me, villain, or by all——

Yes. Have a care, dear malahter, do p't swear;—I shall be in the Crown-Offish. You know dere ish whispers about us. [*Looking about on them that bold him.*]

Y. W. Mr. Constable, you know your directions; say with 'em.

E. W. Hold——

Const. No, no, force him away.

[*They all hurry him off; manent Y. W. and Mid.*]

Y. W. Now, my dear prophetess, my sybil; by all my dear desires and ambitions, I do believe you have spoken the truth—I am the elder.

Mid. No, no, sir, the devil a word on't is true——I could not wrong my conscience, neither: for, faith and troth, as I am an honest woman, you were born above three-quarters of an hour after him—But I don't much care if I do swear that you are the eldest. What a blessing it was that I was in the closet at that pinch! Had I not come out that moment, you would have sneaked off; your brother had been in posse

sion, and then we had lost all : but now you are
blished : possession gets you money, that gets
law, and law, you know—Down on your knees
rah, and ask my blessing.

Y. W. No, my dear mother, I'll give thee a
ing, a rent-charge of five hundred pounds a year,
what part of the estate you will, during your life,

Mid. Thank you, my lord : that five hundred
year will afford me "a leisurely life, and" a hand
retirement in the country, "where I mean to
" me of my sins, and die a good Christian ; for,
" ven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink
" another life." Have you none of the cordial
that we had in the morning?

Y. W. Yes, yes, we'll go to the fountain head

[*Ex*

SCENE II.

The Street. Enter TEAGUE.

Tea. Deel tauke me but dish ish a most shweet
ness indeed ; maishters play the fool, and shert
must shuffer for it. I am prishoner in the consta
house, by my shoul, and shent abroad to fetch
bail for my maishter ; but who shall bail poor Tea
agra?

Enter CONSTANCE.

Oh, dere ish my maishter's old love. Indeed, I
dish business will spoil his fortune.

Con. Who 's here? Teague! [*He turns from her.*]

Tea. Deel tauke her, I did tought she cou'd not know me agen, now I am a prishoner. [*Constance goes about to look him in the face. He turns from her.*] Dish ish not shivil, by my shoul, to know a shentleman fether he will or no.

Con. Why this, Teague? What 's the matter?—Are you asham'd of me or yourself, Teague?

Tea. Of bote, by my shoul.

Con. How does your master, sir?

Tea. Very well, dear joy, and in prishon.

Con. In prison! how? where?

Tea. Why, in the little Bashtile yonder, at the end of the street.

Con. Shew me the way immediately.

Tea. Fet, I can shew you the house yonder! shee yonder! by my shoul, I shee his face yonder, peeping through the iron glass window.

Con. I'll see him, though a dungeon were his confinement.

[*Runs out.*]

Tea. Ah! auld kindnesh, by my shoul, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my maishter had but grashe enough to get her with child, her word would go for two; and she wou'd bail him and I bote. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*A Room miserably furnished, Elder Wou'DBE sits
and writing.*

E. W. The Tow'r confines the great,
The spunging-house the poor;
Thus there are degrees of state
That ev'n the wretched must endure.

*Virgil, tho' cherished in courts,
Relates but a splenetic tale,
Servantes revels and sports,
Altho' he writ in a gaol.*

Then hang reflexions, [*Starts up.*] I'll go write
medy. Ho, within there: tell the lieutenant of
tower that I would speak with him.

Enter Constable.

Const. Ay, ay, the man is mad: lieutenant of
tower! ha, ha, ha! would you could make yourv
good, master.

E. W. Why, am not I a prisoner here? I kn
by the stately apartments. What is that, pray,
hangs streaming down upon the wall yonder?

Const. Yonder! 't is cobweb, sir.

E. W. 'T is false, sir: 't is as fine tapestry as a
Europe.

Const. The devil it is!

E. W. Then your damask bed, here ; the flowers are so bold, I took them for embroidery ; and then the head-work, *point de Venice*, I protest !

Const. As good Kidderminster as any in England, I must confess ; and though the sheets be a little soiled, yet I can assure you, sir, that many an honest gentleman has lain in them.

E. W. Pray, sir, what did those two Indian pieces cost, that are fixed up in the corner of the room ?

Const. Indian pieces ! What the devil, sir, they are my old jack-boots, my militia boots.

E. W. I took them for two china jars, upon my word. But hark'e, friend, art thou content that these things should be as they are ?

Const. Content ! ay, sir.

E. W. Why then should I complain ?

[*One calls within.*

Within. Mr. Constable, here's a woman will force her way upon us : we can't stop her.

Const. Knock her down then, knock her down ; let no woman come up, the man's mad enough already.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Con. Who dares oppose me ?

[*Throws him a handful of money.*

Const. Not I truly, madam. [*Gathering up the money.*

E. W. My Constance ! my guardian angel here !——
Then nought can hurt me.

Const. Hark'e, sir, you may suppose the bed to be a damask bed for half an hour, if you please.

Gen. No, no, sir, your prisoner must along with me.

Const. Ay! faith, the woman's madder than the man.

Enter TRUEMAN and TEAGUE.

E. W. Ha! Trueman too! I'm proud to think many a prince has not so many true friends in his lace, as I have here in prison—two such—

Tee. Tree, by my shoul.

True. My lord, just as I heard of your confinement I was going to make myself a prisoner. Behold fetters; I have just bought the wedding-ring.

Con. I hope they are golden fetters, captain.

True. They weigh four thousand pound, madam, sides the purse, which is worth a million. My lord, this very evening was I to be married: but the news of your misfortune has stopt me: I would not gather roses in a wet hour.

E. W. Come, the weather shall be clear; the thought of your good fortune will make me easy, more than my own can do, if purchased by your disappointment.

True. Do you think, my lord, that I can go to bed of pleasure whilst you lie in a hovel? Here, what is this constable? How dare you do this, insolent fellow?

Const. Insolent rascal! do you know who you speak to, sir?

True. Yes, sirrah; do'nt I call you by your proper name? How dare you confine a peer of the realm?

Const. Peer of the realm! you may give good words, though, I hope.

E. W. Ay, ay, Mr. Constable is in the right, he did but his duty; I suppose he had twenty guineas for his pains.

Const. No, I had but ten.

E. W. Hark'e, Trueman, this fellow must be soothed, he'll be of use to us; I must employ you too in this affair of my brother.

True. Say no more, my lord, I'll cut his throat, 't is but flying the kingdom.

E. W. No, no, 't will be more revenge to worst him at his own weapons. Could I but force him out of his garrison, that I might get into possession, his claim would vanish immediately. Does my brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all.

E. W. Hark 'e.

[*Whispers.*]

True. It shall be done. Look 'e, constable, you're drawn into a wrong cause, and it may prove your destruction, if you don't change sides immediately. We desire no favour but the use of your coat, wig, and staff for half an hour.

Const. Why, truly, sir, I understand now, by this gentlewoman, that I know to be our neighbour, that he is a lord, and I heartily beg his worship's pardon, and if I can do your honour any service your grace may command me.

E. W. I'll reward you. But you must have the black patch for the eye too.

Tea. I can give your lordship van; here fet, 't is a plaishter for a sore finger, and I have worn it but twice.

Con. But pray, captain, what was your quarrel Aurelia to-day.

True. With your permission, madam, we'll mix my lord's business at present; when that's done, we'll mind the lady's. My lord, I shall make an excellent constable; I never had the honour of a civil employment before: we'll equip ourselves in another place. Here, you prince of darkness, have you never a better room in your house, these iron grates frighten the ladies.

Const. I have a handsome, neat parlour below, sir.

True. Come along then, you must conduct us.—We don't intend to be out of your sight—that you may not be out of ours. [*Aside.*] [*Exit*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment. Enter AURELIA in a passion. RICHMORE following.

Aur. Follow me not; age and deformity, with quickness were preferable to this vexatious persecution; for Heaven's sake, Mr. Richmore, what have I ever shewn to vindicate this presumption of yours?

Rich. You shew it now, madam, your face, your wit, your shape, are all temptations to undergo even the rigour of your disdain, for the bewitching pleasure of your company.

Aur. Then be assured, sir, you shall reap no other benefit from my company; and if you think it a pleasure to be constantly slighted, ridiculed, and affronted

you shall have admittance to such entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your word, madam ; I am armed with submission against all the attacks of your severity, and your ladyship shall find, that my resignation can bear much longer than your rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain terms, your sufficiency will presume much longer than my honour can resist. Sir, you might have spared the unmannerly declaration to my face, having already taken care to let me know your opinion of my virtue, by your impudent settlement proposed by Mrs. Midnight.

Rich. By those fair eyes, I'll double the proposal; this soft, this white, this powerful! hand [*Takes her hand.*] shall write its own conditions.

Aur. Then it shall write this—[*Strikes him.*—and if you like the terms, you shall have more another time.

[*Exit.*

Rich. Death and madness! a blow—Twenty thousand pound sterling for one night's revenge upon her dear, proud, disdainful person! “Am I rich as many a sovereign prince, wallow in wealth, yet can't command my pleasure? Woman! if there be power in gold, I yet shall triumph o'er thy pride.”

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. O' my troth, and so you shall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, madam, here, here, here's money, gold, silver, take, take all, all, my rings too ; all shall be yours, make me but happy in this presumptuous

beauty, I'll make thee rich as avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myself too.

Mid. Your bounty is too large, too large indeed, sir.

Rich. Too large! no, 't is beggary without her—
Lordships, manors, acres, rents, tithes and trees, all,
all shall fly for my dear sweet revenge.

Mid. Say no more, this night I'll put you in a way.

Rich. This night?

Mid. The lady's aunt is very near her time—she
goes abroad this evening a visiting; in the mean time
I'll send to your mistress, that her aunt is fallen in
labour at my house: she comes in a hurry, and then—

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Mid. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private room?

Mid. Mum.

Rich. No creature to disturb us?

Mid. Mum, I say, but you must give me your word
not to ravish her; “nay, I can tell you she won't be
“ravished.

“*Rich.* Ravish! Let me see, I'm worth five thousand
“pounds a year, twenty thousand guineas in my
“pocket, and may not I force a toy that's scarce worth
“fifteen hundred pounds? I'll do it.

“*Her beauty sets my heart on fire, beside*

“*Th' injurious blow has set on fire my pride;*

“*The bare fruition were not worth my pain,*

“*The joy will be to humble her disdain;*

“*Beyond enjoyment will the transport last*

“*In triumph, when the extasy is past.”* [Exit

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Young WOU'DBE.

Young *Woud'be*.

SHEW me that proud Stoic that can bear success and
Champaign; philosophy can support us in hard for-
time, but who can have patience in prosperity?—The
learned may talk what they will of human bodies, but
I am sure there is not one atom in mine but what is
truly Epicurean. My brother is secured, I guarded
with my friends, my lewd and honest midnight friends.
Holla: who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord.

Y. W. A fresh battalion of bottles to re-inforce the
cistern. Are the ladies come?

Ser. Half an hour ago, my lord: they're below in
the bathing chamber.

"*Y. W.* Where did you light on 'em?

"*Ser.* One in the passage at the old play-house, my
"lord—I found another very melancholy paring her
"nails by Rosamond's Pond—and a couple I got at
"the Chequer alehouse in Holborn; the two last came
"to town yesterday in a West-country waggon."

Y. W. Very well; order Baconface to hasten sup-
per—and, d'ye hear, bid the Swiss admit no stranger

without acquainting me. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Fortune, I defy thee, this night's my own at least.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. My lord, here's the constable below with the black eye, and he wants to speak with your lordship in all haste.

Y. W. Ha! the constable! Should fortune jilt me now?—Bid him come up—I fear some cursed chance to thwart me.

Enter TRUEMAN in the Constable's clothes.

True. Ah! my lord here is sad news—your brother is——

Y. W. Got way, made his escape, I warrant you.

True. Worse, worse, my lord.

Y. W. Worse, worse! What can be worse?

True. I dare not speak it.

Y. W. Death and hell, fellow, don't distract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. W. Dead!

True. Positively.

Y. W. *Coup de grace, ciel gramercy.*

True. Villain, I understand you. [*Aside.*]

Y. W. But how, how, Mr. Constable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the relation.

True. I don't know how, the poor gentleman was very melancholy upon his confinement, and so he desired me to send for a gentlewoman that lives hard here, may hap your worship may know her.

Y. W. At the gill balcony in the square?

True. The very same, a smart woman truly. I went for her myself, but she was otherways engaged; not she truly, she would not come. Would you believe it, my lord, at the hearing of this the poor man was like to drop down dead.

Y. W. Then he was but likely to drop down dead?

True. Would it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two hours after, I found him hanged in his sword-belt.

Y. W. Hanged!

True. Dangling.

Y. W. *Le coup d'eclat!* Done like the noblest Roman of them all. But are you sure he's past all recovery? Did you send for no surgeon to bleed him?

True. No, my lord, I forgot that—but I'll send immediately.

Y. W. No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too late.—And the lady would not come you say?

True. Not a step would she stir.

Y. W. Inhuman! barbarous!—dear, delicious woman, thou art now mine. Where is the body, Mr. Constable? I must see it.

True. By all means, my lord, it lies in my parlour; there's a power of company come in, and among the rest one—one—one Trueman, I think they call him, a devilish hot fellow, he had like to have pulled the house down about our ears, and swears—I told him he should pay for swearing—he gave me a slap in the

face, said he was in the army, and had a commission for 't.

Y. W. Captain Trueman ! A blustering kind of a rake-helly officer.

True. Ay, my lord, one of those scoundrels that we pay wages to for being knocked o' th' head for us.

Y. W. Ay, ay, one of those fools that have only brains to be knocked out.

True. Son of a whore ! [*Aside.*] He 's a plaguy impudent fellow, my lord ; he swore that you were the greatest villain upon the earth.

Y. W. Ay, ay, but he durst not say that to my face, Mr. Constable.

True. No, no, hang him, he said it behind your back to be sure—and he swore, moreover—Have a care, my lord—he swore that he would cut your throat whenever he met you.

Y. W. Will you swear that you heard him say so ?

True. Heard him ! ay, as plainly as you hear me : He spoke the very words that I speak to your lordship.

Y. W. Well, well, I 'll manage him. But now I think on 't I wont go to see the body ; it will but increase my grief. Mr. Constable, do you send for the coroner ; they must find him *non compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here—something for your trouble.

[*Gives money.*]

True. Thank your honour. But pray, my lord, have a care of that Trueman ; he swears that he will cut your throat, and he will do 't, my lord, he 'll do 't.

Y. W. Never fear, never fear.

true. But he swore it, my lord, and he will certainly do't. I pray have a care. [Exit.

Y. W. Well, well——so——the devil's in't if I :n't the eldest now. What a pack of civil relations ave I had here! My father takes a fit of the apoplexy, makes a face, and goes off one way; my brother takes a fit of the spleen, makes a face and goes off t'other way. Well, I must own he has found the way to mollify me, and I do love him now with all my heart; since he was so very civil to juggle into the world before me. But now my joys! Without there—hollo—take off the inquisition of the gate; the heir may now enter unsuspected.

*The wolf is dead, the shepherds may go play;
Ease follows care, so rolls the world away.*

'Tis a question whether adversity or prosperity makes the most poets.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord, a footman brought this letter, and waits for an answer.

Y. W. Nothing from the Elysian fields, I hope, [Opening the letter.] What do I see, Constance! Spells and magic in every letter of the name—Now for the sweet contents.

' My Lord,

' I am pleased to hear of your happy change of fortune, and shall be glad to see your lordship this evening to wish you joy.

CONSTANCE.'

Now the devil's in this Midnight; she told me this afternoon that the wind was chopping about, and has it got into the warm corner already? Here, my coach and six to the door: I'll visit my sultana in state.—As for the seraglio below stairs you, my bashaws, may possess them. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Street. Enter TEAGUE with a lantern, TRUEMAN in the Constable's habit following.

True. Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the way; we have certainly passed the Constable's house.

Tea. By my shoul, dear joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor Teague has been a wanderer ever since he was born.

True. Hold up the lantern: what sign is that? The St. Alban's Tavern! Why, you blundering fool, you have led me directly to St. James's square, when you should have gone towards Soho. *[Scrieking within.]* Hark! what noise is that over the way? a woman's cry!

Tea. Pet it ish—shome damsel in distress I believe, that has no mind to be relieved.

True. I'll use the privilege of my office to know what the matter is.

Tea. Hold, hold, maishter captain, by my fet, dat ish not the way home.

Within. Help, help, murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here must be mischief. Within there, open the door in the king's name, or I force it open. Here, Teague, break open the door.

[*Teague takes the staff and thumps at the door.*]

Tea. Deel take him, I have knocked so long as I am able. Arrah, maishter, get a great long ladder to get in at the window of the first room, and so open the door, and let in yourself.

Within. Help, help, help!

True. Knock harder, let's raise the mob.

Tea. O, maishter, I have think just now of a brave invention to make them come out; and by St. Patrick, dat very bushiness did make my nown shelf and my fader run like the devil out of my nown hoose in my country—by my shoule, set the hoose afire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What 's the matter, master Constable?

True. Gentlemen, I command your assistance in the king's name, to break into the house: there is murder cried within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the door.

[*Midnight at the balcony.*]

Mid. What noise is that below?

Tea. Arrah, what noise ish dat above?

Mid. Only a poor gentlewoman in labour: 't will be over presently. Here, Mr. Constable there's something for you to drink.

[*Throws down a purse and Teague takes it up.*]

Tea. Come, maishter, we have no more to shay, b
my shoule. [*Going.*] Arrah, if you will play the con
stable right now, let you will come away.

True. No, no; there must be villany by this bribe
Who lives in this house?

Mob. A midwife; a midwife: 't is none of our busi
ness: let us begone. [*Aurelia at the window.*]

Aur. Gentlemen, dear gentlemen, help! a rape,
rape, villany.

True. Ha! that voice I know: Give me the staff
I'll make a breach, I warrant you:

[*Breaks open the door, and all go in.*]

SCENE III.

*Changes to the inside of the House. Re-enter TRUEMAN
and Mob.*

True. Gentlemen, search all about the house; let
not a soul escape.

*Enter AURELIA running, with her hair about her ears,
and out of breath.*

Aur. Dear Mr. Constable——had you——staid but
a moment longer, I had been ruined.

True. Aurelia!—Are you safe, madam?

Aur. Yes, yes, I am safe—"I think"—but wit
enough to do: "he's a devilish strong fellow."

True. Where is the villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pshaw; never mind the villain; look out th

man of the house, the devil, the monster, that de-
stroyed me-hither.

Enter FRAGUE, pulling in MIDNIGHT by the hair.

Yes. By my shoule, I have taken my share of the

Yes. Let me see *fat* I have gotten—[*Takes her to*

light.] Ububboo, a witch, a witch! the very saam,

Yes. *fat* would swaar my maishen was the youngest.

Yes. Now! Midnight! This was the luckiest dis-

Yes.—Come, my dear Proserpine, I'll take care of

Mid. Pray, sir, let me speak to you.

Yes. No, no; I'll talk with you before a magis-

Yes. A cart, Bridewell; you understand me.—

Yes. *fat*, let her be your prisoner, I'll wait on this

Yes.

Yes. Mr. Constable, I'll reward you.

Yes. It ish convenient noo, by the law of armsb,

Yes. *fat* I search my prisoner, for fear she may have some

pocket-pistols: dere is a joke for you.

[*Searches her pockets.*]

Mid. Ah, do n't use an old woman so barbarously.

Yes. Dear joy, den fy vere you an old woman?—

Yes. *fat* is your *fat*, not mine, joy! Uboo, here ish no-

thing but scribble scrabble papers, I think.

[*Pulls out a handful of letters.*]

Yes. Let me see them; they may be of use. [*Looks*

over the letters.] 'For Mr. Richmore'—Ah! does

he traffic hereabouts?

Yes. That is the villain that would have abused me.

True. Ha! then he has abused you; villain indeed! Was his name Richmore, mistress? a lusty, handsome man?

Aur. Ay, ay, the very same: a "lusty," ugly fellow.

True. Let me see—whose scrawl is this? [*Opens the letter.*] Death and confusion "to my sight;" Clelia! my bride!—His whore.—I've past a precipice unseen, which to look back upon shivers me with terror.—This night, this very moment, had not my friend been in confinement, had I not worn this dress, had not Aurelia been in danger, had not Teague found this letter, had the least minutest circumstance been omitted, what a monster had I been! Mistress, is this same Richmore in the house still, think 'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may.

True. Very well.—Teague, take these ladies over to the tavern, and stay there till I come to you. Madam, [*To Aurelia.*] fear no injury, your friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Tea. Come, dear joy, I vil give you a pot of wine, out of your own briberies here. [*Hales out Midnight.*

[*Exeunt Aurelia and Mob.*

Enter RICHMORE.

Rich. Since my money won't prevail on this cross fellow, I'll try what my authority can do—What's the meaning of this riot, Constable? I have the commission of the peace, and can command you. Go

about your business, and leave your prisoners with me.

True. No, sir; the prisoners shall go about their business, and I'll be left with you. Look 'e, master, we do n't use to make up these matters before company; so you and I must be in private a little. You say, sir, that you are a justice of peace.

Rich. Yes, sir; "I have my commission in my pocket."

True. I believe it. Now, sir, one good turn deserves another; and if you will promise to do me a kindness, why you shall have as good as you bring.

Rich. What is it?

True. You must know, sir, there is a neighbour's daughter that I had a woundy kindness for: she had a very good repute all over the parish, and might have married very handsomely, that I must say; but I do n't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I swore, that I must say, I did swear confoundedly, that I would marry her: but I do n't know how, I never cared for marrying of her since.

Rich. How so?

True. Why, because I did my business without it: that was the best way, I thought. The truth is, she has some foolish reasons to say she's with child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a warrant, and brought before a justice of peace. Now, sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your worship will bring me off.

Rich. Look 'e, sir, if the woman prove with child, and you swore to marry her, you must do 't.

True. Ay, master; but I 'm for liberty and property. I vote for parliament-men: I pay taxes, and truly I do n't think matrimony consistent with the liberty of the subject.

Rich. But in this case, sir, both law and justice will oblige you.

True. Why, if it be the law of the land—I found a letter here—I think it is for your worship.

Rich. Ay, sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very strange accident, truly—*Clelia*—she says here you swore to marry her. Eh!—Now, sir, I suppose, that what is law for a petty constable, may be law for a justice of peace.

Rich. This is the oddest fellow——

True. Here was the other lady that cried out so—I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravishing a woman—the gallows would ravish me for 't.

Rich. But I did not ravish her.

True. That I 'm glad to hear: I wanted to be sure of that.

[*Aside.*]

Rich. I do n't like this fellow. Come, sir, give me my letter, and go about your business; I have no more to say to you.

True. But I have something to say to you.

[*Coming up to him.*]

Rich. What?

True. Dog.

[*Strikes him.*]

Rich. Hal struck by a peasant! [*Draws.*] Slave, thy death is certain.

[*Runs at Trueman.*]

True. O, brave Don John! rape and murder in one
blow.

[*Disarms him.*]

False. Rascal, return my sword, and acquit your
creditors, else will I prosecute thee to beggary. I'll
make some petty-fogger a thousand pounds to starve
and thy family according to law.

True. I'll lay you a thousand pound you won't.

[*Discovering himself.*]

False. Ghosts and apparitions! Trueman!

True. Words are needless to upbraid you; my
swords are sufficient: and if you have the least sense of
honour, this sword would be less painful in your heart,
than my appearance is in your eye.

False. Truth, by heavens.

True. Think on the contents of this; [*Showing a
sword.*] think next on me; reflect upon your villany
towards Clelia, then view thyself.

False. Trueman, canst thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! [*A long pause.*] Do one thing,
I will.

False. Any thing—I'll beg thy pardon.

True. The blow excuses that.

False. I'll give thee half my estate.

True. Mercenary.

False. I'll make thee my sole heir.

True. I despise it.

False. What shall I do?

True. You shall—marry Clelia.

False. How! that's too hard.

True. Too hard! why was it then imposed on me?

Con. I never admitted any body to the title of an humble servant, that I did not intend should command me; if your lordship will bear with the slavery, you shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the authority when I have a mind.

“*Y. W.* Our sex, madam, make much better lovers than husbands; and I think it highly unreasonable, that you should put yourself in my power, when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.”

“*Con.* No, my lord, we never truly command till we have given our promise to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made slaves, than when we have them at our feet.”

“*Y. W.* True, madam, the greatest empires are in most danger of falling; but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a prerogative that is confined.”

“*Con.* Well, well, my lord, I like the constitution we live under; I'm for a limited power, or none at all.”

Y. W. “You have so much the heart of the subject, madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak pretences to a limited sway, where your eyes have already played the tyrant.”—I think one privilege of the people is to kiss their sovereign's hand. [Taking her hand.]

Con. Not till they have taken the oaths, my lord; and he that refuses them in the form the law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a rebel.”

Y. W. By shrines and altars, [Kneeling.] by all

that you think just, and I hold good, by this, [*Taking her hand.*] the fairest, and the dearest vow.

[*Kissing her hand.*]

Cam. Fie, my lord.

[*Seemingly yielding.*]

Y. W. Your eyes are mine, they bring me tidings from your heart, that this night I shall be happy.

Cam. Would not you despise a conquest so easily gained?

Y. W. Yours will be the conquest, and I shall desire all the world but you.

Cam. But will you promise to make no attempts upon my honour?

Y. W. That's foolish... [*Aside.*] Not angels sent on messages to earth, shall visit with more innocence.

Cam. Ay, ay, to be sure. [*Aside.*] My lord, I'll send one to conduct you. [*Exit.*]

Y. W. Ha, ha, ha!—no attempts upon her honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my mind. Now do I feel ten thousand Cupids tickling me all over with the points of their arrows. Where's my deformity now? I have read somewhere these lines:

*Though nature cast me in a rugged mould,
Since fate has chang'd the bullion into gold;
Cupid returns, breaks all his shafts of lead,
And tips each arrow with a golden head.
Feather'd with title, the gay lordly dart
Flies proudly on, whilst every virgin's heart,
Swells with ambition to receive the smart.*

EPILOGUE.

OUR poet open'd with a loud warlike blast,
But now weak woman is his safest cast,
To bring him off with quarter at the last:
Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,
Or he can write fine things to help the play.
The various scenes have drain'd his strength and art;
And I, you know, had a hard struggling part:
But then he brought me off with life and limb;
Ah! would that I could do as much for him——
Stay, let me think—your favours to excite,
I still must act the part I play'd to-night.
For whatso'er may be your sly pretence,
You like those best that make the best defence:
But this is needless——'T is in vain to crave it,
If you have damn'd the play, no power can save it;
Not all the wits of Athens, and of Rome;
Not Shakspeare, Johnson, could revoke its doom:
Nay, what is more——if once your anger rouses,
Not all the courted beauties of both houses.
He would have ended here—but I thought meet,
To tell him there was left one safe retreat,
Protection sacred at the ladies feet.
To that he answer'd, in submissive strain,
He paid all homage to this female reign,
And therefore turn'd his satyr 'gainst the men.
From your great queen, this sovereign right ye draw,
To keep the wits, as she the world, in awe.
To her bright sceptre, your bright eyes they bow;
Such awful splendor sits on every brow,
All scandal on the sex were treason now.
The play can tell with what poetic care,
He labour'd to redress the injur'd fair,
And if you won't protect, the man will damn him there.
Then save the muse that flies to you for aid;
Perhaps my poor request may some persuade,
Because it is the first I ever made.



EPILOGUE.

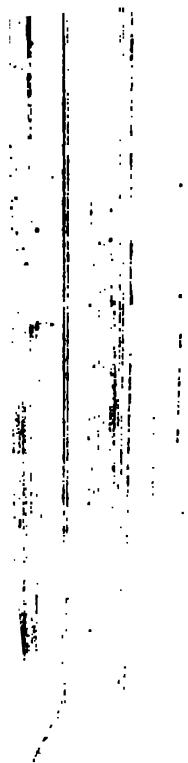
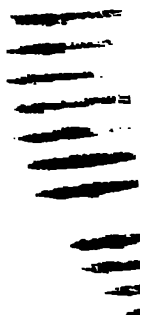
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Because it is the first I ever made.



HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

THIS Gentleman, the Author of the Tragedy of **GUSTAVUS VASA**, was born in the county of Cavan, in the kingdom of Ireland, probably about the year 1708; but the exact time of his birth is rather uncertain, as no particular account of it was published in his life-time, and accurate information cannot be obtained at a period so distant as the present. It may, however, be presumed, that this date is right, from a note to the imitations of Horace, published by Mr. OGLE, in the year 1738, where Mr. Brooke is stated to have been thirty years of age, before he could be prevailed upon to publish his poem of '**UNIVERSAL BEAUTY**,' which was printed in the same year.

Mr. Brooke's talents for dramatic composition appeared first in his tragedy of **Gustavus Vasa**, which was presented to the Managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, in the year 1738, and favourably received by them; but when the performers were all perfect in their parts, and the rehearsal was nearly complete, an unexpected order was received from the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit the representation. This was, at first, a great disappointment to Mr. Brooke; but for which he was very amply recompensed by the approbation and liberality of the public, who so zeal-



at success. This success
 writer some lines addressed
 following are extracted; and
 it is hard to determine,
 credit to the talents of their
 of the person they were

so nobly wild,
 and ev'ry art,
 varied heart;
 breast to glow,
 only flow.
 was charm'd,
 warm'd;
 appears,
 only wears.

THE EARL OF ESSEX
 were in Smock Alley,
 operation of Banks's play
 TE,* and is generally
 masterly, than the altera-
 In 1761, Mr. Brooke's
 Gury-Lane Theatre, while
 there, and was
 been by

ously and unanimously patronized the printing of subscription, that, according to Mr. Victor, the p could not be less than ONE THOUSAND POUND

The arbitrary proceedings of the Lord Chamberlain, in refusing a licence, drew on him a great deal of well-deserved odium; and afforded our author satisfaction of knowing, that his country at length espoused his cause. Paul Whitehead, in some elegant lines addressed to Mr. Brooke at the time, very severe in his reproof of the Chamberlain's con-

Pleas'd in thy lays we see GUSTAVUS live:
But, O Gustavus! if thou can'st forgive
Britons more savage than the tyrant *Dane*,
Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain
Degen'rate *Britons*, by thy worth dismay'd
Profane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade.

Notwithstanding the refusal of a licence to *Gustavus Vasa* in England, it was, in the year 1742, performed at the Theatre in Dublin, with some alterations, under the title of 'THE PATRIOT,' very favourably received.

The disappointment of Mr. Brooke, in respect to *Gustavus Vasa*, did not deter him from again turning his talents to the stage: for, in 1741, his tragedy the 'EARL OF WESTMORELAND, OR, THE TRAYER OF HIS COUNTY,' was brought forward.

1, and met with great success. This success from an anonymous writer some lines addressed n, from which the following are extracted; and h are so elegant, that it is hard to determine, her they do more credit to the talents of their or, or to the genius of the person they were ten to.

Lo! BROOKE, in fancy nobly wild,
Returns, invention's eldest child.
With science fraught, and ev'ry art,
He rules, at will, the varied heart;
Instructs the patriot's breast to glow,
Or bids the eye of beauty flow.
In looser dress GUSTAVUS charm'd,
And, rich in negligency, warm'd;
This like a shining bride appears,
In all the pomp, that beauty wears.

In 1752 the tragedy of 'THE EARL OF ESSEX' was represented, at the Theatre in Smock Alley, Dublin. This play was an alteration of Banks's play of 'THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE,' and is generally thought more judicious and masterly, than the alteration of the same play by Jones. In 1761, Mr. Brooke's tragedy was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, while Mr. Sheridan was engaged there, and was as well received by an English, as it had been by an Irish audience.

The three plays just mentioned are certainly the best of our author's dramatic compositions; he was,

however, the author of a variety of pieces of less note, a list of which are subjoined.

During the Rebellion of 1745, Mr. Brooke took a very active part in politics; and published the *Farmer's Letters*, in imitation of the *Drapier's Letters* of Dean Swift. These letters were much admired, at the time for the liberality and justice of their sentiments. The Government of Ireland, however, did not much approve them; and their disapprobation was very probably the cause of the prohibition of a Comic Opera called '*LITTLE JOHN AND THE GIANTS*,' which was brought forward in Dublin, and stopt by the Censor, after the first night's representation.

In Mr. Brooke's writings, independent of those of the stage, there is much to admire. His Poem '*UNIVERSAL BEAUTY*' is deservedly placed among the first compositions in our language; and his *TRANSLATIONS* from *TASSO* deserve great praise. The part that he has modernized of *CHAUCER* is by some thought to be equal, in harmony of numbers, to the most finished pieces of Mr. *POPE*; and the '*FARMER'S LETTERS*' will be admired in Ireland, as long as the smallest spark of civil liberty shall remain.

It has been objected by some to Mr. Brooke, that his sentiments of civil liberty sometimes degener-

attestations; and this was the reason assigned
refusal to license Gustavus Vasa. But at this
of time, when the parties that then existed
otten, and the allusions lost, there is certainly
ntiment to be found in it, that is contrary to
tional and enlightened freedom, or that is
to the true spirit of the British Constitution.
h the whole of his writings, there breathes a
pirit of liberty, and patriotic zeal, which the
party, at the time, by construing general
its into particular reflection, perverted; and
de that his crime which was his greatest me-
the dedication to Gustavus Vasa, he has taken
ins to vindicate himself from the charge of
ion; and that very successfully. His most
friends always declared, that he possessed the
ntegrity of heart, and the firmest attachment
uccession of the House of Brunswick; and
that ardent love of liberty which he possessed,
r in conversation uttered a sentiment which
nd to excite sedition, or awaken discontent.
ntercourse of private life, his conduct was very
. In his manners, he was mild and unassum-
d his talk was always rational, and amusing.
e whole, we cannot hesitate to place him very
ong the writers of the English language; and
hardly refuse him that praise, which a great
s so liberally bestowed on him.

Shakespeare's no more---lost was the poet's name,
Till thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to fame.
Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,
You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb;
Taught the declining muse again to soar,
And to *Britannia* gave one poet more.

P. WHITEHEAD.

Mr. Brooke enjoyed a paternal estate, in the county of Cavan; and, for a great part of his life, was Barrack Master of Mullingar, in the county of Westmeath, Ireland. Regretted in his death, as he had been beloved in his life, he died in Dublin, on the 10th day of October 1783.

His Dramatic Works are,

Gustavus Vasa, Tragedy, 1738.

The Earl of Westmoreland, Tragedy, 1741.

Little John and the Giants, Comic Opera, 1746.

The Earl of Essex, Tragedy, 1761.

Anthony and Cleopatra, Tragedy.

The Impostor, Tragedy.

Cymbeline, Tragedy.

Montezuma, Tragedy.

The Vestal Virgin, Tragedy.

The Contending Brothers, Comedy.

The Charitable Association, Comedy.

The Female Officer, Comedy.

The Marriage Contract, Comedy.

Ruth, Oratorio.

His other Works are,

Universal Beauty, a Poem.

Translations from Tasso.

Fables published by Mr. E. Moore.

Chaucer's Tales modernized.

The Farmer's Letters.

The Fool of Quality, a Novel.

Together with sundry other Miscellaneous Compositions.

His works were collected, in 4 vols. octavo, and
printed, 1778.



GUSTAVUS VASA.

THIS Play is deservedly esteemed, as the best of the Dramatic Pieces of Mr. Brooke ; and, certainly possesses a very considerable degree of merit. It may, perhaps, hardly be thought too much to say, that it justly ranks in the first class of the productions of this Country. The author has chosen one of the most important æras in the history of Sweden, when brutal tyranny had usurped the throne of freedom and of justice, and lorded it over an oppressed nation; and has made his hero, GUSTAVUS, all that we can wish in the saviour of his people. His courage never degenerates into ferocity; and in the midst of danger and conquest, his conduct is tempered by humanity and feeling. Conscious, that the first duty he owes is to his country, he throughout makes every thing subservient to that one end and regards only that, whether he is obscured in the darkness of a mine, or glittering in the front ranks of war. Indeed the characters in this play are drawn by the pen of a master.---Cristina is all that is tender, all that is lovely in woman and Augusta is a perfect Roman matron.---Cristiern is a man that we despise; and Arvida all that we love in human nature.---Sivard is the fierce soldier, open, generous, and brave; while Trollio is painted, in strong colours, a wicked and corrupt minister. The plot is altogether ingenious, laid, and well conducted. If there be room for objection any where, it is in the language not being always so lofty and elegantly polished as, perhaps, Tragedy requires.

It would be rather an invidious task to point out particular beauties; but the first act is better written than any

the others; and the description of Gustavus brooding over the miseries of Sweden, in the first scene, is exquisitely beautiful.

- ' I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor'd
- ' Their country's bondage, sudden passion seiz'd,
- ' And bore him from his seeming; straight his form
- ' Was turn'd to terror, ruin fill'd his eye,
- ' And his proud step appear'd to awe the world,
- ' When check'd, as through an impotence of rage,
- ' Damp sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow,
- ' And the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage.'

In the speech of Gustavus, in the same scene, wherein he describes the massacre at Stockholm, there is as much of the *terrible* as in any thing in our language.

- ' When Cristiern seiz'd upon the hour of peace,
- ' And drench'd the hospitable floor with blood,
- ' Then, &c. &c.-----
- ' Invention wanton'd in the toil of infants
- ' Stabb'd on the breast,' &c. &c.-----

In the Fifth Act, the speech of Laertes describing Gustavus in battle, is as highly finished as language can be.--- Many other passages equally fine might be pointed out; but these are enough to make this Play rank very high, and for it to be generally read; and after a perusal of the noble sentiments it contains.

- ' Ev'ry breast must swell
- ' With ampler scope to take its country in,
- ' And breathe the cause of virtue.'

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PREFATORY
DEDICATION
TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS.

As I esteemed it my happiness to live under a government, where national liberty was established by law, and the rights of subjects interwoven with their allegiance, so I ever thought it my safety to act with such allowable freedom, as did not contradict any of our written and known regulations.

Though inconsiderable in myself, I am yet a subject of Great Britain; and the privileges of her meanest member are dear to the whole constitution.

Among those privileges, I claim that of justifying my conduct, I claim that of defending my property, and wish I could do both without giving disgust, even to those by whose censures I am a sufferer.

When I wrote the following sheets, I had studied the ancient laws of my country, but was not conversant with her present political state. I did not consider things minutely; in the general view, I liked our constitution, and zealously wished that the reli-

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Domestic Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

	Mr.
Gustav, King of Denmark and Norway,	Mr. Wright.
and Duke of Sweden,	
Thors, a Swede, Archbishop of Upsal,	Mr. Ciber.
and Viscount to Christian,	
Perman, a Swedish Nobleman, secretly	Mr. Tord.
of the Danish party, and friend to Tord,	
Laurea, a young Danish Nobleman, at-	Mr. Wood.
tached to Laurea,	
Gustav, formerly General of the Swedes,	Mr. Qu.
and afterwards to the deceased King,	
Arvid, of the royal blood of Sweden,	Mr. M.
friend and cousin to Gustavus,	Mr. J.
Arvidson, Chief Lord of Dalecarlia,	
Arvidson, Swedish Priest, and Chaplain	Mr.
Arvidson, former viceroy of Dalecarlia,	Mr.
Arvidson, Captain of the Dalecarlians,	Mr.

Arvidson, Daughter to Christian,	
Arvidson, Mother to Gustavus,	
Arvidson, Sister to Gustavus, a child,	
Arvidson, Brother and Confidant	
Arvidson	
Arvidson, Friend, Messenger	
Arvidson, Scholar, a Swede	

...with the disaffected, that I looked upon this performance as the highest compliment I could pay to the present establishment—Such was my ignorance, such is my misfortune.

Many are the difficulties a new author has to encounter in introducing his play on the stage. I had good fortune to surmount them. This piece was about five weeks in rehearsal; the day was appointed for acting; I had disposed of many hundred tickets; and imagined I had nothing to fear, but from the weakness of the performance.

But, then it was, that where I looked for approbation, I met with repulse. I was condemned and punished in my works, without being accused of any crime; and made obnoxious to the government under which I live, without having it in my power to alter my conduct, or knowing in what instance I had given offence.

However singular and unprecedented this treatment may appear, had I conceived it to be the intention of the legislature, I should have submitted without complaining; or had any, among hundreds who have perused the manuscript, observed but a single line that might inadvertently tend to sedition or immorality, I would then have been the first to strike it out; I would now be the last to publish it.

Had the dignity of the Lord Chamberlain's office condescended, as some would insinuate, to a theatrical examination of the drama, to a critical investigation of the conduct, the unities, and tricks of so even so I might have hoped for equal indu with farces, pantomimes, and other performan like taste and genius.

But this is not the case: the Lord Chamberlain's office is alone concerned in those reasons which give birth to the statute; it is to guard against such presentations as he may conceive to be of pernicious influence in the commonwealth; this is the point to which his prohibitions are understood to extend, and his prohibition lays me under the necessity of publishing this piece, to convince the public (though of no valuable consequence) I am not inoffensive.

Patriotism, or the love of one's country, is the grand and single moral which I had in view throughout this work. This love (so superior in its nature to all other interests and affections) is personated in the character of Gustavus. It is the love of national glory, and national welfare is national liberty; and he who can be conscious of it, he alone can contribute to the support of it, who is personally free.

By personal freedom I mean that state re

from virtue, or reason ruling in the breast, superior to appetite and passion ; and by national freedom, I mean a security (arising from the nature of a well-ordered constitution) for those advantages and privileges that each man has a right to, by contributing as a member to the weal of that community.

The monarch, or head of such a constitution, is as the father of a large and well-regulated family ; his subjects are not servants, but sons ; their care, their affections, their attachments are reciprocal, and their interest is one—is not to be divided.

This is truly to reign ; this only is to reign. How glorious, how extensive is the prerogative of such a monarch ! He is superior to subjects, each of whom is equal to any monarch, who is only superior to slaves. He is sceptered in the hearts of his people, from whence he directs their hands with double force and energy. His office partakes of the divine inclination, by being exerted to no other end but the happiness of a people.

Oh, never may any subtleties, any insinuations, raise groundless jealousies in a people so governed ! never may they be influenced to imagine that such a prince is invading their rights, while he is only solicitous to confirm and preserve them !

And never may any ministry, any adulation, seduce such a prince from that his true interest and honour!

I should not have had the assurance to solicit a subscription in favour of sentiments that any circumstance could ever make me retract. These, and these only, are the principles of which you are patrons: and the honourable names prefixed to this performance, lay me under such a future obligation of conduct, as shall ever make me cautious of forfeiting the advantages I receive from them. They are also to me a lasting memorial of that gratitude with which I am,*

Your most obliged, most faithful,

And most humble servant,

HENRY BROOKE.

* The author was favoured with a very numerous and respectable subscription.

PROLOGUE

BRITONS! *this night presents a state distress'd,
Though brave, yet vanquish'd; and though great,
oppress'd;*

*Vice, rav'ning vulture, on her vitals prey'd,
Her peers, her prelates, fell corruption sway'd;
Their rights, for pow'r, th' ambitious weakly sold,
The wealthy, poorly, for superfluous gold.
Hence wasting ills, hence sev'ring factions rose,
And gave large entrance to invading foes;
Truth, justice, honour, fled th' infected shore,
For freedom, sacred freedom, was no more.*

*Then, greatly rising in his country's right.
Her hero, her deliverer, sprung to light;
A race of hardy, northern sons he led,
Guiltless of courts, untainted, and unread,
Whose inborn spirit spurn'd th' ignoble fee,
Whose hands scorn'd bondage, for their hearts were free.*

*Ask ye what law their conqu'ring cause confess'd?
Great Nature's law, the law within the breast;
Form'd by no art, and to no self confin'd,
But stamp'd by Heaven upon th' unletter'd mind.*

*Such, such, of old, the first-born natives were,
Who breath'd the virtues of Britannia's air ;
Their realm, when mighty Cæsar vainly sought,
For mightier freedom against Cæsar fought,
And rudely drove the fam'd invader home,
To tyrannize o'er polish'd—venal Rome.*

*Our bard, exalted in a free-born flame,
To ev'ry nation would transfer this claim :
He to no state, no climate bounds his page,
He bids the moral beam through ev'ry age ;
Then be your judgment gen'rous as his plan,
Ye sons of freedom!—save the friend of man.*

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Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

CRISTIERN, King of Denmark and Norway, and Usurper of Sweden, - - -	Mr. Wright.
TROLLIO, a Swede, Archbishop of Upsal, and Vicegerent to Cristiern, - -	Mr. Cibber.
PETERSON, a Swedish Nobleman, secretly of the Danish party, and friend to Trollio,	Mr. Turbutt.
LAERTES, a young Danish Nobleman, at- tendant to Cristiern, - - -	Mr. Woodward
GUSTAVUS, formerly General of the Swedes, and first cousin to the deceased King, -	Mr. Quin.
ARVIDA, of the royal blood of Sweden, friend and cousin to Gustavus, - -	Mr. Milward.
ANDERSON, Chief Lord of Dalecarlia, -	Mr. Mills.
ARNOLDUS, a Swedish Priest, and Chaplain in the copper mines of Dalecarlia, -	Mr. Havard.
SIVARD, Captain of the Dalecarlians, -	Mr. Ridout.

Women.

CRISTINA, Daughter to Cristiern, - -	Mrs. Giffard.
AUGUSTA, Mother to Gustavus, - -	Mrs. Butler.
GUSTAVA, Sister to Gustavus, a child, -	Miss Cole.
MARIANA, Attendant and Confidant to Cristina, - - - - -	Mrs. Chetwoo

Soldiers, Peasants, Messengers, and Attendants.

Scene---*Dalecarlia, a Northern Province in Sweden.*



GUSTAVUS VASA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The inside of the Copper-Mines in Dalecarlia. ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, and Servants enter, with Torches.

Andersen.

You tell me wonders.

Arn. Soft, behold, my lord; [*Paints behind the Scenes.*]
Behold him stretch'd, where reigns eternal night,
The flint his pillow, and cold damps his cov'ring;
Yet, bold of spirit, and robust of limb,
He throws inclemency aside, nor feels
The lot of human frailty.

And. What horrors hang around! the savage race
Ne'er hold their den but where some glimm'ring ray
May bring the cheer of morn—What then is he?
His dwelling marks a secret in his soul,
And whispers somewhat more than man about him.

Arn. Draw but the veil of his apparent wretchedness,
And you shall find his form is but assum'd,
To hoard some wondrous treasure lodg'd within.

And. Let him bear up to what thy praises speak him,
And I will win him, spite of his reserve,
Bind him with sacred friendship to my soul,
And make him half myself.

Arn. 'Tis nobly promis'd ;
For worth is rare, and wants a friend in Sweden :
And yet I tell thee, in her age of heroes,
When nurs'd by freedom, all her sons grew great,
And ev'ry peasant was a prince in virtue,
I greatly err, or this abandon'd stranger
Had stepp'd the first for fame, though now he seeks
To veil his name, and cloud his shine of virtues :
For there is danger in them.

And. True, Arnoldus.
Were there a prince throughout the scepter'd globe,
Who search'd out merit for its due preferment,
With half that care our tyrant seeks it out
For ruin, happy, happy were that state,
Beyond the golden fable of those pure
And earliest ages—Wherefore this, good Heav'n ?
Is it of fate, that who assumes a crown
Throws off humanity ?

Arn. So Cristiern holds.
He claims our country as by right of conquest,
A right to ev'ry wrong. Ev'n now 'tis said,
The tyrant envies what our mountains yield
Of health or aliment ; he comes upon us,
Attended by a num'rous host, to seize
These last retreats of our expiring liberty.

And. Say'st thou ?

Arn. This rising day, this instant hour,
Thus chased, we stand upon the utmost brink
Of steep perdition, and must leap the precipice,
Or turn upon our hunters.

And. Now, Gustavus !
Thou prop and glory of inglorious Sweden,
Where art thou, mightiest man ?—Were he but here—
I'll tell thee, my Arnoldus, I beheld him,
Then when he first drew sword, serene and dreadful,
As the brow'd evening ere the thunder break :
For soon he made it toilsome to our eyes
To mark his speed, and trace the paths of conquest.
In vain we follow'd where he swept the field ;
'Twas death alone could wait upon Gustavus.

Arn. He was indeed whate'er our wish could form
him.

And. Array'd and beauteous in the blood of Danes,
Th' invaders of his country, thrice he chased
This Cristiern, this fell conqu'ror, this usurper,
With rout and foul dishonour at his heels,
To plunge his head in Denmark.

Arn. Nor ever had the tyrant known return,
To tread our necks, and blend us with the dust,
Had he not dar'd to break through ev'ry law
That sanctifies the nations ; seiz'd our hero,
The pledge of specious treaty, tore him from us,
And led him chain'd to Denmark.

And. Then we fell.
If still he lives, we yet may learn to rise ;

But never can I dare to rest a hope
On any arm but his.

Arn. And yet, I trust,
This stranger, that delights to dwell with darkness
Unknown, unfriended, compass'd round with w
edness,

Conceals some mighty purpose in his breast,
Now lab'ring into birth.

And. When came he hither ?

Arn. Six moons have chang'd upon the fi
night,

Since here he first arriv'd, in servile weeds,
But yet of mien majestic. I observ'd him,
And ever as I gaz'd, some nameless charm,
A wondrous greatness, not to be conceal'd,
Broke through his form, and aw'd my soul before
Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion
His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow
Sits patience, bathed in the laborious drop
Of painful industry—I oft have sought,
With friendly tender of some worthier service,
To win him from his temper ; but he shuns
All offers, yet declin'd with graceful act,
Engaging beyond utt'rance. And at eve,
When all retire to some domestic solace,
He only stays, and, as you see, the earth
Receives him to her dark and cheerless bosom.

And. He's no unvary moment e'er betray'd
The labours of his soul, some fav'rite grief,
Whereon to raise conjecture ?

- m.* I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor'd
in country's bondage, sudden passion seiz'd
bore him from his seeming; straight his form
turn'd to terror, ruin fill'd his eye,
his proud step appear'd to awe the world;
then check'd, as through an impotence of rage,
his sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow,
the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage.
- nd.* Your words imply a man of much importance.
- m.* So I suspected, and at dead of night
on his slumbers; his full heart was busy,
oft his tongue pronounc'd the hated name
'bloody Cristiern'—There he seem'd to pause,
, recollected to one voice, he cry'd,
, Sweden! Oh, my country! Yet I'll save thee.'
- nd.* Forbear; he rises—Heav'ns, what majesty!

GUSTAVUS enters.

- For pardon, stranger, if the voice of virtue,
reciprocal amity from man to man,
somewhat that should whisper to the soul,
seek and cheer the sufferer, led me hither,
attentive to salute thee. Be it thine
to point the path of friendship out,
my best power shall wait upon thy fortunes.
- us.* Yes, gen'rous man! there is a wondrous test,
truest, worthiest, noblest cause for friendship;
rather than life, than int'rest, or alliance.
equal to your virtues.
- nd.* Say, unfold.

Gus. Art thou a soldier, a chief lord in Sweden
And yet a stranger to thy country's voice,
That loudly calls the hidden patriot forth?
But what's a soldier? What's a lord in Sweden!
All worth is fled or fall'n; nor has a life
Been spar'd, but for dishonour; spar'd to breed
More slaves for Denmark, to beget a race
Of new-born virgins for th' unsated lust
Of our new masters. Sweden, thou art no more!
Queen of the north! thy land of liberty,
Thy house of heroes, and thy seat of virtues,
Is now the tomb where thy brave sons lie speechless
And foreign snakes engender.

And. Oh, 'tis true!

But wherefore? To what purpose?

Gus. Think of Stockholm.

When Cristiern seiz'd upon the hour of peace,
And drench'd the hospitable floor with blood,
Then fell the flow'r of Sweden, mighty names!
Her hoary senators, and gasping patriots.
The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band
Of blood-train'd ministry were loos'd to ruin.
Invention wanton'd in the toil of infants
Stabb'd on the breast, or reeking on the points
Of sportive javelins. Husbands, sons, and sires,
With dying ears drank in the loud despair
Of shrieking chastity. The waste of war
Was peace and friendship to this civil massacre.
Oh, Heav'n and Earth! Is there a cause for this?
For sin without temptation, calm, cool villany,
Lib'rate mischief, unimpassion'd lust,

murder? Lie thou there, my soul :
upon it, image not the form
but this, till time grows pregnant,
st wake to vengeance.
'st greatly mov'd me. Ha! thy tears
forth.

flow, our country's fate demands them;
ngle mine, while yet 'tis left us
cret, and to sigh with safety.
e talk of vengeance? 'Tis a word
graven on the new-fall'n snow,
st beam may melt it from observance.
n Cristiern! Norway and the Dane,
Sweden, all the peopled north,
nod—My humbler boast of pow'r
cope with crowns.

n what remains
s; your friendship has my thanks,
t my acceptance. Never—no—
hou baleful mansion, to the centre,
darkness doubled round my head,
ce thee for the bliss of Paradise,
'd beneath a tyrant's sceptre:
ere wilful slav'ry—Freedom is
t gift of Heaven, 'tis reason's self,

—I will not part it.

can hold it; but, alas!

To bend the brave and virtuous man to slav'ry!
Base fear, the laziness of lust, gross appetites,
These are the ladders, and the groveling foot-stool,
From whence the tyrant rises on our wrongs,
Secure and scepter'd in the soul's servility.
He has debauch'd the genius of our country,
And rides triumphant, while her captive sons
Await his nod, the silken slaves of pleasure,
Or fetter'd in their fears.

And. I apprehend you.

No doubt, a base submission to our wrongs,
May well be term'd a voluntary bondage:
But think the heavy hand of power is on us;
Of power, from whose imprisonment and chains
Not all our free-born virtue can protect us.

Gus. 'Tis there you err: for I have felt their force
And had I yielded to enlarge these limbs,
Or share the tyrant's empire on the terms
Which he propos'd, I were a slave indeed.
No, in the deep and deadly damp of dungeons,
The soul can rear her sceptre, smile in anguish,
And triumph o'er oppression.

And. O, glorious spirit! Think not I am slack
To relish what thy noble scope intends;
But then the means, the peril, and the consequence!
Great are the odds, and who shall dare the trial?

Gus. I dare,
Oh, wert thou still that gallant chief
Whom once I knew! I could unfold a purpose,
Would make the greatness of thy heart to swell,
And burst in the conception.

d. Give it utt'rance.

ips there lie some embers yet in Sweden,
 th, waken'd by thy breath, might rise in flames,
 spread vindictive round. You say you know me;
 give a tongue to such a cause as this,
 if you hold me tardy in the call,
 know me not. But thee I've surely known;
 here is somewhat in that voice, and form,
 th has alarm'd my soul to recollection:
 t is as in a dream, and mocks my reach.

s. Then name the man whom it is death to know;
 knowing, to conceal—and I am he.

d. Gustavus! Heav'ns! 'Tis he! 'tis he him-
 self!

ARVIDA enters, speaking to a Servant.

v. I thank you, friend; he's here; you may
 retire. *[Exit Servant.]*

d. Good morning to my noble guest; you're
 early. *[Gustavus walks apart.]*

v. I come to take a short and hasty leave.
 said, that from the mountain's neighb'ring brow
 canvas of a thousand tents appears,
 ening the vale—Suppose the tyrant there;
 know my safety lies not in the interview—
 what is he, who, in the shreds of slav'ry
 orts a step superior to the state
 insolence of ermine.

s. Sure that voice
 once the voice of friendship and Arvida!

Arv. Ha! Yes, 'tis he!—ye pow'rs, it is Gustavus!

Gus. Thou brother of adoption! In the bond
Of ev'ry virtue wedded to my soul,
Enter my heart: it is thy property.

Arv. I'm lost in joy, and wondrous circumstance.

Gus. Yet, wherefore, my Arvida, wherefore is it,
That in a place, and at a time like this,
We should thus meet? Can Cristiern cease from
cruelty?

Say, whence is this, my brother? How escap'd you?
Did I not leave thee in the Danish dungeon?

Arv. Of that hereafter. Let me view thee first.
How graceful is the garb of wretchedness
When worn by virtue! Fashions turn to folly,
Their colours tarnish, and their pomps grow poor
To her magnificence.

Gus. Yes, my Arvida;
Beyond the sweeping of the proudest train
That shades a monarch's heel, I prize these weeds:
For they are sacred to my country's freedom.
A mighty enterprize has been conceiv'd,
And thou art come auspicious to the birth,
As sent to fix the seal of heav'n upon it.

Arv. Point but thy purpose—let it be to bleed—

Gus. Your hands, my friends.

All. Our hearts.

Gus. I know they're brave.
Of such the time has need, of hearts like yours,
Faithful and firm, of hands inur'd and strong:

ust ride upon the neck of danger,
ge into a purpose big with death.
ere let us kneel, and bind us to thy side.

o, hold—if we want oaths to join us,
s part, from pole to pole asunder.
ke ours is its own sacrament ;
stice, reason, love, and liberty,
d links that clasp the world, are in it.
ho breaks their sanction, breaks all law,
ite connection.

rue, my lord:
nd such the force I feel.

nd I.

nd all.

now then, that ere our royal Stenon fell,
s my valiant cousin and myself,
and treach'ry lay detain'd in Denmark,
urk and unsuspected hour,
ly Cristiern sought to take my head.
o the ruling power, within whose eye
d ills, and mighty treasons roll,
l of their blackness—I escap'd,
gen'rous arm, and some time lay
in Denmark ; for my forfeit head
he price of crowns. Each port and path
against my passage ; till I heard
ion, valiant Stenon, fell in battle,
dom was no more. Oh, then what bounds
r to hem the desp'rate ? I o'erpass'd them,

Travers'd all Sweden, through ten thousand foes,
Impending perils, and surrounding tongues,
That from himself enquir'd Gustavus out.
Witness, my country, how I toil'd to wake
Thy sons to liberty—In vain : for fear,
Cold fear had seiz'd on all—Here last I came,
And shut me from the sun, whose hateful beams
Serv'd but to shew the ruins of my country.
When here, my friends, 'twas here, at length,
found,

What I had left to look for, gallant spirits,
In the rough form of untaught peasantry.

And. Indeed they once were brave : our Dalecarlians
Have oft been known to give a law to kings ;
And as their only wealth has been their liberty,
From all th' unmeasur'd graspings of ambition
Have held that gem untouch'd—though now 'ti
fear'd——

Gus. It is not fear'd—I say, they still shall hold it
I've search'd these men, and find them like the soil,
Barren without, and to the eye unlovely ;
But they've their mines within ; and this the day
In which I mean to prove them.

Arn. O, Gustavus !
Most aptly hast thou caught the passing hour,
Upon whose critical and fated hinge
The state of Sweden turns.

Gus. And to this hour
I've therefore held me in this darksome womb,
That sends me forth as to a second birth

freedom, or through death to reach eternity.
his day return'd with ev'ry circling year,
thousands pours the mountain peasants forth,
each with his batter'd arms and rusty helm,
sportive discipline well train'd, and prompt
against the day of peril. Thus disguis'd,
ready have I stirr'd their latent sparks
slumb'ring virtue, apt as I could wish,
warm before the lightest breath of liberty.

Arn. How will they kindle, when confess'd to view,
see more their lov'd Gustavus stands before them,
and pours his blaze of virtues on their souls!

Arn. It cannot fail.

And. It has a glorious aspect.

Arn. Now, Sweden, rise and re-assert thy rights,
nor be for ever fall'n.

And. Then be it so.

Arn. Lead on, thou arm of war,
to death or victory.

Gus. Let us embrace.

Why, thus, my friends, thus join'd in such a cause,
are we not equal to a host of slaves?
You say the foe's at hand—Why, let them come;
steep are our hills, nor easy of access,
and few the hours we ask for their reception:
for I will take these rustic sons of liberty
in the first warmth and hurry of their souls;
and should the tyrant then attempt our heights,
he comes upon his fate—Arise, thou sun!
Haste, haste to rouse thee to the call of liberty,

That shall once more salute thy morning beam,
And hail thee to thy setting.

Arn. O bless'd voice!

Prolong that note but one short day through Sweden,
And though the sun and life should set together,
It matters not—we shall have liv'd that day.

Arv. Were it not worth the hazard of a life,
To know if Cristiern leads his powers in person,
And what his scope intends? Be mine that task,
Ev'n to the tyrant's tent I'll win my way,
And mingle with his councils.

Gus. Go, my friend.

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,
Friends, sons, and sires should yield their treasure up,
Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.
But tell me, my Arvida, ere thou goest,
Tell me what hand has made thy friend its debtor,
And giv'n thee up to freedom and Gustavus?

Arv. Ha! let me think of that, 'tis sure she loves
him.

[*Aside.*

Away thou skance and jaundic'd eye of jealousy,
That tempts my soul to sicken at perfection;
Away! I will unfold it——To thyself
Arvida owes his freedom.

Gus. How, my friend?

Arv. Some months are pass'd since in the Danish
dungeon

With care emaciate, and unwholesome damps
Sick'ning, I lay, chain'd to my flinty bed,
And call'd on death to ease me——straight a light

and, as when the ministry of heav'n
 to kneeling saints. But, oh ! the form
 r'd upon my sight——Ye angels, speak !
 one are like her ; or present
 ons pictur'd to the nightly eye
 transc'd in bliss. She then approach'd,
 best pattern of embodied meekness,
 and divinely touch'd her eye,
 anoniz'd her motions——Ah, she cry'd,
 stranger, art not thou the man
 virtues have endear'd thee to Gustavus ?
 Gustavus did she say ?
 Yes, yes, her lips
 forth that name with a peculiar sweetness.
 From my bonds, I rose, at her command,
 scarce recov'ring speech, I would have kneel'd,
 thee, haste thee for thy life, she cry'd ;
 if e'er thy envied eyes behold
 I Gustavus, say, a gentle foe
 thee to his friendship.
 Thou've much amaz'd me ! Is her name a
 secret ?
 To me it is——but you perhaps may guess.
 O, on my word.
 You too had your deliv'rer.
 kind, but not a fair one—Well, my friends
 is ripe, and calls us forth to action.
 not lighter ? Swells not ev'ry breast
 pler scope to take your country in,
 the the cause of virtue ? Rise, ye Swedes !

Rise greatly equal to this hour's importance.
 On us the eyes of future ages wait,
 And this day's arm strikes forth decisive fate;
 This day, that shall for ever sink—or save;
 And make each Swede a monarch—or a slave.

[*Ex.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Camp. CRISTIERN, Attendants, &c. *ent.*
 TROLLIO *meets him.*

Trollio.

ALL hail, most mighty of the thrones of Europe
 The morn salutes thee with auspicious brightness
 No vapour frowns prophetic on her brow,
 But the clear sun, who travels with thy arms,
 Still smiles, attendant on thy growing greatness:
 His evening eye shall see thee peaceful lord
 Of all the north, of utmost Scandinavia;
 Whence thou may'st pour thy conquests o'er
 earth,
 Till farthest India glows beneath thy empire,
 And Lybia knows no regal name but yours.

Crist. Yes, Trollio, I confess the godlike thirst
 Ambition, that wou'd drink a sea of glory.
 But what from Dalecarlia?

Troll. Late last night,

sent a trusty slave to Peterson,
and hourly wait some tidings.

Grist. Think you?—Sure

'The wretches will not dare such quick perdition!

Troll. I think they will not—Though of old I know
them

All born to broils, the very sons of tumult;
Vaste is their wealth, and mutiny their birthright,
And this the yearly fever of their blood,
Their holiday of war; a day apart,
Torn out from peace, and sacred to rebellion.
Nft has their battle hung upon the brow
Nf you wild steep, a living cloud of mischiefs,
'regnant with plagues, and empty'd on the heads
Nf many a monarch.

Grist. Monarchs they were not,
'ageants of wax, the mouldings of the populace,
Fame, paltry idols, scepter'd up for show,
And garnish'd into royalty—No, Trollio,
Kings should be felt if they would find obedience;
The beast has sense enough to know his rider:
When the knee trembles, and the hand grows slack,
He casts for liberty; but bends, and turns
For him that leaps with boldness on his back,
And spurs him to the bit.

*Enter Gentleman Usher, and several Peasants, enter, who
kneel and bow at a distance.*

Grist. What slaves are those?

Gent. My gracious liege, your subjects.

Crist. Whence ?

Gent. Of Sweden,

From Angermannia, from Helsingia some,
Some from Gemtian and Nerician provinces.

Crist. Their business ?

Gent. They come to speak their griefs.

Crist. Their griefs ? their insolence !

Is not the camel mute beneath his burthen ?

Were they not born to bear ? Away !—Hold ! come,

What would these murmurers ?

Gent. Most royal Cristiern,

They say they have but one—one gracious king,

And yet are bow'd beneath a host of tyrants,

Task-masters, soldiers, gatherers of subsidies,

All officers of rapine, rape, and murder ;

Will-doing potentates, the lords of licence,

Who weigh their sweat and blood, and heavier shame,

Ev'n as a feather puff'd away in sport,

The pastime of a gale.

Crist. I'll hear no more ;

I know ye, well I know ye, ye base supplicants ;

Fear is the only worship of your souls,

And ever where ye hate, ye yield obeisance.

Wretches ! Shall I go poring on the earth,

Lest my imperial foot should tread on emmets ?

Is it for you I must controul my soldiers,

And coop my eagles from their carrion ? No—

Are ye not commoners, vile things in nature,

Poor priceless peasants ? Slaves can know no property !

Out of my sight !

[*Exeunt Peasants.*]

AIRTEL - STAFF - 26-27 - 10-11

Ans. Now, we have two cases:

~~Gen. A. R. Smith~~

Cust. Wm. Smith

Gen. Nixon, in a letter dated 10/1/54, stated that he had marked his papers and that he had studied the same. He stated that the base was in the area of the former base was a building.

Crit. Ed. 225-226

himself—
its up his nose—the other
but—
me government—
end—
smile—
is wrecked—
hat, give me no more—
of them—

Dr. T. J. C. Jones

Singapore

but are still in danger

Ans. B: 100%, 75% and 50%

Climate Change

Crist. Fiend and fire _____

Wainwind test case. ~~Various~~ Various subject

dr. Do, face and chest, the woman's beneath me.

Cristiana.

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

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1907

t. It must not, cannot—'tis impossible !
my own Danes? Nay, then the world wants
weeding.

not bear it—Hell ! I 'd rather see
arth a desert desolate and wild,
ke the lion stalk my lonely round,
i'd and roaring for my prey.—Call Trollio,
ve men studied, deeply read in mischiefs.

servant enters, who kneels and delivers a letter.

t. From whom ?

v. From Peterson.

t. To Trollio—Right.

[*Reads.*

s this?—Begone—

—without there—wait my pleasure.

se! How hell has tim'd its plagues !

TROLLIO enters.

it. Come near, my Trollio.

ve heard ill news from Denmark—that 's a trifle—
ere's to blast thy eyes—Read—

ll. Ha ! Gustavus !

earn—and in arms !

it. What 's to be done? Now, Trollio, now 's
the time

utilize thy soul, sound every depth,

aken all the wondrous statesman in thee :

But tell thee (spite of pride and royalty,

armies, and of circling nations

neath my nod) this curs'd Gustavus

How poor thy power, how empty is thy happiness,
When such a wretch, as I appear to be,
Can ride thy temper, harrow up thy form,
And stretch thy soul upon the rack of passion!

Crist. I'll know thee—I will know thee! Bear him
hence!

Why, what are kings, if slaves can brave us thus?
Go, Trollio, hold him to the rack—Tear, search him,
Prove him through ev'ry poignance, sting him deep.
[Exit Trollio with Arvida guarded.]

A Messenger enters, as in haste.

Crist. What would'st thou, fellow?

Mess. O, my sovereign lord,
I am come fast and far, from ev'n till morn,
Five times I've cross'd the shade of sleepless night,
Impatient of thy presence.

Crist. Whence?

Mess. From Denmark;
Commended from the consort of thy throne
To speed and privacy.

Crist. Your words wou'd taste of terror—Wretch,
speak out,
Nor dare to tremble here—for didst thou bear
Thy tidings from a thousand leagues around,
Unmov'd, I move the whole, the cent'ring nave,
Where turns that mighty circle—Speak thy message.

Mess. A secret malady, my gracious liege,
Some factious vapour, risen from off the skirts
Of southmost Norway, has diffus'd its bane,
And rages now within the heart of Denmark.

Crist. It must not, cannot—'tis impossible !
What, my own Danes? Nay, then the world wants
weeding.

I will not bear it—Hell ! I 'd rather see
This earth a desert desolate and wild,
And like the lion stalk my lonely round,
Famish'd and roaring for my prey.—Call Trollio,
I'll have men studied, deeply read in mischiefs.

A Servant enters, who kneels and delivers a letter.

Crist. From whom ?

Serv. From Peterson.

Crist. To Trollio—Right.

[*Reads.*

How 's this?—Begone—

Go all—without there—wait my pleasure.

O curse ! How hell has tim'd its plagues !

TROLLIO enters.

Crist. Come near, my Trollio.

We 've heard ill news from Denmark—that 's a trifle—

But here's to blast thy eyes—Read—

Troll. Ha ! Gustavus !

So near us—and in arms !

Crist. What 's to be done? Now, Trollio, now 's
the time

To subtilize thy soul, sound every depth,
And waken all the wondrous statesman in thee ;

For I must tell thee (spite of pride and royalty,

Of guarding armies, and of circling nations

That bend beneath my nod) this curs'd Gustavus

Crist. But whither would this lead?

Troll. List, list, my lord!

While thus his soul's unseated, shook by passion,
Could we engage him to betray Gustavus——

Crist. O empty hope! Impossible, my Trollio:
Do I not know him, and the curs'd Gustavus?
Both fix'd in resolution deep as hell,
And proud as high Olympus!

Troll. Ah, my liege,
No mortal footing treads so firm in virtue,
As always to abide the slipp'ry path,
Nor deviate with the bias——Some have few,
But each man has his failing, some defect
Wherein to slide temptation——Leave him to me.

Crist. I know thou hast a serpentizing genius,
Canst wind the subtlest mazes of the soul,
And trace her wand'rings to the source of action.
If thou can'st bend this proud one to our purpose,
And make the lion crouch, 'tis well——if not,
Away at once, and sweep him from remembrance.

Troll. Then I must promise deep.

Crist. Ay, any thing; out-bid ambition.

Troll. Love?

Crist. Ha! Yes——our daughter too——if she can bribe
him:

But then to win him to betray his friend——

Troll. O, doubt it not, my lord—for if he loves,
As sure he greatly does, I have a stratagem
That holds the certainty of fate within it.
Love is a passion whose effects are various;

er brings some change upon the soul,
 virtue, or some vice, 'till then unknown,
 ides the hero, and makes cowards valiant.
st. True, when it pours upon a youthful temper,
 and apt to take the torrent in,
 ns no limits, no restraint it knows,
 weeps all down, though heav'n and hell oppose ;
 virtue rears in vain her sacred mound,
 l in its rage, or in its swellings drown'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

s, and discovers ARVIDA in Chains, Guards preparing Instruments of Death and Torture. He addresses in confusion.

v. Off, off, vain cumbrance ; ye conflicting
 thoughts,
 e me to Heav'n ! O peace !—It will not be—
 when I rose above mortality,
 our her wondrous weight of charms upon me !
 uch a time, it was, it was too much !
 luck the soaring pinion of my soul,
 le eagle-ey'd she held her flight to heaven,
 pain and death triumphant ! Help, ye saints !
 elic ministers, descend, descend !
 lift me to myself ; hold, bind my heart
 and unshaken in th' approaching ruin

The wreck of earth-born frailty ! and, O Heav'n !
For ev'ry pang these tortur'd limbs shall feel,
Descend in ten-fold blessings on Gustavus !
Yes, bless him, bless him ! Crown his hours with joy,
His head with glory, and his arms with conquest ;
Set his firm foot upon the neck of tyrants,
And be his name the balm of ev'ry lip
That breathes through Sweden ! Worthiest to be still'd
Their friend, their chief, their father, and their king !

TROLLIO enters.

Troll. Unbind your prisoner.

Arv. How ?

Troll. You have your liberty,
And may depart unquestion'd.

Arv. Do not mock me.

It is not to be thought, while power remains,
That Cristiern wants a reason to be cruel.
But let him know I would not be oblig'd.
He who accepts the favours of a tyrant
Shares in his guilt ; they leave a stain behind them.

Troll. You wrong the native temper of his soul ;
Cruel of force, but never of election,
Prudence compell'd him to a shew of tyranny ;
Howe'er, those politics are now no more,
And mercy, in her turn, shall shine on Sweden.

Arv. Indeed ! It were a strange, a bless'd reverse,
Devoutly to be wish'd ; but then the cause,
The cause, my lord, must surely be uncommon.

ume?

ecret.

—or if it were,

ss of thy spirit claims respect,

be answer'd. Know, the only man,

r monarch ever knew repulse,

friend; that terror of the field,

le Gustavus.

friend to Cristiern? Guard thyself, my

urt! [*Aside.*

take alarm—Why, good my lord,

is there in a wretch proscib'd,

ans, and distant as Gustavus?

ere you mistake—Nor knew we till this

ur

was so near—From yonder hill

oposals, back'd with all the pow'rs

a, those licentious resolute,

g nought to hazard in the wreck,

emost to foment a storm.

ere too bold to question on the terms.

—trust me, valiant man, whoe'er thou

,

much to win a worth like thine,

of service, or of confidence.

Gustavus claims, indeed, are haughty;

n of his mother and his sister,

rovince, Gothland, and the isles

o his sceptre—But the league,

f amity, and lasting friendship,

E

Is, that he claims Cristina for his bride.

You start, and seem surpriz'd.

Arv. A sudden pain

Just struck athwart my breast—But say, my lord,
I thought you nam'd Cristina.

Troll. Yes.

Arv. O torture !

[*Arv.*]

What of her, my good lord ?

Troll. I said Gustavus claim'd her for his bride

Arv. His bride ! his wife !

You did not mean his wife ! Do fiends feel this ? [*Arv.*]

Down, heart, nor tell thy anguish ! Pray excuse me

Did you not say, the princess was his wife ?

Whose wife, my lord ?

Troll. I did not say what was, but what must be

Arv. Touching Gustavus, was it not ?

Troll. The same.

Arv. His bride ?

Troll. I say his bride, his wife ; his lov'd Cristina
Cristina, fancied in the very prime

And youthful smile of nature ; form'd for joys

Unknown to mortals. You seem indispos'd.

Arv. The crime of constitution—O Gustav

[*Arv.*]

This is too much !—And think you then, my lord—

What, will the royal Cristiern e'er consent

To match his daughter with his deadliest foe ?

Troll. What should he do ? War else must
eternal.

Besides, some rumours from his Danish realms

'Mak' peace essential here.

Yes, peace has sweets,
 Hybla never knew ; it sleeps on down,
 gently from beneath the cherub's wings ;
 for mortals——Man is warfare——All
 icane within : yet friendship stoops,
 ilds the gloom with falsehood——smiles and
 varnish !

ll the storm grows high, and then no shore,
 k to split on ! 'Twere a kind perdition
 k ten thousand fathoms at a plunge,
 asten on oblivion——there we hold,

ll is—— [Faints.

7. Help, bear him up. O potency of love !
 plucks this noble fabric from his base.
 bend him forward——He revives——How fare you ?
 I know not——yet a dagger were most friendly.
 n me, Trollio, O return me back
 ath, to racks ! Undone, undone Arvida !

ll. Is't possible, my lord ! the prince Arvida !
 iend ! [Embraces him.

7. Confusion to the name ! [Turns.

ll. Why this, good Heaven ? And wherefore
 thus disguis'd ?

7. Yes, that accomplish'd traitor, that Gustavus,
 e he sat planning private scenes of happiness,
 ll dissembled ! He, he sent me hither ;
 iendly, unsuspecting heart a sacrifice,
 take death sure, and rid him of a rival.

ll. A rival ! Do you then love Cristiern's
 daughter ?

Arw. Name her not, Trollio; since she can't be mine:

Gustavus! how, ah! how hast thou deceiv'd me!
Who could have look'd for falsehood from thy brow,
Whose heav'nly arch was as the throne of virtue?
Thy eye appear'd a sun to cheer the world,
Thy bosom truth's fair palace, and thy arms,
Benevolent, the harbour for mankind.

Troll. What's to be done? Believe me, valiant prince,

I know not which most sways me to thy int'rests,
My love to thee, or hatred to Gustavus.

Arw. Would you then save me? Think, contrive it quickly!

Lend me your troops—by all the powers of vengeance,
Myself will face this terror of the north,
This son of fame—this—O Gustavus—What?
Where had I wander'd—Stab my bleeding country!
Save, shield me from that thought.

Troll. Retire, my lord;
For see, the princess comes.

Arw. Where, Trollio, where?

Ha! Yes, she comes indeed! her beauties drive
Time, place and truth, and circumstance before them!
Perdition pleases there—pull—tear me from her!
Yet must I gaze—but one—but one look more,
And I were lost for ever. [Exeunt.

CRISTINA, MARIANA, and Attendants enter.

Cristina. Forbid it, shame! forbid it, virgin modesty!

friends, Gustavus ne'er shall know it.
 repaid with conscious pleasure ;
 ut to have sav'd that wondrous man,
 ling cherub in my breast,
 rs peace within.
 s strange a man of his high note and
 equence,
 vade the busy search of thousands,
 ng months have shut him from enquiry,
 eye can trace him to his covert.

Once 'twas not so: each infant lisp'd
 tavus !
 av'rite name of ev'ry language,
 t motions fill'd the world with tidings ;
 or slept, fame watch'd th' important hour,
 is told it round.

ve heard, my princess,
 Gustavus lay detain'd in Denmark,
 father sought the hero's friendship,
 ample terms of peace and amity.

He did ; he offer'd that, my Mariana,
 contending monarchs su'd in vain,
 me, his darling, his Cristina ;
 slighted, slighted by a captive,
 ngdoms swell'd my dower.
 nazement fixes me ;

/ Gustavus !

Yes, Mariana ;—but rejected nobly.
 ; could win him to betray his country !
 nsented, I had then despis'd him.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
What, but the glaring meteor of ambition,
That leads a wretch benighted in his errors,
Points to the gulph, and shines upon destruction?

Mar. You wrong your charms, whose power might
reconcile

Things opposite in nature—Had he seen you!—

Cristina. He has, my Mariana, he has seen me.
I'll tell thee—yet while inexpert of years,
I heard of bloody spoils, the waste of war,
And dire conflicting man, Gustavus' name
Superior rose, still dreadful in the tale.
Then first he seiz'd my infancy of soul,
As somewhat fabled of gigantic fierceness,
Too huge for any form; he scar'd my sleep,
And fill'd my young idea. Not the boast
Of all his virtues, graces only known
To him and heavenly natures, could erase
The strong impression, 'till that wondrous day
In which he met my eyes. But O! O Heav'n!
O love! and all ye cordial pow'rs of passion!
What then was my amazement! he was chain'd,
Was chain'd, my Mariana! Like the robes
Of coronation, worn by youthful kings,
He drew his shackles. The Herculean nerve
Brac'd his young arm, and soften'd in his cheek;
Liv'd more than woman's sweetness. Then his eye!
His mien! his native dignity! He look'd,
As though he led captivity in chains,
And all were slaves around.

Mar. Did he observe you?

Cristina. He did: for as I trembled, look'd and sigh'd,

His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me.
Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
And mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.
I wish'd—but did not dare to look;—he gaz'd,---
When sudden, as by force, he turn'd away,
And would no more behold me.

LAERTES enters.

Laer. Ah, bright imperial maid! my royal mistress!

Cristina. What wou'dst thou say? Thy looks speak terror to me.

Laer. O, you are ruin'd, sacrific'd, undone!
I heard it all; your cruel, cruel father
Has sold you, giv'n you up a spoil to treason,
The purchase of the noblest blood on earth—
Gustavus!——

Cristina. Ah! What of him? Where, where is he?

Laer. In Dalecarlia, on some great design,
Doom'd in an hour to fall by faithless hands:
His friend, the brave, the false, deceiv'd Arvida,
Ev'n now prepares to lead a band of ruffians
Beneath the winding covert of the hill,
And seize Gustavus obvious to the snares
Of friendship's fair dissemblance. And your father
Has vow'd your beauties to Arvida's arms,
The purchase of his falsehood.

Cristina. Shield me, Heav'n !

First, duty, break thy filial bands in sunder,
And blot the name of parent from the world !
Is there no let, no means of quick prevention ?

Laer. Behold my life still chain'd to thy direction
My will shall have a wing for ev'ry word,
That breathes thy mandate,

Cristina. Will you, good Laertes—

Alas, I fear to overtask thy friendship—
Say, will you save me then ?—O go, haste, fly !
Acquaint Gustavus—if, if he must fall,
Let hosts that hem this single lion in,
Let nations hunt him down—let him fall nobly.

Laer. I go my princess—Heaven direct me to him
[Exit]

Cristina. I would pray too, to save me from pollut
Detested stain, the touch of the betrayer !
But mighty love the partial pray'r arrests,
And leaves me only anxious for Gustavus.
For him cold fears my fainting bosom chill,
His cares distract me, and his dangers kill ;
Ye powers ! if deaf to all the vows I make,
Yet shield Gustavus, for Gustavus' sake ;
Protect his virtues from a faithless foe,
And save your only image left below ! [Exit]

ACT III. SCENE I.

mountains of Dalecarlia. GUSTAVUS enters as a Peasant—Dalecarlians following.

Gustavus.

men of Sweden ! wherefore are ye come ?
 ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,
 drink the fountains of your honour up,
 I leave your hills a desert—Wretched men !
 why came ye forth ? Is this a time for sport ?
 are ye met with song and jovial feast,
 welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants ?
 stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,
 and fawning, lick the dust ?—Go, go, my countrymen !
 hie to your several mansions, trim them out,
 and all the tedious earnings of your toil
 purchase bondage—Bid your blooming daughters,
 and your chaste wives to spread their beds with soft-
 ness ;

then go ye forth, and with your proper hands
 conduct your masters in ; conduct the sons
 lust and violation—O Swedes, Swedes !

Swav'ns ! are ye men, and will ye suffer this ?

ARNOLD enters, who talks apart with GUSTAVUS.

1st Dale. How my blood boils !

2nd Dale. Who is the truest spokesman ?

3d *Dale*. What, know ye not Rodolphus of the mines?

A better lab'rer ne'er struck steel to stone.

Gus. There was a time, my friends! a glorious time,

When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turn'd; himself had stood,
Alone had stood the bulwark of his country.
Your sires were known but by their manly fronts;
On their black brows, enthron'd, sat liberty,
The awe of honour, and contempt of death.

1st *Dale*. We are not bastards.

2d *Dale*. No.

3d *Dale*. We're Dalecarlians.

Gus. Come, come ye on then. Here I take my stand!

Here, on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward;
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
'Till I, or Denmark fall.

Siv. And who art thou?

That thus would'st swallow all the glory up
That should redeem the times? Behold this breast;
The sword has till'd it, and the stripes of slaves
Shall ne'er trace here, shall never blot
The fair inscription—Never shall the cords
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms
That bore my royal master from the field.

Gus. Ha! Say you, brother? Were you there—
O grief!—

Siv. Where liberty and Stenon fell together?

Siv. Yes, I was there—A bloody field it was,
Where conquest gasp'd, and wanted breath to tell
Of e'er-toil'd triumph. There, our bleeding king
Where Stenon on this bosom made his bed,
And rolling back his dying eyes upon me,
A soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy lot
To see my valiant cousin, great Gustavus,
Tell him—for once, that I have fought like him
And would like him have'—

Conquer'd—he should have said—but there, O th
Death stopt him short.

Gus. Come to my arms, and let me hide thy tear
I have caught their softness—O Danes! Danes!
You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not, broth
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance
A life for ev'ry blow, and when we fall,
There shall be weight in't; like the tott'ring tower
That draw contiguous ruin.

Siv. Brave, brave man!
My soul admires thee—By my father's spirit,
I would not barter such a death as this
For immortality! Nor we alone—
There be the trusty gleanings of that field
Where last we fought for freedom; here's ric
poverty,
Though wrapp'd in rags, my fifty brave companions

Who through the force of fifteen thousand foes
Bore off their king, and sav'd his great remains.

Gus. Give me your hands, those valiant hands.

—Why, captain,

We could but die, alone ;—with these we'll conquer.
My fellow lab'ers too——What say ye, friends?
Shall we not strike for 't?

All. Death ; victory or death !

No bonds, no bonds !

Arn. Spoke like yourselves—Ye men of Dalecarlia,
Brave men and bold ! Whom ev'ry future age,
Tongues, nations, languages, and rolls of fame
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won
From honour's dang'rous summit, warriors all !
Say, might ye chuse a chief, for high exploits,
From the first annal, to the latest praise
That breathes a hero's name—Speak, name the man
Who then should meet your wish ?

Siv. Forbear the theme.

Why wouldst thou seek to sink us with the weight
Of grievous recollection ? O Gustavus !
Could the dead wake, thou wert that man of men,
First of the foremost.

Gus. Didst thou know Gustavus ?

Siv. Know him ! O Heav'n ! what else, who else
was worth

The knowledge of a soldier ? That great day,
When Cristiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,
Had summ'd his powers, and weigh'd the scale of fight,

bold brink, the very push of conquest,
 as rush'd, and bore the battle down,
 all sway of prowess, like Leviathan
 rears his foaming progress on the main,
 sweeps the shoals along—forward I sprung,
 zealous, and lab'ring to attend him;
 and before, behind him rout grew loud,
 constant wonder gaz'd—At length he turn'd,
 giving eye'd me with a wondrous look
 sternness mix'd with glory—grace inestimable
 took'd this bracelet from his conqu'ring arm
 and bound it here—My wrist seem'd treble nerv'd;
 he spoke to him, and I did such deeds
 that might thank him—but from that bless'd day
 I saw him more—yet still to this,

as to the relics of my saint:
 when I drop a tear on ev'ry bead,
 all the glories of Gustavus o'er,
 I sink I still behold him.

Rightly thought;
 thou dost, my soldier.
 Leave my arms—Off, off, ye dark disguises!
 I will be myself. Behold your general,
 Gustavus! Come once more to lead ye on
 to quell'd victory, to fame, to freedom!

Dale. Is it?

Dale. Yes.

Dale. No

Dale. 'Tis he!

Dale. 'Tis he!

6th Dale. 'Tis he!

[A shout.

Siv. Strike me, ye powers!—It is illusion all!

It cannot—

Gus. What, no nearer?

Siv. 'Tis, it is!— [Falls and embraces his knees,

Gus. O speechless eloquence!

Rise to my arms, my friend.

Siv. Friend! said you friend?

O my heart's lord! my conqueror! my!——

Gus. Approach, my fellow soldiers! your Gustavus
Claims no precedence here: friendship like mine
Throws all respects behind it—'tis enough—
I read your joys, your transports in your eyes;
And wou'd, 'O wou'd I had a life to spend,
For ev'ry soldier here! whose ev'ry life's
Far dearer than my own; dearer than aught,
Except your liberty, except your honour.
Perish Gustavus, ere this sacred sun,
That lights the rest of Sweden to their shame,
Should blush upon your chains! Why said I chains?
To souls like yours, I shou'd have talk'd of triumphs,
Empire, and fame, and hazards imminent,
Occasions wish'd, for glory—Haste, brave men!
Collect your friends to join us on the instant;
Summon our brethren to their share of conquest;
And let loud echo, from her circling hills,
Sound freedom, till the undulation shake
The bounds of utmost Sweden.

[Exit Dalecarlians, crying 'Gustavus! Gustavus!
Liberty!'

ANDERSON enters.

And. There was a glorious sound !

Gus. Yes, Anderson,

The long wish'd hour is come—the storm is up,
And wrecks will follow. Where they are to light
Let Heav'n determine. Well, my noble friend,
Has Peterson set out ?

And. He has, this instant ;

And bears your packet to the tyrant's camp.

Gus. What think you of his zeal ?

And. In truth, my

It wears a gallant shou

Gus. 'Tis specious all,

Flash without fire, the lightning of a cloud
That carries darkness in the rear—For Peterson
To spread my letters through the camp of Cristiern,
And seek for succours in the jaws of death,
It shew'd too bold, too much the flaming patriot ;
Beside, I know him for the friend of Trollio.

And. Why would you then employ him ?

Gus. There's the mystery.

'Tis not his faith, but treachery I trust to.
My letters are directed to the chiefs
Of those inglorious mercenary Swedes,
Whom Cristiern has seduc'd to join his host,
And turn the sword of conquest on their country ;
To each of those I have address'd in terms
Of special correspondence, meant to rouse
jealousy of Cristiern ; as I think,
your packet can't escape him—What ensues ?

F ij

The tyrant hence concludes himself betray'd,
Sifts all his legions, thins the ranks of fight,
And leaves them open to our bold invasion.
But grant that Peterson deceive my aim,
And hold the rank of virtue; then the Swedes
May waken to the glorious call of honour.
So—ev'ry way it saves us from the guilt
Of Swedes encount'ring Swedes, and spares the blood
Of brethren, though revolted.

And. On my soul,
This is a stratagem that saps the miner;
Makes treason turn a traitor to itself,
And mock its own designs.

Gus. O noble friend, fast winds the great machine
That strikes the fate of Sweden—Go, my Anderson,
Assemble all thy brave adherents round thee,
With warlike inspiration warm their souls,
And haste to join me here.

And. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

LAERTES enters.

Laer. Thy presence nobly speaks the man I wish,
Gustavus.

Gus. Yes. Thou hast a hostile garb,
Ha! say—Art thou Laertes? If I err not,
There is a friendly semblance in that face,
Which answers to a fond impression here,
And tells me I'm thy debtor—My deliv'rer!

Laer. No, valiant prince, you over-rate my service,
There is a worthier object of your gratitude
Whom yet you know not—Oh, I have to tell—
But then to gain your credit, must unfold

haply should be secret—Be it so;
e all honour.

Let me to thy mind :
ou hast wak'd my soul into a thought
olds me all attention.

. Mightiest man !

alone you held yourself oblig'd
e and liberty—Had it been so,
more bless'd, with retribution just
/ thee for my own : for on the day
by your arm the mighty Thraces fell,
hrew me to your sword—You spar'd my youth,
i the very whirl and rage of fight
ye was taught compassion—from that hour
d my life slave of your rememb'rance ;
ften, as Cristina, heavenly maid !
mistress of my service, question'd me
s and vent'rous deeds, my tidings came
eighted with thy name, until the day
ch yourself appear'd, to make praise speechless.
a saw you then, and on your fate
'd a kind tear ; and when your noble scorn
ffer'd terms provok'd her father's rage
ce the deadly forfeit, she, she only,
e virtues watch'd the precious hour of mercy,
embling, sent my secret hand to save you ;
e, through a pass unknown to all your keepers,
ou forth, and gave you to your liberty.
. Oh, I am sunk, o'erwhelm'd with wondrous
goodness !

Gus. Is it thus we two should meet ?

Arv. Art thou not false ? deep else, oh, deep indeed
Were my damnation.

Gus. Dear, unhappy man !

My heart bleeds for thee. False I 'd surely been,
Had I like thee been tempted.

Arv. Ha ! speak, speak,
Did thou not send to treat with Cristiern ?

Gus. Never.

I know thy error, but I know the arts,
The frauds, the wiles, that practis'd on thy virtue ;
Firm how you stood, and tow'r'd above mortality ;
Till in the fond unguarded hour of love,
The wily undermining Trollio came,
And won thee from thyself—a moment won thee :
For still thou art Arvida, still the man
On whom thy country calls for her deliv'rance.
Already are her bravest sons in arms ;
Mark how they shout, impatient of our presence,
To lead them on to a new life of liberty,
To fame, to conquest—Ha, Heav'n guard my brother
Thy cheek turns pale, thy eye is wild upon me,
Wilt thou not answer me ?

Arv. Gustavus !

Gus. Speak.

Arv. Have I not dream'd ?

Gus. No other I esteem it.

Where lives the man whose reason slumbers not ?
Still pure, still blameless, if at wonted dawn
Again he wakes to virtue.

Arv. Oh, my dawn
Must soon be dark. Confusion dissipates,
To leave me worse confounded.

Gus. Think no more on 't.
Come to my arms, thou dearest of mankind !

Arv. Stand off ! Pollution dwells within my touch,
And horror hangs around me—Cruel man !
Oh, thou hast doubly damn'd me with this goodness :
For resolution held the deed as done,
That now must sink me—Hark ! I'm summon'd hence ;
My audit opens ! Poise me ! for I stand
Upon a spire, against whose sightless base
Hell breaks his wave beneath. Down, down I dare
not,

And up I cannot look, for justice fronts me.
Thou shalt have vengeance, though my purpling blood
Were nectar for heav'n's bowl, as warm and rich,
As now 'tis base, it thus should pour for pardon.

[*Gustavus catches his arm, and in the struggle the
dagger falls.*]

Gus. Ha ! Hold, Arvida---No, I will not lose thee---
Forbid it, Heav'n ! thou shalt not rob me so ;
No, I will struggle with thee to the last,
And save thee from thyself. Oh, answer me !
Wilt thou forsake me ? Answer me my brother,
My best Arvida !

Arv. I would speak to thee——
But let it be by silence——Oh, Gustavus !

Gus. Say but you 'll live.

Arv. Oh !

Gus. For my sake.

Arv. Yes, take me ;

Expose me, cage me, brand me for the toad
Of crafted villains, for the veriest slave,
On whom the bend of each contemptuous
Shall look with loathing. Ah, my turpitude
Shall be the vile comparative for knaves
To boast and whiten by !

Gus. Not so, not so.

Who knows no fault, my friend, knows not
The rectitude that Heav'n appoints to man
Leads on through error ; and the kindly smile
Of having stray'd, endears the road to bliss
It makes heav'n's way more pleasing ! Oh,
'Tis hence a thousand cordial charities
Derive their growth, their vigour, and their life
This short lapse
Shall to thy future foot give cautious tread
Erect and firm in virtue

Arv. Give me leave. [O.]

Gus. You shall not pass.

Arv. I must.

Gus. Whither ?

Arv. I know not—Oh, Gustavus !

Gus. Speak.

Arv. You can't forgive me.

Gus. Not forgive thee !

Arv. No :

Look there.— [Points to
And yet when I resolv'd to kill thee,

ld have dy'd—indeed I could—for thee
ld have dy'd, Gustavus !

v. Oh, I know it.

n'rous mind, though sway'd awhile by passion,
e the steely vigour of the bow;
olds its native rectitude, and bends
o recoil more forceful. Come, forget it.

A Dalecarlian enters.

le. My lord, as I now pass'd the mountain's brow,
d some men, whose arms, and strange attire,
cause for circumspection.

l. Danes, perhaps ;

, intercept their passage to the camp. [*Exit Dal.*

v. Those are the Danes that witness to my shame.

l. Perish th' opprobrious term ! not so, Arvida ;
lf will be the guardian of thy fame ;

me, I will—Our friends approach—Oh, clear,

e I attend them, clear that cloud, my brother,

sits upon the morning of thy youth :

ngs too near the heart of thy Gustavus. [*Exit.*

v. Of thy Gustavus ! Oh, wretch, wretch, cursed
wretch !

: is this time and place, and toys of circumstance,

wind our actions, so, as Heaven's own hand

t's done may not unravel ?—Pardon may !—

e's the Lethean sweet, the snow of heav'n,

blanching o'er the negro front of guilt,

to the eye of mercy all appears

as th' unwritten page—yet self-convict.

Though Heav'n's free pow'r should pardon, where's
my peace?

Thus, thus to be driven out from my own breast!
To have no shed, no shelt'ring nook at home
To take reflection in! How looks the wretch
Whose heart cries villain to itself? I'll not
Endure its battery—Somewhat must be done
Of high import ere night, that I may sleep,
Or wake for ever.

GUSTAVUS *enters, followed by the Dalecarlians,*
ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, Officers, &c.

1st Dale. Let us all see him!

2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general.

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be
found.

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.

7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.

And. Do, my lord.

Gus. My countrymen!—

1st Dale. Ho! hear him.

2d Dale. Peace!

3d Dale. Peace!

4th Dale. Peace!

Gus. Amazement, I perceive, hath fill'd your hearts,
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and
deaths,

Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before ye.
 As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
 From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and vengeful
 Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
 And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
 Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
 And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity,
 Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
 Swept my great sire, and kindred from my side;
 For them Gustavus weeps not; though my eyes
 Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
 But, Oh, great parent, when I think on thee!
 Thy numberless, thy nameless shameful infamies,
 My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
 Upon thy desolation, spite of rage——
 And vengeance that would choak them——tears will
 flow.

And. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
 Practis'd to stab and smile; to stab the babe,
 That smiles upon them.

Ann. What accursed hours
 Roll o'er those wretches, who to fiends like these,
 In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
 Than worlds will rate for!

Gus. Oh, liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative!
 True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
 Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
 For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred liberty!
 Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
 Like the bold stork, you seek the wintry shore,

Leave courts and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm !
Upborn by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants!
With thee, I sought this fav'rite soil ; with thee,
These fav'rite sons I sought—thy sons, O Liberty!
For ev'n amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty ! Liberty !

Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world,
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty ?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope, and bright ambition of your souls ?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers,
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring thrones,
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings
That dar'd the bold infringement ? What, but liberty,
Through the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctify'd their shade ?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world,
Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory ?

1st Dale. No.

2d Dale. Never, never.

3d Dale. Perish all first.

4th Dale. Die all!

Gus. Yes, die by piecemeal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!
 Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
 To see ye fear'd; to see that ev'n your foes
 Do justice to your valours!—There they be,
 The pow'rs of kingdoms summ'd in yonder host,
 Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
 And, Oh, when I look round and see you here,
 Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
 My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
 True courage but from opposition grows;
 And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
 Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
 That strikes for liberty? That strikes to save
 His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
 His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
 And his large honours from eternal infamy?
 What, doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here,
 Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
 And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
 To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!
 Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
 You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them—
 This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
 Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
 Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
 And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
 Flee to its fountain?

3d *Dale*. On, lead us on, Gustavus : one word more
Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.

He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms !
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down ; then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close upon the vale :
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts beat
high !

Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each, singly, equal to an host of foes ;
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes' light !
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,
Thunder within his grasp, and light'ning in his eye

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Camp. CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, and
Attendants enter.

Cristiern.

ation's just ; I see it, Trollio :
ines ; with all their boasted freedom,
ents turn upon some fav'rite passion ;
d the latent foible out,
spring, and wind them at our pleasure.
leav'n spy out for virtue, and then
e it ;

raily are the statesman's quarry,
our search, and of our science,
smiles, and cherish'd by our bounty ;
u lord it o'er your servile senates:
laves will stoop to gorge their lusts,
ited! ev'n the tongues of patriots,
f clamour) oft relax the nerve,
rmth of favour.

else should kings subsist ? For what is

r,

onduct of another's weakness?

ll'd virtue, is the bane of government,

state, that asks suppression ;

and unbending quality ;

id, still restive to the rein,

ar unspeedy : they who boast it

G iij

Are traitors, rivals of their king, my Trollio ;
 And, wanting other subjects, greatly dare
 To lord it o'er themselves. Such is Gustavus,
 If yet he be——

And such Arvida was ; though now, I trust,
 He is too far advanc'd in our designs
 To think of a retreat.

Trol. Impossible !

Already has he leap'd the guilty mound
 That might appal his virtue ; for the world
 He dare not now look back ; where shame pu
 And cuts off all retreat.

A Gentleman Usher and PETERSON enter, and
Gent. My liege, Lord Peterson.

Crist. Rise to our trust, most worthy Peter
 Rise to our friendship : by my head, I swear,
 Bar but our Trollio here, there 's not a Swede
 Who holds thy valued level in our heart !
 For thou 'rt unshaken, though thy nation swe
 Faithful among the faithless.

Peter. What I am,
 Let this inform your majesty. [Gives a

Trol. A packet !
 Whence had you that, my friend ?

Peter. Even from the hands
 Of the once great Gustavus.

Crist. Then you have seen him. Tell me,
 Peterson,
 What said he ? Eh ! How look'd the mighty
 His means, his scope, the pride of his presur
 Give me the whole !

Peter. Last night, my gracious lord,
 While yet I held your messenger in conference,
 Arriv'd, who brought a letter from Gustavus,
 Wherein, digesting many flagrant terms
 Of mutinous import against the state
 Of your high dignity, by morning light
 He pray'd me to attend him; boasting much
 Of plenteous hopes, and means of boldest enterprize.
 Of this I gave you notice; and ere dawn
 Set out for fresh intelligence—I came;
 I saw him shrunk, that glory of the north,
 Soil'd with the vileness of a slave's attire,
 Where in the depth and darkness of the mines,
 For six long months he hath not seen the sun;
 Collegu'd with circling horrors; hourly toil
 Hath been his watch, and penury his earning;
 But like the lion, newly broke from bonds,
 The mingling passions from his eyes dart glory;
 Pride lifts his stature, and his opening front
 Still looks dominion.

Crist. Who were his adherents?

Peter. The traitor Anderson, and a few friends,
 To whom, ere I set out, he stood reveal'd;
 And when I seem'd to question on his pow'rs
 Of rivalship, the props whereon he meant
 To lift contention to the princely front
 Of such high opposition, he reply'd,
 His powers were near your person.

Crist. How! what's here? [*Looks on the paquet.*
 To Laurens, Aland, Haquin, and Roderic?
Confusion! Treason's in our camp! Who's there?

Gent. My liege !

Crist. Bear this to Norbi——Bid him seize

[*Gives a signet.*]

The Swedish captains.

Trol. Might I but presume——

Crist. I will not be controul'd—bid him seize all,
Soldiers and chiefs ! By hell, there 's not a Swede,
But lurks an instrument to prompt rebellion,
And plots upon my life ! Look there, 'tis evident :

[*Gives Trollio a letter.*]

They are all leagu'd, confed'rate with Gustavus,
Th' abettors of his treason.

Trol. It should seem so ;

And yet it should not—Tell me, Peterson,
Art thou assur'd thy credit with Gustavus
Will answer to a trust like this ?—Ha ! Say.

Peter. Yes, well assur'd : my zeal appear'd too warm
To give the least cold colour for suspicion.

Trol. I fear, my friend, I fear he has o'er-reach'd you.
Divide and conquer, is the sum of politics.
Beyond the dreaded circle of his sword,
Gustavus triumphs in an ample genius ;
He walks at large, sees clear and wide around him ;
Calm in the storm and turbulence of action,
He ponders on the last event of things,
And makes each cause subservient to the consequence.

Crist. You over-rate his craft ; they 're false, my Trollio,
False ev'ry Swede of them ; I read their souls.

CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.

Cristina. I heard it was your royal pleasure, sir,
I should attend your highness.

Cristina,
interferes. [*Exeunt Cristina and Mar.*

An Officer enters.

v'reign liege !
: western shelving of yon hill,
ough indistinctly, we can spy,
notion must'ring on the heath ;
one who saith he can discern
tial gesture, and bright arms,
y bend their action.
ads, perhaps :
re too daring——Haste thee, Trollio,
asand of our Danish horse,
motions. We will out ourself,
: pow'rs in readiness. Lead on. [*Exeunt.*
RISTINA and MARIANA enter.

did you mark, my princess, did you
k ?
reverse, some wondrous whirl of fate,
turn Gustavus to the battle,
is arm, and wreath his brow with con-
st,
ou not repent that e'er you sav'd
l man, the foe of your great race,
npetuous in his country's cause,
of a kingdom ?
my friend :
h or bondage sold my sire,
ivus on our native realms
inroad, then, my Mariana,

Had I then sav'd him from the stroke of justice
 I should not cease my suit to Heaven for pardon
 But if, though in a foe, to reverence virtue,
 Withstand oppression, rescue injur'd innocents
 Step boldly in betwixt my sire and guilt,
 And save my king, my father, from dishonour
 If this be sin, I have shook hands with penitence
 First, perish crowns, dominion, all the shine
 And transience of this world, ere guilt shall
 To buy the vain incumbrance.

Mar. Do not think

I meant, my princess, to arraign your virtues
 Howe'er I seem'd to question on the consequence

Cristina. The consequence of virtue must
 It must. Though it should prove my father
 In being rescu'd from one act of guilt,
 To lose the whole of all his wide dominions,
 He were a gainer. Blasted be that royalty,
 Which murder must make sure, and crimes in
 The bulk of kingdoms, nay, the world is light
 When guilt weighs opposite. Oh, would to
 The loss of empire would restore his innocence
 Restore the fortunes, and the precious lives
 Of thousands, fall'n the victims of ambition!

LAERTES enters.

Ha, Laertes! most welcome—Well, and happy
 Say, Laertes——

Laer. O royal maid!——

Cristina. Thy looks are doubtful. Speak—
 Why art thou silent? Does he live?

Laer. He does ;

But death, ere night, must fill a long account.
The camp, the country 's in confusion ; war
And changes ride upon the hour that hastes
To intercept my tongue—I else could tell
Of virtues hitherto beyond my ken ;
Courage, to which the lion stoops his crest,
Yet grafted upon qualities as soft
As a rock'd infant's meekness ; such as tempts
Against my faith, my country, and allegiance,
To wish thee speed, Gustavus.

Cristina. Then you found him.

Laer. I did ; and warn'd him ; but in vain : for
death

To him appear'd more grateful than to find
His friend's dishonour.

Cristina. Give me the manner—quick—soft, good
Laertes !

CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, PETERSON, Danes, &c.
enter.

Crist. Damn'd, double traitor ! Oh, curs'd, false
Arvida !

Guard well the Swedish pris'ners ; bind them hard.
Stand to your arms. Bring forth the captives there.

AUGUSTA and GUSTAVA *enter, guarded.*

Trol. My liege——

Crist. Away ! I'll hear no more of politics.
Fortune ! we will not trust the changeling more ;

I am, it should well suit with your authority,

[*To Augusta.*]

check this frenzy in your son. Look to it,
by the saints, this hour 's your last of life.

Aug. Come, my Gustava ; come, my little captive ;
shall be free ; our tyrant is grown kind ;
for these chains that bind thy pretty arms,
golden cherubim shall lend thee wings,
thou shalt mount amid the smiling choir
of heav'nly songsters, like thyself,
rob'd in innocence.

us. Will you go, mother ?

Aug. So help me, mercy ! Yes, I 'll go, my child ;
I will give thee to thy father's fondness,
to the arms of all thy royal race
heav'n, who sit on thrones, with loves, and joys,
pleasures smiling round.

rist. Is this my answer ?

be forth, ye ministers of death, come forth.

Ruffians enter, who seize Augusta and Gustava.

check them asunder. We shall prove you, lady.

is my damn'd lot, thus ever to be cross'd
with rank blown pride, and insolence eternal.

us. Oh, mother, take me, take me from these
men !

they fright me with their looks.

Aug. Alas, my child, I cannot take thee from them !

us. Oh, they will hurt me ! Can't you take me,
mother ?

Aug. They can't, they cannot hurt you, my Gustav.
Fear not, my little one ; your name should be
A charm o'er cowardice : for you are call'd
After your valiant brother. He 'll disown you ;
He will not love you, if you fear, Gustava.

Cristiana. Ah, I can hold no longer ! Royal sir,
Thus on my knees, and lower, lower still——

Crist. My child ! What mean you ?

Cristina. Oh, my gracious father !
Kill, kill me, rather ; let me perish first ;
But do not stain the sanctity of kings
With the sweet blood of helpless innocence ;
Do not, my father ; spare the little orphans,
And let the lambs go free.

Aug. Ha ! who art thou,
That look'st so like the 'habitants of heaven ?
Like mercy sent upon the morning's blush,
To glad the heart, and cheer a gloomy world
With light till now unknown ?

Crist. Away ! they come.

I'll hear no more of your ill-tim'd petitions.

Cristina. Oh, yet for pity !

Crist. I will none on't ;—Leave me—
Pity ! it is the infant fool of nature.
Fear off her hold, and bear her to her tent.

[*Exeunt Cristina, Mar. Laer. and Attendant*

An Officer enters.

Off. My liege, Gustavus, though with much reluctance,

Consents to one hour's truce. His soldiers rest
Upon their arms, and, follow'd by a few,
He comes to know your terms.

Crist. I see ; fall back.

Stand firm. Be ready, slaves, and, on the word,
Plunge deep your daggers in their bosoms.

[*Points to Aug.*

GUSTAVUS, ARVIDA, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS,
SIVARD, &c. *enter.*

Hold !

Gus. Ha ! 'tis, it is my mother !

Crist. Tell me, Gustavus, tell me, why is this,
That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
Upon a dry, unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation ? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light,
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen rebuke
Of guarded majesty ; where justice waits,
All awful, and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion ?

Gus. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights ! Oh, patience ! Rights ! What rights,
thou tyrant ?

Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,
If wrongs give right, oh, then, supreme in mischief,
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,
Too narrow for thy claim ! But if thou think'st

That crowns are vilely propertyed, like coin,
To be the means, the specialty of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,
Can authorise oppression, give a law
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,
Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it large
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute? As on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms, of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty.
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed, must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock

Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Gus. Mistaken man !

I come empower'd, and strengthen'd in thy weakness:
For though the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement : pray'rs and tears,
And secret curses sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it :
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of Heaven !
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion ? Know'st thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up,
As sacred to damnation ?

Gus. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,
That Heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the morning, are the words
Of christian meekness ! mission all divine !
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,

Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach heaven, but with a downward eye,
That turns your souls to dross; who, shouting, loose
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings through the
realm,

Receive your sanction. Oh, 't is glorious mischief!
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n
A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
That hell would shrink to own.

Crist. No more of this.

Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!

Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot breast
Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh, thou canst
not!

Thou hast outsin'd all reck'ning! Give me then

that 's left, my gentle mother there,
are yon little trembler.

. Yes, on terms
compact and submission.

Ha! with thee?

& with thee! and mean'st thou for my country,
eden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
ugh it wring for 't, though blood drop for tears,
the sight my straining eyes start forth——
both shall perish first.

. Slaves, do your office.

Hold yet——Thou canst not be so damn'd!

My mother!

not ask thy blessing. Where's Arvida?
art thou? Come, my friend, thou'st known
temptation,

herefore best can pity or support me.

. Alas! I shall but serve to weigh thee down-
ward,

ll thee from the dazzling, sightless, height,
ich thy virtue soars. For, O Gustavus!

ul is dark, disconsolate and dark;
o the world, and hateful to myself.
no country now; I've nought but thee;
ould yield up the int'rest of mankind,
e thine's in question.

. See, my son relents.

d, O king! yet spare us but a moment;
tle sister shall embrace his knees,
hese fond arms around his duteous neck,
in to bend him to us.

Crist. Could I trust ye——

Arv. I'll be your hostage.

Crist. Granted.

Gus. Hold, my friend——

[*Here Arvida breaks from Gustavus, and passes to
Cristiern's party, while Augusta and Gustava go
over to Gustavus.*]

Aug. Is it then giv'n, yet giv'n me, ere I die,
To see thy face, Gustavus ? Thus to gaze,
To touch, to fold thee thus ?——My son, my son !
And have I liv'd to this ? It is enough.
All arm'd, and in thy country's precious cause
Terribly beauteous ; to behold thee thus !
Why, 'twas my only, hourly suit to Heaven,
And now 'tis granted. Oh, my glorious child !
Bless'd were the throes I felt for thee, Gustavus :
For from the breast, from out your swathing bands,
You stepp'd the child of honour.

Gus. Oh, My mother !

Aug. Why stands that water trembling in thy eye
Why heaves thy bosom ? Turn not thus away ;
'Tis the last time that we must meet, my child,
And I will have thee whole. Why, why, Gustavus,
Why is this form of heaviness ? For me,
I trust, it is not meant ; you cannot think
So poorly of me. I grow old, my son,
And to the utmost period of mortality,
I ne'er should find a death's hour like to this,
Whereby to do thee honour.

Gus. Roman patriots !

Ye, Decii, self-devoted to your country,
You gave no mothers up! Will annals yield
No precedents for this, no elder boast,
Whereby to match my trial?

Aug. No, Gustavus;
For Heaven still squares our trial to our strength,
And thine is of the foremost. Noble youth!
Ev'n I, thy parent, with a conscious pride,
Have often bow'd to thy superior virtues.
Oh, there is but one bitterness in death!
One only sting——

Gus. Speak, speak!

Aug. 'Tis felt for thee.
Too well I know thy gentleness of soul,
Melting as babes; ev'n now the pressure's on thee,
And bends thy loveliness to earth. O child!
The dear, but sad foretaste of thy affliction,
Already kills thy mother. But, behold,
Behold thy valiant followers, who to thee,
And to the faith of thy protecting arm,
Have giv'n ten thousand mothers, daughters too,
Who in thy virtue yet may learn to bear
Millions of free-born sons, to bless thy name,
And pray for their deliverer. Oh, farewell!
This, and but this, the very last, adieu!
Heav'n sit victorious on thy arm, my son,
And give thee to thy merits.

Crist. Ah, thou trait'ress!

Gus. Oh, brother! an't you stronger than that
man?

Do n't let him take my mother.

Aug. See, Gustavus ;

My little captive waits for one embra

Gus. Come to my arms thou lamb.

Oh, that they were of force to hold t

To let thee to my heart ; there lock

And circle thee with life ! But 't will

Gustawa. I'll stay with you, my l

Gus. Killing innocence !

That I was born to see this hour !

The pains of hell are on me ! Take !

Gustawa. I will not part with you ;

Gus. Take her—Distraction ! H
mother ;

Oh !—else I shall run mad—quite ma

Arv. Hold, madam—Hear me,
Gustavus !

Thus low I bend my pray'r ; reject

If once, if ever thou didst love Arvic

Oh, leave me here to answer to the w

Of this fell tyrant ! Save thy honour'

And that sweet lamb from slaughter.

Gus. Cruel friendship !

Crist. And, by my life, I'd take
Thou doubly damn'd ! but that
please thee.

Aug. No, gen'rous prince ; thy blo
The price of our dishonour. Come,
Weep not, sweet babe ; there shal
nigh thee.

Crist. 'Tis well, proud dame; you are returned,
I see.

Each to his charge. Here break we off, Gustavus:
For to the very teeth of thy rebellion
We dash defiance back.

Gus. Alas, my mother!
Grief chokes up utterance; else I have to say
What never tongue unfolded—Yet return,
Come back; and I will give up all to save thee:
For on the cov'ring of thy sacred head
My heart drops blood. Thou fountain of my life!
Dearer than mercy is to kneeling penitence,
My early blessing, first and latest joy,
Return, return, and save thy lost Gustavus!

Crist. No more, thou trifler!

Aug. Oh, farewell for ever!

[Exeunt Cristiern and his party. Gustavus and his party remain.]

Gus. Then she is gone—Arvida! Anderson!
For ever gone—Arnoldus, friends, where are ye?
Help here! heave, heave this mountain from me—
oh!——

Heav'n keep my senses!—So—we will to battle;
But let no banners wave—Be still, thou trump,
And ev'ry martial sound that gives the war
To pomp or levity: for vengeance now
Is clad with heavy arms, sedately stern,
~~Resolv'd, but~~ silent as the slaughter'd heaps
is brooding.

the sword and soul

Grapples not to thee, as to all they hold
Of earthly estimation ? Said I more,
It were but half my thought.

And. On thee we gaze,
As one unknown till this important hour ;
Pre-eminent of men !

Siv. Accurs'd be he,
Who, in thy leading, will not fight, and strive,
And bleed, and gasp with pleasure !

And. We are thine,
All, all, both we and our's ; whom thou this day
Hast dearly purchas'd.

Arn. Though to yield us up,
Had scarce been less than virtue.

Gus. Oh, my friends !
I see 'tis not for man to boast his strength
Before the trial comes. This very hour,
Had I a thousand parents, all seem'd light,
When weigh'd against my country ; and, but now,
One mother seem'd of weight to poize the world,
Tho' conscious truth and reason were against her :
For oh, howe'er the partial passions sway,
High heav'n assigns but one unbiass'd way ;
Direct through ev'ry opposition leads,
Where shelves decline, and many a steep impedes.
Here hold we on, tho' thwarting fiends alarm,
Here hold we on, tho' devious syrens charm ;
In Heav'n's disposing pow'r events unite,
Nor aught can happen wrong to him who acts aright.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Royal Tent. CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.

Cristina.

Oh, Mariana! list—No, all is silent—
 Not fancy, sure—Didst thou hear aught?
 Too plain, the voice of terror seiz'd my ear,
 My heart sinks within me.

tina. Oh, I fear
 War is now at work!—As winds, methought,
 Borne through hollow vaults, the sound ap-
 proach'd;
 Sound, yet laden with a thousand notes
 Of fearful variation; then it swell'd
 In instant shouts, now coming on the gale;
 Then, borne backward with a parting groan,
 It sunk to horrid stillness.

r. Look, my princess;
 Oh! withhold thy eyes! the place grows dark,
 A dark cloud of sorrow stains the day,
 It throws its gloom around.

Slaves enter, as bearing the bodies of Augusta and Gustava on a bier covered; four Women, in chains, follow, weeping.

stina. Whence are you, say, you daughters of
 affliction?

Their speech is in their tears—Avert, ye saints,
Avert that thought!—Soft,—hold ye! I've a tear
For ev'ry mourner—Ah! [*Looks under the cover*]

Mar. What mean you, madam?

Cristina. Reflection, come not there—See it
eyes!

How art thou split, thou blood of royalty!
Close at the paleness of its parent-breast
The babe lies slaughter'd. Tell me, who did this
No, hold ye—say not that my father did it;
For duty then turns rebel. Cruel father!
Oh, that some villager, whose early toil
Lifts the penurious morsel to his mouth,
Had claim'd my birth! Ambition had not then
Thus stepp'd 'twixt me and heav'n.

Mar. Go, bear it hence——

Turn, turn, my royal mistress.

Cristina. Ah, Augusta!

Among thy foes thou 'rt fall'n; thou 'rt fall'n in virtue
Exalt thyself, O Guilt! for here the good
Have none who may lament them. Sit we down;
For I grow weary of the world; let Death
Within his vaulty durance, dark and still,
Receive me too; and where the afflicted rest,
There fold me in for ever.

LAERTES *enters.*

Laer. Arise, Cristina; fly, thou royal virgin!
This morn beheld thee mistress of the North,
Bright heir of Scandinavia; and this hour

Has left thee not, throughout thy wide dominions,
Whereon to rest thy foot !

Cristina. Now, praise to Heaven !

Say but my father lives——

Laer. At your command

I went ; and, from a neighb'ring summit, view'd
Where either host stood adverse, sternly wedg'd,
Reflecting on each other's gloomy front
Fell hate and fix'd defiance. When at once
The foe mov'd on, attendant to the steps
Of their Gustavus—He, with mournful pace,
Came slow and silent, till two hapless Danes
Prick'd forth, and on his helm discharg'd their fury ;
Then rous'd the lion—To my wondring sight
His stature grew twofold ; before his eye
All force seem'd wither'd, and his horrid plume
Shook wild dismay around ; as Heav'n's dread bolt
He shot ; he pierc'd our legions ; in his strength
His shouting squadron gloried, rushing on
Where'er he led the battle. Full five times,
Hemm'd by our mightier host the foe seem'd lost,
And swallow'd from my sight ; five times again
Like flame they issued to the light ; and thrice
These eyes beheld him ; they beheld Gustavus,
Unhors'd, and by a host girt singly in ;
And thrice he broke through all.

Cristina. My blood runs chill.

Laer. With such a strenuous, such a labour'd
conflict,

Sure never field was fought ! until Gustavus

Aloud cry'd, Victory! and on his spear
Rear'd high th' imperial diadem of Denmark.
Then slack'd the battle, then recoil'd our host;
His echo'd, victory! and now would know
No bounds; rout follow'd, and the face of fight—
She heeds me not.

Cristina. Oh, ill-starr'd royalty!
My father! cruel, dear, unhappy father!
Summon'd so sudden! fearful, fearful thought!
Step in, sweet mercy! for thy time was—Ha!

*CRISTIERN enters, flying, without his helmet, in disorder,
his sword broken, and his garments bloody; he throws
away his sword, and speaks.*

Crist. Give us new arms of proof; fresh horses,
quick!—
A watch without there—Set a standard up,
To guide our scatter'd pow'rs—Haste, my friends,
haste!
We must begone—Oh, for some cooling stream,
To slake a monarch's thirst!

Laër. A post, my liege,
A second post from Denmark says——

Crist. All 's lost.
Is it not so? Begone! Perdition choak thee——
Give me a moment's solitude—Thought, thought,
Where wouldst thou lead?

Cristina. He sees me not—Alas, alas, my father!
Oh, what a war there lives within his eye!
Where greatness struggles to survive itself.

I tremble to approach him ; yet I fain
 Would bring peace to him—Don't you know me, sir ?
 My father ! look upon me : look, my father !
 Why strains your lip, and why that doubtful eye,
 Through fury melting o'er me ? Turn, ah, turn !
 I cannot bear its softness—How ! nay, then,
 There is a falling dagger in that tear,
 To kill thy child, to murder thy *Cristina*.

Crist. Then thou'rt *Cristina*.

Cristina. Yes.

Crist. My child ?

Cristina. I am.

Crist. Curse me, then, curse me ! join with heav'n,
 and earth,
 And hell, to curse !

Cristina. Alas ! on me, my father,
 Thy curses be on me ; but on thy head
 Fall blessings from that Heav'n which has this day
 Preserv'd thy life in battle.

Crist. What have I
 To do with Heav'n ? Damnation ! What am I ?
 All frail and transient, as my laps'd dominions !
 Ev'n now the solid earth prepares to slide
 From underneath me. Nature's pow'r cries out,
 " Leave him, thou universe ! " No—Hold me, Heav'n !
 Hold me, thou Heav'n, whom I've forsaken---hold
 Thy creature, though accurs'd !

Cristina. Patience and peace
 Possess thy mind ! Not all thy pride of empire
 E'er gave such bless'd sensation, as one hour

Of penitence, though painful—Let us hence—
Far from the blood and bustle of ambition,
Be it my task to watch thy rising wish,
To smooth thy brow, find comfort for thy cares,
And for thy will, obedience ; still to cheer
The day with smiles, and lay the nightly down
Beneath thy slumbers.

Crist. O thou all that's left me !
Ev'n in the riot, in the rage of fight,
Thy guardian virtues watch'd around my head,
When else no arm could aid---for through my rank
My circling troops, the fell Gustavus rush'd ;
Vengeance ! He cry'd, and with one eager hand
Grip'd fast my diadem---his other arm,
High rear'd the deathful steel---suspended yet ;
For in his eye, and through his varying face,
Conflicting passions fought---he look'd—he stood
In wrath reluctant---Then, with gentler voice ;
“Cristina, thou hast conquer'd ! Go,” he cry'd,
“I yield thee to her virtues.”

TROLLIO enters, and Guards, swords drawn.

Trol. Haste, O king !
The foe hath hemm'd us round ; O haste to save
Thyself and us !

Crist. Thy sword,

[Takes a sword from one of the Guards]

Trol. What means my—

Crist. Villain !

Well thought, by hell ! Ha ! Yes---thou art our
minister,

The rev'rend monitor of vice---the soil,
Baneful and rank with ev'ry principle,
Whence grow the crimes of kings. First perish thou!

[*Stabs him.*

Who taught the throne of pow'r to fix on fear,
And raise its safety, from the public ruin;
Fall thou into the gulph thyself hast fix'd
Between the prince and people; cutting off
Communion from the ear of royalty,
And mercy from complaint---away, away;
Thy death, old man, be on thy countrymen,
Who fell beneath thy counsels. [*Exeunt.*

[*Trollio attempts to rise, and then speaks.*

Trol. Thou bloody tyrant! late, too late I find,
Nor faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust,
Nor force of obligations can subsist
Between the guilty---Oh, let none aspire
To be a king's convenience! Has he virtues,
Those are his own; his vices are his minister's;
Who dares to step 'twixt envy and the throne,
Alike to feel the caprice of his prince,
And public detestation.---Ha! I'm going
But whither? No one near! to feel! to catch!
The world but for an instant! for one ray
To guide my soul! Her way grows wondrous dark,
And down, down, down! [*Dies.*

GUSTAVUS, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, &c.
*enter in triumph. Gustavus advances, and the rest
range themselves on each side of the stage.*

Gus. That we have conquer'd, first we bend to
Heav'n!

And. And next to thee!

All. To thee, to thee, Gustavus!

Gus. No, matchless men! my brothers of the war!
Be it my greatest glory to have mix'd
My arms with yours, and to have fought for once
Like to a Dalecarlian; like to you,
The sires of honour, of a new-born fame,
To be transmitted, from your great memorial,
To climes unknown, to age succeeding age,
'Till time shall verge upon eternity,
And patriots be no more——

Arn. Behold, my lord,
The Danish pris'ners, and the traitor Peterson,
Attend their fate.

Gus. Send home the Danes with honour,
And let them better learn, from our example,
To treat, whom next they conquer, with humanity.

And. But then for Peterson!

Gus. His crimes are great;
A single death were a reward for treason;
Let him still languish---Let him be exil'd,
No more to see the land of liberty,
The hills of Sweden, or the native fields
Of known, endear'd idea.

And. Royal sir,

'This is to pardon, to encourage, villains;
'And hourly to expose that sacred life,
'Where all our safety centers.

Gus. Fear them not.

'The fence of virtue is a chief's best caution;
'And the firm surety of my people's hearts
Is all the guard that e'er shall wait Gustavus.
I am a soldier from my youth; yet, Anderson,
'These wars, where man must wound himself in man,
Have somewhat shocking in them: trust me, friend,
Except in such a cause as this day's quarrel,
I would not shed a single wretch's blood
For the world's empire!

Arn. O exalted Sweden!

Bless'd people! Heav'n! wherein have we deserv'd
A man like this to rule us?

ARVIDA enters, leading in CRISTINA. He runs to Gustavus.

Gus. My Arvida!

Arn. My king! O hail! Thus let me pay my homage. [Kneels.]

Gus. Rise, rise, nor shame our friendship.

Arn. See, Gustavus! Behold, nor longer wonder at my frailty.

Gus. Be faithful, eyes! Ha! Yes, it must be so.

'Tis she---For Heaven would choose no other form
Wherein to treasure ev'ry mental virtue.

Cristina. Renown'd Gustavus! mightiest among men!
If such a wretch, the ' of thy arms,

Trembling, and aw'd in thy superior presence,
May find the grave that every other finds,
For thou art said to be of wondrous goodness!
Then hear, and O excuse a foe's presumption!
While low, thus low, you see a suppliant child,
Now pleading for a father, for a dear,
Much lov'd, if cruel, yet unhappy father.
O, let him 'scape, who ne'er can wrong thee more!
If he with circling nations could not stand
Against thee single; singly what can he,
When thou art fenc'd with nations?

Gus. Ha! that posture!

O rise—surpriz'd, my eye perceiv'd it not.
Cristina! thou all form'd for excellence!
I've much to say, but that my tongue, my thoughts,
Are troubled; warr'd on by unusual passions.
'T was hence thou had'st it in thy power to ask,
Ere I could offer—Come, my friend, assist,
Instruct me to be grateful. O Cristina!
I fought for freedom, not for crowns, thou fair one!
They shall sit brighter on that beauteous head,
Whose eye might awe the monarchs of the earth,
And light the world to virtue—My Arvida!

Arv. O great and good, and glorious to the last!
I read thy soul, I see the gen'rous conflict,
And come to fix, not trouble thy repose.
Cou'd you but know with what an eager haste
I sprung to execute thy late commands;
To shield this lovely object of thy cares,
And give her thus, all beauteous to thy eyes!

For I've no bliss but thine; have lost the form
Of ev'ry wish that's foreign to thy happiness.
But, O my king! my conquerer! my Gustavus!
It grieves me much, that thou must shortly mourn,
Ev'n on the day in which thy country's freed,
That crowns thy arms with conquest and Cristina.

Gus. Alas! your cheek is pale—you bleed, my
brother!

Arv. I do indeed—to death.

Gus. You have undone me:

Rash, headstrong man! O was this well, Arvida?

[Turns from him.]

Arv. Pardon, Gustavus! mine's the common lot,
The fate of thousands fall'n this day in battle.
I had resolv'd on life, to see you bless'd;
To see my king and his Cristina happy.
Turn, thou belov'd, thou honour'd next to heav'n!
And to thy arms receive a penitent,
Who never more shall wrong thee.

Gus. O, Arvida!

Friend! Friend! *[Turns and embraces him.]*

Arv. Thy heart beats comfort to me! in this breast,
Let thy Arvida, let thy friend survive.
O strip his once lov'd image of its frailties,
And strip it too of ev'ry fonder thought,
That may give thee affliction—Do, Gustavus;
It is my last request; for heav'n and thou
Art all the care and business—of Arvida. *[Dies.]*

Gus. Friend! brother! speak—He's gone—and
here is all

That's left of him, who was my life's best treasure.
How art thou fall'n, thou greatly valiant man!
In ruin graceful, like the warrior's spear,
Tho' shiver'd in the dust—so fall Gustavus—
But thou art sped, hast reach'd the goal before me;
And one light lapse throughout thy course in virtue
Shows only thou wert man, ordain'd to strive,
But not attain perfection.—

Dost thou too weep? transcendent, loveliest maid!
Pardon a heart o'ercharg'd with swelling grief,
That in thy presence will not be exil'd,
Though ev'ry joy dwells round thee.

Cristina. O Gustavus!

A bosom pure like thine must soon regain
The heart-felt happiness, that dwells with virtue;
And heav'n on all exterior circumstance
Shall pour the balm of peace, shall pay thee back
The bliss of nations, breathing on thy head
The sweets that live within the pray'rs of foes
Subdued unto thy merits—fare, farewell!

Gus. Thou shalt not part, Cristina.

Cristina. O—I must—

Gus. No, thou art all that's left to sweeten life,
And reconcile the wearied to the world.

Cristina. It will not be—I dare not hear—

Gus. You must.

I am thy suppliant in my turn—but O
My suit is more, much more than life or empire,
Than man can merit, or worlds give without thee.

Cristina. Now aid me, aid me all ye chaster pow'rs

That guard a woman's weakness ! 'tis resolv'd——
Thy own example charms thy suit to silence.
Nor think alone to bear the palm of virtue,
Thou, who hast taught the world, when duty calls,
To throw the bar of every wish behind them.
Exalted in that thought, like thee I rise,
While ev'ry less'ning passion sinks beneath me.
Adieu, adieu, most honour'd, first of men !
I go, I part, I fly, but to deserve thee.

Gus. Yet stay—a moment—till my utt'ring heart
Pour forth in love, in wonder pour before thee.
Thou cruel excellence!—Wou'dst thou too leave me ?
Not if the heart, the arms of thy Gustavus
Have force to hold thee.

Cristina. O delightful notes !
That I do love thee, yes, 'tis true, my lord,
The bond of virtue, friendship's sacred tie,
The lover's pains, and all the sister's fondness,
Mine has the flame of every love within it :
But I have a father, guilty if he be,
Yet is he old ; if cruel, yet a father.
Abandon'd now by ev'ry supple wretch
That fed his ears with flattery, I am all
That's left to calm, to sooth, his troubled soul,
To penitence, to virtue ; and, perhaps,
Restore the better empire o'er his mind,
True seat of all dominion—Yet, Gustavus,
Yet there are mightier reasons—O farewell !
Had I ne'er lov'd, I might have stay'd with honour.

[*Exit.*

Gustavus looks after Cristina, then turns and looks on Arvida; Anderson, Arnoldus, &c. advance.

And. Behold, my lord, behold the sons of war,
Of triumph, turn'd to tears; while from that eye
All Sweden takes her fate; and smiles around,
Or weeps, with her Gustavus.

Arn. Wilt thou not cheer them, say, thou great
deliv'rer?

Siv. O general!

1st Dale. King!

2d Dale. Brother!

3d Dale. Father!

All. Friend!

Gus. Come, come, my brothers all, yes I will strive
To be the sum of every title to you;
And you shall be my sire, my friend reviv'd,
My sister, mother, all that's kind and dear:
For so Gustavus holds ye—O, I will
Of private passions all my soul divest,
And take my dearer country to my breast;
To public good transfer each fond desire,
And clasp my Sweden with a lover's fire;
Well pleas'd, the weight of all her burdens bear,
Dispense all pleasure, but engross all care;
Still quick to find, to feel, my people's woes,
And wake, that millions may enjoy repose.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

A TRAGI-COMIC
EPILOGUE,
BY WAY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

By Mr. OGLE.

Intended for Mr. Wright, Mrs. Giffard, and Mrs. Clive.

Mr. Wright.

*WELL, ladies, to the court your plea submit,
Box, upper-region, gallery, and pit;
Our poet, trembling for his first essay,
Fear'd to dismiss you, though you saw'd his play.*

*Cry'd Nell (in pity for the bashful rogue)
' Give 'em a joke! a joke was once in vogue!
' Thus authors us'd, in less judicious times,
' When merry epilogues were thought no crimes.*

*' That (said Cristina) wou'd his ruin crown:
' Nothing, but virtue, takes this virtuous town.
' No, let his epilogue be clean and chaste:
' This is the sense of ev'ry man of taste!—'*

*High rose the conflict in our room of state,
Where tragic kings and queens maintain debate;
When, lo! we heard, ' your pow'rs began to rise,'
Who e' horrid cat-call is our worst excuse!*

*Our inmost palace felt the loud dissention ;
Where each new tragedy's a new convention.
Whence we determin'd, without further pother,
To give you, of the one, and of the other.*

Mrs. Giffard.

*Our author on the brave and chaste relies ;
He thinks, the virtuous are the only wise.
And, if his muse, with voice exalted, sings,
Of camps and courts, of ministers and kings,
Yet, be not, to the great, his rules confin'd !
His moral is a lesson to mankind.
If virtue, beauteous, vice, deform'd he draws,
You, that applaud him, sound your own applause.
Where vice, distaste, where virtue, gives delight,
Alike, who judge or paint, are just and right.*

*Virtue, like vice, escapes the public eye,
In humble life, yet blazes in the high.
Hence, tragedy, that owns no vulgar flight,
Shines, with the king, in a mild sphere of light ;
Or vagrant, with the tyrant, strains to run,
A burning comet—not a cheering sun !
That worth is worth, be by Gustavus known :
More glorious in a mine, than on a throne !
And, for Cristina might I hope a smile,
Less great was she in empire, than exile !*

*Some worth it shows, to aim at worthy praise,—
Then, wither not the plant that you may raise !*

*Crush not his youth ! No !—give him age to spread ;
 For we have heard you rumbling o'er his head.
 Fell a few flashes, with portentous blaze,
 To blast th' ambitious branches of his bays ;
 Yet, if soft sorrows stream'd from virtuous eyes,
 If rose, from gen'rous breasts, regaling sighs,
 Refresh'd by the attack, the laurel stands,
 And dares the loudest thunder—of your hands.*

Mrs. Clive.

*Great the design !—I grant—the moral good !
 But, 'tis my weakness, I am flesh and blood.
 What virgin, here, so tender and so kind,
 Wou'd not her love, with her own hands, unbind ?
 Preliminaries settle in the dark,
 And, though she lost her father, fix her spark ?
 Or, when she bade th' attendant, ' Save him ! Fly !'
 Wou'd she not send, a billet, by-the-by ?
 Not article ? 'Tis nonsense to say, Not !
 Had she no feel, no guess, of what-is-what ?*

*At her expence the great Gustavus rhines ;
 My lover, be !—I'd send him to the mines.——
 Arvida falls !—Gustavus wails his end,
 And many a spouse caresses such a friend,
 Well, let him wail his death ; then, rise to life ;
 Clasp the fond maid, too strict to be his wife !
 He held her in his camp ; might hold, alone ;
 Compulsion some humanity had shown.*

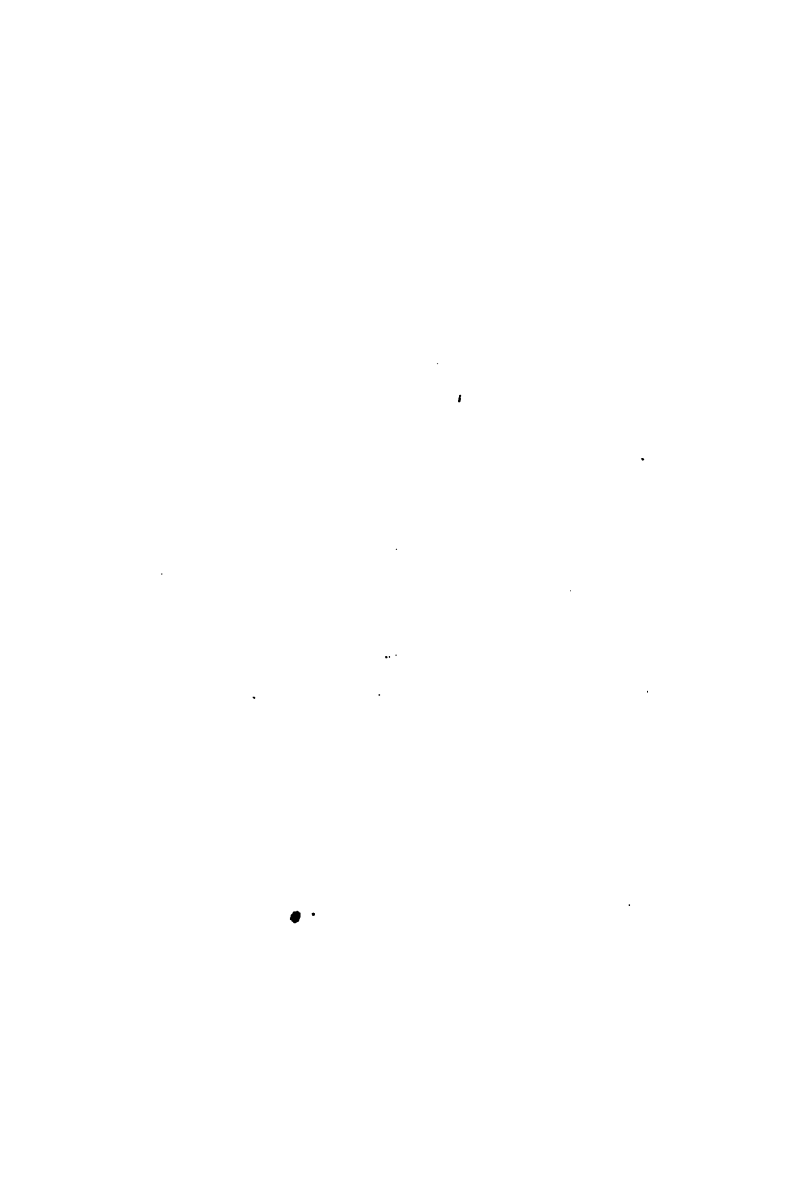
*Thy countrymen---will damn thee---thy third day---
This is not, sure, the true Hibernian way?*

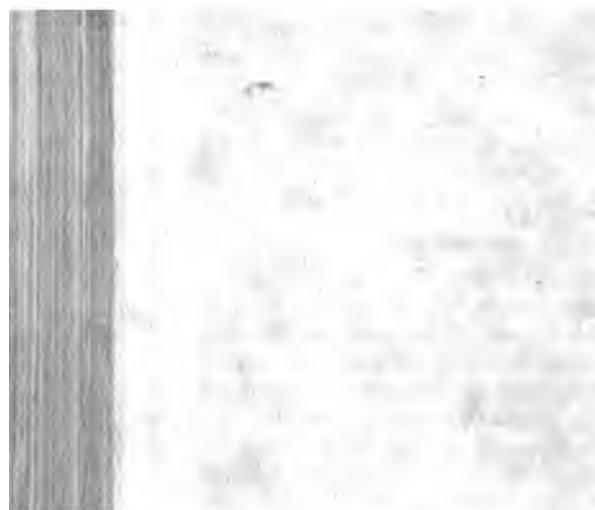
*But, I forgive him. He's a young beginner!
Not quite a prostitute, and yet, a sinner!
Forward, to please, yet awkward, to delight!
He wants a kindly hand to guide him right!
A novice yet--Instruct him---He will mend---
Full many a widow wishes such a friend.
E'en marry'd dames may think a greater curse
The slow performer, that grows worse-and-worse!
This, with a blush, I say, behind my fan---
Cherish the boy, you'll raise him to a man!*

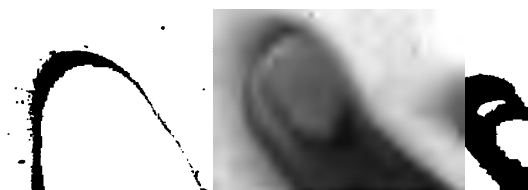
Mr. Wright.

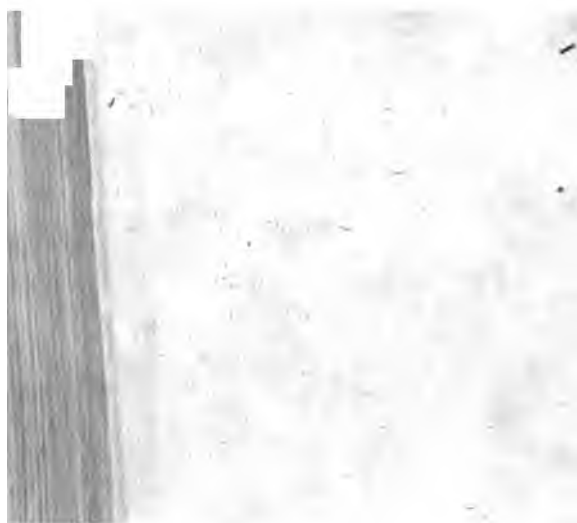
*The cause is heard. Ye gentle, and ye brave,
'Tis your's to damn him---But, you join to save---
Then, hail Gustavus, who his country freed!
Ye sons of Britain, praise the glorious Swede!
Who bravely rais'd, and gen'rously releas'd,
From blood-stain'd tyrant, and perfidious priest,
The state and church expiring at a breath!
Who held a life of slav'ry worse than death!
Reform'd religion! re-establish'd law!
And, that you dare to praise him, hail Nassau!---*

THE END.









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